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VOLUME 2

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MEMORIALS

OF

THE LATE WAR.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ALL THESE ARE QUIET NOW, OR ONLY HEARD
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J. H. REYNOLDS

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1828.

VOL. II. CONTAINS,

MEMORIAL

V.

MEMOIRS OF THE WAR OF THE FRENCH IN SPAIN, BY M. DE ROCCA.

VI.

NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLES OF QUATRE BRAS, LIGNY, AND WATERLOO.

VII.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

36712

V.

MEMOIRS
OF
THE WAR OF THE FRENCH
IN
SPAIN,

BY M. DE ROCCA,

OFFICER OF HUSSARS, AND CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It is unnecessary to say that Rocca's name is already known as a narrator of events that happened during the Peninsular war. The present is the fifth edition of his Memoirs, two editions in French and two in English having already been given to the world. The work has been admired in the original; and, in the only dress in which it has yet been presented to the English reader, it has not been undervalued. As a faithful relation of proceedings in which the writer had but too intimate an interest,—as a picture of the joy and grief of war in which the limner moved and suffered,—as a story of romance, where all that is told is true—it deserves, and has obtained, a favourable reception. It is not merely as a memorial of a conqueror's progress, or as a fragment of history, declaring how a nation will sometimes be rekindled amid

its ashes, and like a taper's expiring flame, emit a blaze of dazzling glory before it is everlastingly extinguished,—it is not only as an account of the French war in Spain that Rocca's pages are valuable;—but the freshness and fidelity of personal observation which they exhibit, give them a peculiar excellence—like the fruit which tastes sweeter the fewer hands touch it till it is eaten—or the flower that distils a richer perfume the less it is fingered before its fragrance is inhaled.

Rocca was a Frenchman, and, of course, it is the French account of battles gained and lost that the reader will peruse. But both sides of a question often throw a wonderful degree of light upon a subject; and none that have been interested and delighted with a friendly relation of events, will think it labour lost to peruse a foeman's narrative. The storm is now hushed—the rage of strife is passed—the name and antipathies of enemies have gone into oblivion:—and while, as Englishmen and Frenchmen, we now sojourn together, like fellow-pilgrims along the lapse of time, we may well mutually listen to each other's tale of wonders.

It is reckoned an evidence of Scripture authenticity, that the faults of those characters, held up to our esteem, are delineated as faithfully as their excellences. These Memoirs vouch their own truth, by the unsparing censures passed therein on French men and French measures that merit reprobation.

They are otherwise entitled to regard, from the manly candour, which makes a hostile hand record to the glory of Britain, the heroic prowess of her sons. They are praiseworthy for the encomiums they bestow on the enthusiasm of that nation, which, like the giant with whom Hercules combated, no sooner fell prostrate than it again rose in renovated strength. That nation has since lowered its dignity, and fallen low enough; but hope would make us write "RESURGAM," in emblazoned letters, on the dark page of Spanish history, when we think of the "*olim quod meminisse juvabit.*"

The grand moral lesson these Memoirs convey, is—that, in the most infelicitous circumstances, no nation need despair. Spain endured incalculable miseries, when she could not withstand, yet would not tolerate, the overpowering might of foreign aggression. It was not the soldier or the ruler who were the only sufferers in the memorable Peninsular war. No class was exempted from its portion of calamity; and tender women, harmless nuns, revered ecclesiastics, and even the youngest and the oldest of all ranks, had reason to bewail their sorrows. But the vortex which ingulfed the nation's peace and happiness, drew down along with them the conqueror's wreath of glory. It was in Spain the French first experienced that they were not invincible; and the first decline of their

fortunes may be dated from losses sustained in the Peninsula.

The present Edition has been faithfully translated, and expressly prepared for the Memorials which it accompanies, and which form an unpretending historical series of splendid achievements, such as the world has seen rarely paralleled. They afford the British people an opportunity of drawing their own inferences, and of judging from data therein supplied, how little, or how much, they have reason to contemn all that man can do against them. If they be wise, brave, and faithful, as hitherto, they will be great as in past times, though the whole world be their foes.

Rocca's narrative having been reckoned a valuable accompaniment to the other Memorials, it was felt advisable to present it to the Public in a more recommendatory manner than that in which it has hitherto appeared. The former translation seems to have been hurriedly executed, and many instances of inattention might be noticed. A quantity of superfluous matter, which Rocca never wrote, has been added to give the volume a fit octavo bulk. The style is often most untastefully literal, and sometimes it has quite an opposite character. An army commences to march when it ought to bivouac. A gallant officer lies nearly two years in bed, when it was against his inclination that he

lay so many hours. A certain corps tries to raise a siege when it wants to take the place. Names, numbers, and dates, are sometimes incorrect. A Spanish army loses, by such misfortunes, five thousand of its amount, and the French make eight thousand fewer prisoners.

For the sake of convenience, the work is now divided into chapters, and a table of contents has been added. The voluminous notes contained in the French edition have been omitted, because they are nearly all drawn from English materials and are already well known. It would have been rather desirable to have added some account of the brave man who penned these Memoirs. But nothing more can be related concerning him, than that he was one of the many thousands who fought and bled for the glory of Napoleon—a name which made Europe tremble, and may for ever make her wonder.

A.

Edinburgh, August 1828.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE WAR IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE year after the close of that campaign which terminated with the battle of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit, the 2d regiment of hussars, formerly named Chamboran, in which I had the honour to serve, received orders to leave Prussia and march for Spain. I had thus an opportunity afforded me of comparing two very different kinds of military service,—the war of regular troops, who seldom concern themselves about the matter of dispute, and the resistance of a nation, fighting for existence against a disciplined conquering force.

We were leaving the sandy plains of the north of Germany. We had been engaged with a people almost universally subject to military despotism. The several princes of the Germanic empire, for more than a century, had turned all their attention to the perfection of the military system, in order to establish their authority, and promote their personal ambition. But, in training their vas-

sals to a punctual and minute obedience, they had enervated the national character,—the only rampart against foreign invasion, the only invincible bulwark of a nation's strength.

When a province of Germany had been conquered by the French, and could no longer obey its sovereign's commands, the lower classes, strangers to freedom of choice, dared not move a step without the impulse of their lords or their governments. These governments became by conquest subject to their conqueror's influence; and their lords, accustomed to witness the constant vexations which the people experienced from the soldiery, resigned themselves the more tamely to the evils which war introduces.

In Prussia, the clergy held little ascendency over the people. Among the Protestants, the Reformation had destroyed that dominion which the priests still maintain in some Catholic countries, and above all in Spain. Men of letters, who might have influenced public opinion, and made their genius subservient to the prosperity of their country, were rarely called on to intermeddle with public affairs. The sole aim of their ambition was literary renown; and they did not apply themselves to those pursuits and studies which were adapted to the circumstances of the times. The real authority of many of the States in Germany was hinged upon their military systems; and their political existence necessarily depended on the energy or imbecility of their governments.

In the plains of Germany, the nature of the country did not afford such facilities of escape from the yoke of the conquerors, as in other countries of a more barren, marshy, or mountainous

nature. Small bodies of troops were sufficient to hold a great extent of conquered country in subjection, and to insure our armies of their necessary supplies. The citizens could have found no secure places of retreat, had they been disposed to any partial revolts; besides, the Germans being habituated to a quiet and uniform life, are only stimulated to desperate exertions by the complete derangement of their habits.

The war in Germany was wholly carried on between troops of the line, among whom there exists rather rivalry than hatred. From the inhabitants of the conquered countries we had nothing to fear. The success of a campaign depended on the unity of military operations, the ability and perseverance of the chiefs, their sagacity to foresee and anticipate, and in bringing forward, opportunely and promptly, to decisive points of attack, overpowering masses of troops. We were not exposed to those petty skirmishes, which in regular warfare only increase particular suffering, without contributing to general advantage; and the capacity of generals was never defeated by individual interference, or popular spontaneous movements.

In Germany we had only to conquer governments and armies: in the Spanish Peninsula, where we were now carrying our arms, there no longer existed either the one or the other. The Emperor Napoleon had invaded Portugal and Spain—had put to flight or taken captive the sovereigns of these two countries—and had dispersed their military forces. We had not now to contend with regular troops, every where nearly alike, but with a people who, in their manners, their prejudices, and the very nature of their country, were isolated

from every other nation on the Continent. The Spaniards believed to oppose to us a resistance the more determined, that they believed the French Government designed to make the Peninsula but a secondary state, subject unalterably to the dominion of France.

Spain, in point of knowledge, and perfection in social arts, was more than a century in the rear of other States on the Continent. Its remote and nearly insular situation, and the rigour of its ecclesiastical establishments, had deterred the Spaniards from interfering in those disputes and controversies of the sixteenth century, which had agitated and enlightened Europe. They concerned themselves as little with the philosophical spirit of the eighteenth, to which the French Revolution may in part be ascribed.

However, though the Spaniards were thus sunk in indolence, and though that confusion and corruption which inevitably follow a long despotism were manifest in their administration, still their national character remained unimpaired. Their government, arbitrary as it was, in no respect resembled the absolute military power of Germany; where the eternal prostration of each and all to one was so admirably calculated to paralyze the energies of individual character.

It is true, indeed, that Ferdinand the Catholic, Charles V. and Philip II., had usurped nearly all the privileges of the Grandees and Cortes, and prostrated the liberty of Spain. But, in spite of the despotism of the sovereigns their successors, the imbecility of government could not wrest from the people a liberty of action, which often rose to insubordination itself.

In the annals of German monarchies, we read only of princes and armies. In Spain, since the time that Ferdinand the Catholic reunited the different kingdoms into one government, there has scarcely a reign passed without the people proving their being and their power in prescribing terms to their masters, or deposing some of their ministers or favourites. When the inhabitants of Madrid rose in insurrection, to demand from Charles III., father of Charles IV., the dismissal of his minister Squilaci, the king himself was constrained to appear and appease the people, and to strengthen his influence with the company of a monk holding a crucifix in his hand. The court, which had fled to Aranjuez, then endeavoured to march the Walloon guards against Madrid; but the people killing several, raised the universal shout—"*Si entraran los Vallones, no reyneran los Borbones.*"—"If the Walloons enter, the Bourbons shall not reign." The guards did not enter. Squilaci was dismissed, and order was restored. In Berlin and Prussia, the inhabitants honoured the soldiers of their king in their military capacity, as the soldiers themselves honoured their commanders. In Madrid, the sentinels on duty, in executing their sovereign's orders, gave way to a common citizen.

The revenues of the Crown being very limited, only a few troops could be maintained. With the exception of some privileged companies, the regiments of the line were incomplete, ill paid, and ill disciplined. Ecclesiastics were the only powerful efficient militia of Spanish kings. They restrained and dispersed the riots of the populace

by the artillery of words from their altars, and by the standards of pontifical ornaments and relics.

The lofty and sterile mountains which run throughout and around Spain, were inhabited by a warlike, indomitable people, always armed to carry on their contraband traffic, and trained to repulse the regular troops of their nation, often sent in pursuit of them.

The people of Spain were almost wholly governed by the clergy. Their priests were inimical to the French, not less from patriotism than from interest. They knew well that it was intended to deprive them of their privileges, and to spoil them of their patrimony and their patronage. Their opinion involved that of the community at large. Every Spaniard regarded the public grievance as his personal quarrel. In fine, we had about as many foes to fight as the Peninsula could number inhabitants.

Other obstacles existed to deprive us of the same facilities of retaining our conquests as we possessed in the north of Germany, and of securing our communications and supplies. The mildness of their climate throughout the year being such as to permit living in the open air, and of abandoning their houses, therefore, without any hardship or regret; their mountains afforded them inaccessible retreats; the sea every where presented opportunities of escape. Besides, the numerous and terrible navy of England gave our enemy the means of increasing their strength, whether for transporting them speedily to our vulnerable points, or of giving wings to their flight, and supplying them with a refuge from the pursuit of our victorious troops.

When we broke up our cantonments in Prussia for the purpose of going to Spain, we believed we were marching on an easy expedition which would be of short duration. Conquerors in Germany, we never once imagined that any thing could resist us. We never reflected on the unforeseen difficulties which the nature of the country so new to us, and the character of the inhabitants, might present.

Our soldiers never inquired whither they were going. If there were provisions to be had in the country they must visit, it was the only point of view in which they regarded the geography of the earth. Their world had but two divisions,—the blessed zone where the vine grows, and the miserable region where it is unknown. Being told, at the commencement of each campaign, that they were called on to strike the last blow at the tottering power of the English, they confounded that power, under every form, with England itself. They judged of their distance from it, by the number of marches they had made. For years, from one end of the world to the other, they had been seeking this remote and visionary country, which still receded as they followed. "At length," said they, "if the Desert divided us from it in Egypt, and the sea at Boulogne, we shall soon reach it by land in crossing Spain."

The Elbe and the Weser being passed, we reached the left bank of the Rhine and France. When we quitted Prussia, in September 1808, the likelihood of a war with Austria had been talked of for two months, and none of us doubted but our march was towards the Danube. Our troops bade farewell to Germany with heavy hearts, and

almost with tears—that lovely land which they had conquered—that country of war, from whence they carried so many memorials of glory, and where, at the same time, they had often known that they had made themselves beloved!

We passed through France as if it had been a country lately conquered and subdued by our arms. The Emperor Napoleon had ordained that his soldiers should be everywhere well received and entertained. Deputations from his faithful cities came to compliment us at their gates. The officers and soldiers were conducted on their arrival to splendid feasts, prepared for their reception; and on our departure the magistrates thanked us, over and above, that we had been pleased to spend in one day, the special revenue of many weeks of their municipal funds.

The soldiers of the grand army did not lose the custom in France they had contracted in Germany, of abusing sometimes the citizens and peasants with whom they were quartered. The auxiliary troops, especially, would not be convinced that they ought not to conduct themselves in France, as in an enemy's country. They told us it must be the common practice, since the French troops behaved not otherwise among them in Germany and Poland. The inhabitants of the towns and districts where we passed, bore it all with patience, and calmly waited till the armed torrent flowed past.

Our troops were composed (besides French) of Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, and even Irish and Mamelukes. These strangers were all clad in the costume of their own countries; they retained their own customs, and spoke their

native languages. But notwithstanding the difference of manners which raises barriers between nations, they were easily brought, by military discipline, under one powerful hand, into one united whole. All these men wore the same cockade, and had but one cry to fight and rally.

We crossed the Seine at Paris, the Loire at Saumur, the Garonne at Bourdeaux. We enjoyed there some days rest, for the first time since we left Prussia, whilst the remainder of the army were reaching the opposite bank of the river. We travelled next through the uncultivated heaths which lie between Bourdeaux and Bayonne. The sandy soil of these solitary plains, like the moors of Prussia and Poland, did not resound under the tread of our horses, or echo back their regular and accelerated pace, to reanimate their ardour. Vast forests of cork-tree and pine bounded the horizon in the distance; and shepherds, clad in the black skins of their sheep, were observed at wide intervals, mounted on stilts, six or seven feet in height, and supported by long poles. They continued stedfast in one place, without ever losing sight of their flocks, which fed on the moors around them. When the Emperor Napoleon crossed these immense heaths, the poverty of the country could not afford the etiquette of a horse-guard of honour. His escort was a detachment of these shepherds, who marched foot for foot on their long stilts, with our horses trotting in the sand.

A few leagues beyond Bayonne we arrived at the Bidassoa, a stream which bounds France among the Pyrenees. The moment we set foot on the Spanish territory, an evident difference was per-

ceived in the face of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants. The narrow winding streets of their towns,—their grated windows,—their doors perpetually shut,—the stern and reserved air of all classes of inhabitants,—their suspicion of us so very generally manifested; all tended to increase that unnatural sadness which possessed every one of us on our entrance into Spain.

We saw the Emperor Napoleon pass on horseback, before he arrived at Vittoria. He was remarkable, from the simplicity of his green uniform, among the splendid dresses of his generals around him. He waved his hand particularly to each officer as he passed, as if he would have said —"I depend on you." French and Spaniards flocked around him on his way. The former beheld in him alone the fortune of the entire army. The Spaniards were intent to gather, from his aspect and carriage, what fate was awaiting their unhappy country.

About the end of October 1808, the Grand army of Germany formed a junction with the French army under the command of King Joseph in Spain. There, with surprise, we first learned from our brethren in arms, part of the events of the Peninsular war, and the details * of those un-

* King Joseph was at Vittoria with the general staff of his army and his guards. Marshal Moncey, with his corps of observation, was at Tafalla, watching the Spanish army of General Palafox, stationed at Sanguessa, on the frontiers of Navarre and Arragon. The troops under the command of Marshal Ney kept possession of Logrono and Guardia. The Spanish armies, commanded by Generals Castano and Palafox, about 40,000 strong, when united, lay before them in the environs of Tudela on the Ebro. Marshal Bessieres was at Miranda on the Ebro, in a po-

happy actions which had compelled Generals Dupont and Junot to capitulate in Andalusia and Portugal, Marshal Moncey to raise the siege of Valencia, and the whole army, in a word, to retire and concentrate itself on the left bank of the Ebro.

sition covered by the numerous and well-mounted cavalry of General Lassalle. In falling back, he had left a garrison in the citadel of Pancorvo. Marshal Lefevre occupied Durango. The troops under Marshal Bessieres and Lefevre faced the centre and the left of the Spanish forces under Generals Belvidere and Blake. The central Spanish army, stationed at Burgos, might not amount to more than 12,000, or 14,000 men. It was to be reinforced by 26,000 English, which were on their march from Portugal and Corunna, under Generals Moore and Sir D. Baird. This army was designed to sustain that of the left, which General Blake commanded in Biscay, and to keep the communication open with the Spanish armies in Arragon and Navarre.

The army of General Blake, although 37,000 strong, had little cavalry, and therefore dared not descend into the flat country around Miranda and Vittoria. It had abandoned its position between Ona Frias and Erron, to occupy Bilbao; and had penetrated through the mountains which separate Biscay from the province of Alva, towards Durango, as far as Zamora and Archandiano, in order to raise the country, cut off the communications, and attack the right of the army of King Joseph. The Spanish armies of Navarre and Arragon were to perform the same movement against the centre and left wing of the French, for the purpose of compelling them to fall back by way of Tolosa, or of forcing them into the defiles of Navarre towards Pampeluna. Such were the designs of the Spaniards, and the situation of affairs, when Napoleon took the command of the armies in that country.

The army of General Blake was attacked on the 31st of October, near Durango, by the corps of Marshal Lefevre. He repulsed it, and entered Bilbao the day following. Marshal Victor's corps, which was to form along with that of Lefevre, the right of our army, moved on the 6th of November from Vittoria toward Ordunna.

CHAPTER II.

During the night of November 8th, the Imperial quarters were removed from Vittoria to Miranda. Next day the whole army of the centre, of which our hussars formed a part, commenced its march under the command of Napoleon himself. We were to make a determined attempt upon Burgos, where the centre of the Spaniards was stationed, then, by a rapid advance, to menace the flanks of their right and left in Biscay, and towards the frontiers of Navarre and Arragon. We wished to prevent these troops, if they retired, from concentrating themselves at Madrid; and to destroy their communications, by throwing ourselves on their rear, if they offered any resistance.

To effect this, our army of the right, composed of the troops under Marshals Victor and Lefevre, were to prosecute their march against the army of Blake, who, having been repulsed from Durango and Valmeceda, was now retiring upon Espinosa. Our army of the left, commanded by Marshals Lannes and Moncey, remained in the neighbourhood of Logrono and Tafalla, waiting only for the result of the action, which we confidently expected at Burgos, to ascend the Ebro, and march towards Saragossa.

On the evening of the 9th, the Imperial quarters were taken up at Breviesca. The army, commanded by the Emperor, was cantoned in the neighbourhood of the town. The inhabitants of the country had all fled to the mountains when we approached. At daybreak of the 10th, Marshal Soult, with a division of infantry, went to reconnoitre the positions of the enemy in the direction of Burgos. On arriving at the village of Gamonal, he was met with a discharge of thirty pieces of cannon. The French received it as the signal for attack. Marshal Soult, without waiting for the rest of our army which followed, instantly engaged and broke the Walloons and Spanish guards who formed the enemy's principal strength. Marshal Bessieres then arriving with the cavalry, successfully attacked the wings, completed their discomfiture, and entered Burgos pell-mell with the fugitives.

Of the whole army, our brigade of hussars alone was not engaged. Our cantonment was an out-of-the-way place, about two leagues * from Breviesca. The adjutant, whose duty it was to bring us our orders to march, went astray, from not having a guide; and we only set out at nine in the morning to follow the army. The whole day we pursued the same track, without suspecting what had passed in the forenoon. When night approached, we discerned at a great distance the fires of the advanced guard. Notwithstanding the darkness, we perceived, by the motion of our horses, that we were in the act of passing a field of battle. Every now and then they slackened their pace,

* A French league is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.

and lifted their feet cautiously, as if afraid of doing injury to the inanimate dead who lay below. Sometimes they would stop for a moment, and, bending their heads, would smell with evident terror the carcasses of the horses that had been killed.

Burgos was completely deserted by its inhabitants. That large city was one vast solitude when our troops arrived there after the battle, and it was at once given up to be pillaged. In the quarter where we entered, the confused hum of voices, and the noise of the soldiers going hither and thither, seeking provisions and cooking utensils in the forsaken houses, were heard every where around us. To afford light to themselves, they carried in their hands immense waxen tapers, which they found in the neighbouring convents. In a distant part of the city, less resorted to by our soldiers, the hollow mournful moanings of the sick and aged were heard, who, too feeble for flight, had taken refuge in a church, where they were crowded together in heaps. They awaited there the death which they believed approaching, repeating their prayers with their clergy. The glass windows of the church were dimly lighted with sacred lamps. The Spaniards, in the full confidence that they would obtain a great victory over us, had collected immense quantities of wool to take to the south of France. We passed through the enormous packs, built up like two lofty walls on either side, which they confidently expected to take with them along with the baggage of their troops. It was but one hour to midnight when we arrived at the place where we were appointed to bivouac, on the banks of the Arlanzon. At daybreak we saw, in the shallow rivers which

ran near us, the corpses of some Spanish soldiers and monks, who had been killed in the battle of the preceding day.

On the 11th, at sunrise, our troop of light cavalry commenced to explore the country up the Arlanzon. We discovered at a distance, as we proceeded up the river, bands of the townsmen and peasantry skulking behind the heights, or among the precipices of the opposite banks. Often we perceived their heads from time to time raised above the brushwood, to observe if we were past.

Some of our flankers fell in with a few poor nuns, who had abandoned Burgos during the battle of the preceding day. These sisters, some of whom had never been beyond their own cloisters, had fled in their terror as far as they had strength to go, and had come to hide themselves in the thickets adjoining the river. They were scattered about when they first saw us at a distance; but they ran together on our approach, and kept kneeling close beside each other, muffled in their cloaks, and their heads bent to the ground. One of them, who seemed to possess more courage than the rest, stood up, and placed herself before her companions. Her appearance indicated sincerity and dignity, and the calm stillness of despair. As the soldiers passed before her, while she touched the beads of her rosary, she addressed to them these three words, all she knew of our language, "Bonjours, Messieurs Français," as if claiming their protection. These poor nuns were suffered to remain in peace.

We spent four days in a town about four leagues from Burgos, the name of which I never learned, as we found no person at whom to inquire. The

Imperial quarters continued at Burgos till the 22d. That town was the centre of all the military operations, and from thence it was easy to hold communications with the different corps in Biscay and Arragon, to attend to their movements, and to reinforce them if required.

The day after the engagement at Burgos, several detachments were sent in pursuit of the enemy, to annihilate an army which one victory had easily dispersed, but still could not have entirely destroyed. Ten thousand cavalry, with twenty pieces of light artillery, were despatched with all haste by way of Placencia, Leon, and Zamora, to fall behind the English army, which was believed to be at Valladolid. Marshal Soult placed himself on the rear of the Spanish army of the left, by Villarcayo and Reynosa. A division of infantry proceeded by a near route, to take possession of the passes of the mountains of Saint Ander. These troops saw no more of the enemy, notwithstanding the rapidity of their march. Since the affair at Durango, the army of General Blake had in vain attempted to rally successively at Guenes and Valmeceda. Pursued by Marshal Victor in the direction of Espinosa, by Marshal Lefevre in that of Villarcayo, after two days hard fighting, it was at last completely overthrown on the 6th of November at Espinosa.

The Spanish armies of the centre and left having now been overcome in every direction, it was only necessary to disperse their right, in order to march upon Madrid. For this purpose, the corps of Marshal Ney was despatched from Burgos, through Lerma and Aranda, with instructions first to ascend the Douro, then to descend in the di-

rection of the Ebro, and take Generals Castano and Palafox in the rear, who were speedily to be attacked in front by our army of the left, under Marshals Lannes and Moncey. This army of the left still occupied Logrono and Tafalla, and were preparing again to descend the Ebro.

On the 15th of November, our brigade of hussars proceeded to Lerma to reinforce the army of Marshal Ney, with which it was henceforth to be provisionally attached. On the 16th, Marshal Ney went from Lerma to Aranjuez. The inhabitants, on our approach, uniformly abandoned their houses, and carried with them to the distant mountains their most precious effects. That solitude and desolation which conquering armies usually leave behind them, seemed universally to have preceded us.

In approaching the deserted cities and villages of Castile, we no longer perceived the wreaths of smoke incessantly rising in the air, and forming a second atmosphere above these populous and well inhabited towns. Instead of the continual noise and hum of living beings, no sounds were heard within the walls but the tolling of bells announcing the flight of time, whose progress we could not retard, and the hoarse groaning of the ravens hovering around the elevated spires. The houses, now empty, served for the most part only to reverberate the deep-toned drums, or the shrill trumpets, in heavy echoes of discordancy.

Our lodgings were speedily appointed. Each regiment occupied a quarter, every company a street, according to the size of the town. A few minutes after our arrival, our soldiers were as much

at home in their new mansions, as if they had come to colonize the place. This warlike and migratory population would then begin to denominate anew the situations which they occupied. Here was "Dragoon's quarter,"—"Such a company's street,"—"General's house,"—"Main-guard place,"—"Parade square." There, on the walls of a convent, might be seen "Barracks of such a battalion." Again, before the cell of some deserted cloister, a sign would be suspended with this inscription,—"Here is the Prince of Parisian cooks." This personage was a sutler, who had hastened to establish in this place his ambulatory tavern.

When the army arrived at the place where it had to rest, too late to distribute the quarters with regularity, we then lodged *militairement* or promiscuously, and without any order, wherever we found room. As soon as the main-guard was stationed, at a well known signal, the whole army disbanded, running up and down in a hurly-burly, like a swollen torrent, through the city; and for half an hour after, nothing was heard but the loud shouts of the soldiers, and the clanking of doors, which they forced open with repeated blows of hatchets or stones. The grenadiers hit upon a plan as speedy as effectual, for gaining admittance where they wished. They held their muskets to the key-holes, and blew away the locks; thus rendering the precautions of the citizens useless, who never forgot to lock their doors when they fled at our approach.

Our army left Aranda on the morning of the 20th, and for two hours we ascended the Douro, without hearing a word of the enemy, or meeting

with a human being. On the evening of the 21st, we observed on a sudden some hesitation on the part of our scouts. We instantly formed into squadrons; and soon after the platoon of the advanced guard was engaged with a corps of the enemy, which it easily repulsed. We made some prisoners as we entered Almazan.

The army bivouacked that night under the walls of the town, the inhabitants of which had all fled. It was too late to make the regular distributions; and unhappily, for half an hour, it was impossible to prevent pillage to supply the immediate wants of the troops. The same evening we despatched, in different directions, reconnoitering parties of twenty-five hussars. The detachment which went in the direction of Siguenza, returned in the night-time with some prisoners and baggage. The day following, our army took the road to Soria. Our regiment, the 2d of hussars, alone remained at Almazan, to keep open the communications with Burgos through Aranda, and to watch the corps of the enemy, which were reported to be around Siguenza, Medina-Cœli, and Agrida.

I received orders at daybreak of the 24th, to go with twenty-five horse, and reconnoitre on the road from Almazan to Agrida. Having no guide, I ascended with my troop the right bank of the Douro, according to an incorrect French map, which led me astray. After four hours hard riding among cross-roads, we perceived two children, who fled to the woods uttering screams of terror. I followed them alone, and arrived in the midst of an encampment of females who had fled from the neighbouring villages with their children and flocks, to take refuge in a little island formed by the

river. I came upon them so suddenly, that I had time to assure them by signs of their safety before my detachment came up. I made the interpreter, who accompanied me, inquire which was the direct road from Almazan to Agrida. The only man among them, an aged clergyman, replied, that we were more than four leagues distant, and directed us to the proper road on the opposite bank of the river. We passed through a succession of villages and hamlets, inhabited only by men, and came at last to the place we intended.

The person who acted as my interpreter was a Flemish deserter, that had been forced, from hunger and the dread of being murdered by the peasants, to surrender himself after the action at Burgos. We had surnamed him Blanco, because he had wrapped his body in the white habit of a Dominican Friar, which he had got from the Hussars, covering his old and tattered uniform of the Walloon guards, and defending himself from the cold. To crown the whole, he had shielded his head with the huge hat of that religious order. In the inhabited villages we passed through, the people seeing him marching on foot before us, conceived he was a true monk, whom we had compelled to bear us company. They saluted the reverend father most profoundly, lamented his unhappy fate, and every body gave him money. Delighted with his honours, he would not abandon his lucrative costume, even when he had it in his power.

We wandered for want of a guide, and marched for nine hours in a road of only four leagues. The difficulty of procuring guides was constantly occurring, because we found no inhabitants wherever we went. The same evening our regiment receiv-

ed orders to leave Almazan. We marched a night and a day nearly, without stopping, and rejoined the corps of Marshal Ney, just as he entered Agrida by the road from Soria. The infantry were quartered in the town. The light cavalry were sent to cover the position of the army a league further on, in the road to Cascante. We believed ourselves to be close on the rear of the left wing of the Spanish troops.

The city of Agrida was without a living soul. The commander of our troops could find no guide, and we were obliged once more to use our map in search of the cantonment appointed us. Night came on, and we were not long of losing our way among the passes of the mountains. Deceived by the thick mists in which we were enveloped, we fancied ourselves every moment on the brink of some yawning precipice. Every hundred paces of our march we halted, whilst the foremost of the column explored the path among the rocks, almost groping with their hands. Then, for a long time, in the deep stillness of the night, no sounds were heard but the shiverings of the horses, the heavy tramp of their feet, and the champing of their bits, in their impatience to be stabled. We had dismounted, and were marching in file, listening and repeating from one to another the warnings of bad steps and precipices,—speaking in an under tone that we might not give the alarm to a body of troops, whose half-extinguished fires we perceived on the far side of the ravine. We knew not whether they were friends or foes, but an attack of infantry, in our present situation, would have been inevitably fatal.

In this manner we passed the most of the night,

marching and countermarching continually. A little before daybreak the moon rose, and we found ourselves much about where we were when darkness overtook us. We were at the bottom of a narrow valley, and in sight of the little village where we should have bivouacked. For thirty hours we had been on the march. Thus, the impossibility of obtaining guides, exposed us to a thousand unexpected and unheard of difficulties at every step of our progress. In these thinly peopled districts, where every person was against us, we scarcely found an individual to give us the least account of the enemy, either true or false.

We were apprised, but too late, that the army of Generals Castanos and Palafox had been completely routed at Tudela on the 23d. If we had arrived one day sooner at Agrida, the dispersed columns of Spaniards who were retreating to Madrid, would have been intercepted by us, and made prisoners in that city.

Our army of the left, whose movement we should have seconded, had concentrated itself on the 22d at the bridge of Lodosa. On the 23d, the Spanish army of the right was descried between the villages of Tudela and Cascante, drawn up in order of battle, a full league in extent. Marshal Lannes, with a division of infantry marching in close column, drove in the centre of the enemy's line. General Lefevre's cavalry immediately rushed into the breach, and by a lateral movement, surrounded the right wing of the Spaniards. Broken in one point, they could no longer manœuvre. They retreated in disorder, leaving 30 pieces of cannon, a great number of prisoners, and many dead on the field of battle.

Since the retreat of King Joseph over the Ebro

in the month of July, the Spaniards had mustered so mighty a confidence in their own strength, that their concern when they had to contend with us, was not so much how to make the best resistance, or to secure their retreat in case of a reverse, as fear lest any of the French should escape them. They prejudged the event of the combat, by their ardent desire to overcome and annihilate their foes. Unskilled in the science of war, ignorant of manœuvring, and only afraid they could not extend their columns soon enough to surround us; they drew themselves up in long lines of no depth, in plains where our cavalry and superior tactics gave us every advantage. This order of battle, injudicious even for well-disciplined troops, deprived these Spaniards of the ability to support with speed the points threatened by our columns, or of concentrating themselves to resist our solid masses. In Biscay and the Asturias, our troops had received more opposition, because they had there to contend in a mountainous country, where local difficulties and individual courage may sometimes baffle the skill of military science. Before they could reach Reinosa, they had to contend for victory at Durango, Zornosa, Guenes, Valmeceda, and last at Espinosa.

At that time not a Frenchman doubted that the fate of Spain would be decided by these rapid victories. We believed, and so did all Europe, that we had only now to march to Madrid, to complete the subjugation of Spain, and the organization of the country *a la maniere française*; or in other words, to increase our means of further conquest by all the resources of our vanquished enemies. We had been accustomed to

see no force but the military, in the countries where we had hitherto waged war. The spirit which inspired the citizens we counted a mere nothing.

On the 26th of November, Marshal Ney's corps proceeded towards Borja, by way of Cascante. General Maurice Mathieu, with a single division, took the same route a day earlier, and made several prisoners on the march. On the 27th we arrived at Alagon, a small town about four leagues distant from Saragossa, whose numerous spires we discerned at a distance.

The Arragonese, by no means disheartened by the late reverses of fortune, had determined to defend themselves in the city of Saragossa. They had not been able to surround it with regular fortifications, but they had converted every dwelling into a separate fortress: and every convent, every house required a special assault. These kinds of fortifications are of all others perhaps best calculated to prolong a siege.

Palafox with ten thousand men, whom he had preserved from the battle at Tudela, had thrown himself into the place. These identical soldiers of the army of Arragon, whom we had already vanquished in the open field almost without effort, as citizens, within the compass of this principal city, resisted us nearly a whole year.

Fifty thousand peasants rose in arms for the defence of Saragossa. From every quarter they threw themselves into the town, even through the midst of our victorious columns. They had no other fear but of arriving too late, where their hearts and their country called them. "We have been shielded for ages," they said, "by the Virgin de Pillar, mighty in miracles. We flocked in

crowds in happier times, making pilgrimages to her shrine, to implore a blessing on our harvests; and shall we now leave her altars defenceless?"

The character of the Spaniards of these provinces has no parallel of resemblance with the other nations of Europe. Patriotism is with them another name for religion, as it was among the ancients, where no people despaired, or confessed themselves subdued, as long as they could preserve the altars of their patron deities unharmed. The sacred ensigns of Jupiter Capitolinus, displayed in battle, led the Romans to victory. After the days of chivalry, when modern armies were again organized like those of Rome, the religious sentiment which bound the Roman soldier to his standard, was compensated among regular troops by the principle of honour. The military point of honour has made the armies disciplined on this principle attain to excellence. But it is patriotism alone, either religious or political, that can render nations invincible.

The people of Spain were actuated only by religious patriotism. They had no practical knowledge of the discipline, or of the science of war. They soon abandoned their colours when defeated. They did not think themselves bound to maintain their promise to an enemy. But they had only one interest, and one common sentiment,—to avenge, by every possible expedient, the injuries their country sustained.

Among others, one of the insurgent peasants of Arragon, was seized by our scouts: He was armed only with a musket, and was driving an ass before him, which carried a stock of several months' provisions. The officer who commanded the van-

guard, pitied the poor fellow, and commanded his deliverance, making signs that he might fly to the mountains. The peasant took the hint; but the moment he was at liberty he loaded his gun, returned to our ranks, and took aim at his deliverer. The ball happily missed. This Spanish peasant hoped to die a martyr, for killing, as he falsely thought, one of our principal leaders. At the halt he was brought before the Colonel of the regiment. Out of curiosity we surrounded him. One of our hussars, by a particular action, having persuaded him he was to be shot, he instantly fell on his knees, prayed to God and the Virgin Mary, and courageously awaited death. He was raised up, and sent at night to head-quarrers. If these men had known how to fight as they knew how to die, we would not have passed the Pyrenees so easily.

Marshal Lannes, with his corps d'armée, remained in Arragon to carry on the siege of Saragossa. The force under Marshal Ney continued, by rapid marches, to pursue the broken fragments of Castanos's army, which were retreating towards Guadalaxara and Madrid. Our van-guard, on the 28th, cut to pieces the rear-guard of the Spaniards in attempting to secure the pass of Buvierca on the Xalon.

The forced marches of our army were often prolonged after night-fall; and then, in passing nigh the squadrons of Italians, Germans, and French, we could hear them singing their national airs, to forget their fatigues, and recall, in a distant and hostile land, recollections of their native country.

When the night was far advanced, the army staid in the environs of deserted towns and villages, and then we found ourselves in want of every thing. But the soldiers were soon spread over

every quarter to forage, and in less than an hour they had transferred what yet remained in the houses of the neighbourhood to their bivouac. Around large fires lighted at intervals, were then to be seen all the apparatus of military cookery. On one side, some were constructing barracks in great expedition, with planks thatched with leaves for want of straw. Others were erecting tents by adjusting over four stakes pieces of cloth found in the empty houses. Here and there, ornamenting the ground, were scattered sheep-skins newly flayed, guitars, pitchers, wine-vessels, monks' habits, and garments of all forms and colours. In this spot troopers were sleeping quietly all armed beside their horses. Farther on, amid piles of arms, foot-soldiers danced to the strains of barbarous music, grotesquely disguised with women's clothes.

When the army departed, the peasants descended from the neighbouring heights, and came from their hiding places in every direction, as if they had risen from the bowels of the earth. They hastened homeward to their houses. Our soldiers could not stray an inch from the road, or halt a single step behind the columns, without running the risk of being instantly despatched by the revengeful mountaineers. We dared not here, as we did every where in Germany, form detached patroles, or send our sick without escort to the hospitals. Those of the infantry who were unable to march, followed their divisons mounted on asses. In their left hands they held their firelocks, and in the right their bayonets in place of spurs. Like the fiery steeds of ancient Numidia, these docile animals had neither saddles nor bridles.

CHAPTER III.

On the 1st of December, we took up our night's quarters in a village about a league north of Guadalaxara. Billets were assigned us, and we were about to disband, to scatter ourselves up and down in our cantonment, when we were informed that some foot-soldiers of the enemy were observed flying at a distance. They appeared difficult to come at; and a few of the youngest of the troop, obtaining leave of the colonel, commenced, for the fun of the thing, to pursue them. I marked particularly as my prize, one who ran more quickly than his fellows. He wore an azure-coloured uniform, whose brilliant colour made me take him for an officer.

When he saw that he could not escape, he stopped, and waited for me behind a ditch he had cleared with dexterity. I believed he was then taking aim to fire at me; but on coming within twenty yards, he dropped his arms, doffed his hat, and with most humble reverences, in suitable attitudes, said to me, over and over—"I have the honour to salute you, Master; Master, I am your very humble servant." I stood, not less amazed at his comical appearance, than at hearing him speak French. I relieved him from his fears, by saying he would sustain no injury. He told me

that he was a native of Toulouse, and a professor of dancing; that he had been made to stand a fortnight in the pillory, to compel him to wear the uniform and serve in the regiment of Ferdinand VII., when the general levy took place in Andalusia; which, as he said, was altogether unsuited to his gentle disposition. I told him to go to the village where our regiment was quartered, an advice he did not think proper to obey. Another Frenchman was made prisoner, who was son to a principal magistrate in the town of Pau in Bearn. He was suffered to escape a few days afterwards, lest his Spanish uniform, and the arms he carried, should have been recompensed at the depot with a *coup de fusil.*

Borne along by the pleasure of my ramble, and the ardour of my horse, I ascended first one hill, then another, crossed a torrent, and, after a smart ride of half an hour, arrived at a large village, which I entered. The inhabitants perceiving me at a distance, were terrified that I might be followed by numbers. The alarm soon spread, and they commenced in an instant to secure all their houses, by barricading, as usual, the door towards the street, and escaping over the walls of the court behind. Seeing that I was alone, they ventured out one by one, and came to the market-place, where I had halted. I heard several men repeat, with emphasis, the word *matar;* which I conceived, as I did not understand Spanish, might be some word for expressing their wonder at the sight of a stranger. I learned afterwards that the expression means "kill him." These Spaniards were not quite so peaceful as the inhabitants of

the German plains, where a single French soldier could govern a city. When I saw the crowd increasing, and the agitation becoming greater, I began to fear they would seize hold of me, and deliver me to the enemy. I put spurs to my horse, and retired to a small eminence behind the village, whither the men and women quickly followed. I then began to curvet my horse, and made him leap several times over a low wall and ditch behind me, to show that I was not afraid, and could easily escape if I wished. It being the first time since we passed the Ebro that I had seen a village completely inhabited, and, above all, by females, I staid from curiosity; and returning to my eminence, I made signs with the scabbard of my sabre, that none of them, for they again approached me, should come nearer than ten paces. I then endeavoured to make them understand that my horse wanted something to eat. The inhabitants, muffled in their cloaks, looked at me in silent astonishment. They maintained, however, all the while, that characteristic gravity, and dignity of look and manner, which distinguish Castilians of every age and rank. They appeared to regard a stranger with profound contempt, for his ignorance of their language.

When I saw there was no chance of being understood, I attempted some words of Latin. We often found that language useful in Spain, in making ourselves understood by the clergy, who, in general, speak it tolerably well. A young student then left the crowd, and returned a few moments afterwards with the village schoolmaster. This personage was so happy to speak Latin, and to inform me how he had arrived at such a high degree

of knowledge, that he enabled me to procure every thing I wanted, and I departed soon after. So early as next morning, when our regiment passed through the same village, it was completely deserted. I lost my way in the dark in returning to our cantonment, and it was midnight before I rejoined my companions.

Next day, December 2d, we removed our quarters to the neighbourhood of Alcala de Henares. On our way we fell in with a squadron of Polish lancers, which Marshal Bessieres had despatched from St Augustin to reconnoitre in the direction of Guadalaxara. They informed us that the advanced guard of the central army had reached Madrid. Our distance from it was not less than three leagues.

The Emperor Napoleon had left Burgos for Aranda on the 22d November, to direct the movements of his army of the left on the Ebro, against the right of the Spaniards, and to sustain them, if assistance should be requisite. On the 29th November, seven days after the action at Tudela, he had marched the army of the centre against Madrid in the direction of the Castiles. The corps of Marshal Soult remained in the Asturias, to watch the remains of the Spanish army of Galicia. On the 30th, at day-break, the advanced guard of the Emperor's army arrived at the foot of the mountain Somo Sierra. The Puerto, or pass of this mountain, was defended by a force of from twelve to fifteen thousand Spaniards, and a battery of sixteen pieces of cannon. Three regiments of infantry of our first division, and six pieces of cannon, commenced the attack. The Polish lancers of the guard then scoured the pass, and carried

the enemy's battery by storm. The Spaniards, unable to resist Napoleon, fled on every side, and took refuge among the rocks. The Imperial head-quarters were taken up, on the 1st of December, at St Augustin. The corps of Marshal Ney, to which our regiment belonged, came by Guadalaxara and Alcala the same day to join the army of the Emperor.

On the morning of December 2d, Napoleon, with his cavalry alone, went in advance of the army, and arrived on the heights that everlook the Spanish capital. Instead of the regularity usually exhibited in fortified cities, where every event of war is provided for,—in place of that silence which is only broken by the deep prolonged sounds of "Sentry, have a care!" by which the sentinels on the ramparts keep awake each other's vigilance; there was heard only the continual pealing of the bells of the six hundred churches of Madrid, and at intervals the loud uproar of the rabble, and the furious beating of drums.

The inhabitants of Madrid never thought of defence till eight days before the arrival of the French, and all their preparations displayed inexperience and haste. They had placed their artillery behind temporary ramparts and barricadoes, or had erected hasty fortifications by piling together bales of wool and cotton. The windows of the houses at the entrance of the principal streets, were occupied by soldiers screened behind mattresses. The only place fortified with any care was the Retiro, a royal castle seated on the eminence which commands the capital. According to custom, an aid-de-camp of Marshal Bessieres was sent in the morning to summon Madrid. He was within a

hair's breadth of being torn to peices by the inhabitants, because he had proposed their surrendering to the French, and he only escaped by the protection he experienced from the regular Spanish troops.

The evening of that day was spent by the Emperor in reconnoitering around the city, and arranging his plan of attack. At seven o'clock in the evening, the advanced columns of infantry having arrived, a brigade of the first corps, supported by four pieces of artillery, marched against the suburbs. The tirailleurs of the 16th regiment, having dislodged the Spaniards from some advanced houses, made themselves masters of the principal burying-ground. The night was occupied in planting the artillery, and making the necessary preparations for an attack next day.

A Spanish officer, taken at Somo Sierra was sent by the Prince of Neufchatel, at midnight, into Madrid. He returned, some hours after, with the information that the inhabitants were still determined to resist. The cannonade, therefore, commenced on the morning of the 3d, at 9 o'clock.

Thirty pieces of cannon, under the command of General Cenarmont, battered down a breach in the wall of the Retiro, whilst twenty pieces of artillery of the guard, and some light troops, made a feigned attack in another direction, to divert the attention and divide the strength of the enemy. The light company of Vilatte's division entered by the breach into the garden of the Retiro, and were soon followed by their battalion. In less than an hour, the 4000 Spanish troops of the line, who defended that principal post, were overpowered. By eleven o'clock, our soldiers were already in

possession of the important posts of the observatory, the porcelain manufactory, the head barracks, and the palace of Medina Cœli. Masters of all the Retiro, we could have burned Madrid in a few hours.

The cannonade then ceased to be heard. In every quarter, the further progress of the troops was arrested, and a third time a messenger was despatched to hold a parley with the place. It was of no small importance to the Emperor to spare the capital of the kingdom he designed for his brother. It is possible to settle a camp, but not a court, amidst ruins. Madrid reduced to ashes, might have stimulated, by its example, every other city of the kingdom to a desperate resistance. The French armies would also have been deprived of vast resources by its destruction.

In the afternoon, about five o'clock, the French envoy returned, accompanied by General Morla, the chief of the military junto; and Don B. Yriarte, deputed from the town. They were conducted to the tent of the Prince de Neuchatel. They requested that a suspension of arms during the 4th might be granted them, that they might have time to induce the people to surrender. The Emperor assumed the appearance of great anger, reproached them for having failed in fulfilling the terms of the treaty of Baylen, and for the massacre of the French prisoners in Andalusia. It was his wish to terrify, by this pretended wrath, the Spanish deputies; that on returning, they might impart the contagion of their fear to those who obeyed their orders. He was most anxious that the surrender of Madrid should have the appearance of being voluntary. It was believed that the example

of the capital would then be followed by the whole of Spain.

In the mean time, the townsmen refused to lay down their arms, and still continued to fire on the French from the windows of the houses which surround the Prado promenade. We were iniformed by the prisoners that were pouring in continually, what fear and phrenzy were reigning throughout the city. Fifty thousand armed citizens were ranging about the streets without discipline, disorderly, calling for orders, and accusing their governors of treason. The Captain-General, Marquis de Castellar, and all the military men of any note, abandoned Madrid with the troops of the line, and six pieces of cannon, during the night. At six o'clock in the morning of the 4th of December, General Morla and Don F. de Vera came again to the tent of Prince Neufchatel, and at ten o'clock *a. m.*, the French soldiers took possession of Madrid.

The Emperor remained with his guard encamped on the hill of Chamartin. The very day Madrid was taken, he sent numerous detachments in all directions, according to his usual plan of military operations, that the enemy might have no time to recover; and to take advantage of the surprise and panic, which seldom fail, after great events, to double the conqueror's strength, while they paralyze that of the conquered. Marshal Bessieres, with six squadrons, pursued, in the road to Valencia, the Spanish army of General la Penna. This force was compelled by General Ruffin's division of infantry, and General Bordesoult's brigade of dragoons, to turn back towards Cuença. The corps of Marshal Victor went by way of

Aranjuez to Toledo. The cavalry of Generals Lasalle and Milhaud went in pursuit of the scattered troops repulsed at Somo Sierra, and those that had escaped from Madrid. General Houssaye entered the Escurial.

Our regiment of hussars had been stationed around Alcala since the 2d of December, about three leagues from Madrid. On the 5th, we were ordered to appear early at the Imperial quarters, for the purpose of being reviewed. We had not arrived many minutes, in a plain near the Chateau de Chamartin, when we saw Napoleon suddenly make his appearance. He was attended by the Prince de Neufchatel, and five or six aides-de-camp, who could scarcely keep up with him, he rode so fast. All the trumpets sounded. The Emperor halted about a hundred paces from the front of the centre of our regiment, and demanded from the Colonel the list of the officers, subalterns, and privates, who had merited military honours. The Colonel of the regiment having quickly called them by name, Napoleon addressed a few words familiarly to some of the common soldiers who were presented to him; but, turning again to the General who commanded our brigade, he put two or three short questions to him hurriedly. The General not replying very concisely, Napoleon turned his horse without hearing him finish his speech, and took his departure as unexpectedly and swiftly as he had arrived.

The review being over, we prepared to enter Madrid. A heavy silence had succeeded that confusion and uproar which had reigned within and without the walls of the capital only the day before. The streets through which we entered were de-

serted ; and even in the market-place, the numerous shops of the venders of necessaries still remained shut. The water-carriers were the only people of the town who had not interrupted their usual avocations. They moved about uttering their cries with the nasal drawling tone, peculiar to their native mountains of Galicia, " Quien quiere agua?" Who wants water? No purchasers made their appearance ; the waterman muttered to himself sorrowfully, " Dios que la da "—" It is God's gift," and cried again.

As we advanced into the heart of the city, we perceived groups of Spaniards standing at the corner of a square, where they had formerly been in the habit of assembling in great numbers. They stood muffled in their capacious cloaks, regarding us with a sullen dejected aspect. Their national pride could scarcely let them credit, that any other than Spanish soldiers could have beaten Spaniards. If they happened to perceive among our ranks a horse which had once belonged to their cavalry, they soon distinguished him by his pace, and awakening from their apathy, would whisper together, " Este cavallo es Espagnol "—" That's a Spanish horse ; " as if they had discovered the sole cause of our success.

We passed quite through Madrid. Our regiment proceeded to canton for sixteen days at Cevolla, near the Tagus, in the direction of Talavera. We returned again on the 19th of December, to form part of the garrison of Madrid. The inhabitants in and around the capital, had by that time recovered from their astonishment. The sight of the French had, by degrees, become familiar to

them. The strictest discipline was observed by the army; and tranquillity, at least in appearance, prevailed as much as in time of peace.

On entering Madrid in the morning by the gate of Toledo, or the Place de la Cenada, where the market is held, nothing is more striking than the confused mass of people from the country and the provinces, who, variously clad, are arriving and departing, going and coming. There, a Castilian draws around him with dignity the folds of his ample cloak, like a Roman Senator in his toga. Here a cowherd from La Mancha, with his long goad in his hand, clad in a kilt of ox-skin, whose antique shape bears some resemblance to the tunic worn by the Roman and Gothic warriors. Farther on, may be seen men with their hair confined in long nets of silk. Others, wearing a kind of short brown vest, striped with blue and red, conveying the idea of the Moorish garb. The men who wear this dress come from Andalusia. They are remarkable from their lively black eyes, their rapid utterance, and expressive animated countenances. At the corners of the streets and places of resort, are to be seen women preparing refreshments for all those who have no permanent abode in Madrid.

On arriving, we observed long trains of mules, laden with skins, containing wine and oil; and large droves of asses under the care of one person, speaking to them incessantly. We were met by carriages, also, drawn by eight or ten mules, ornamented with small bells. A single coachman guided them either at trot or gallop with wondrous dexterity, making no use of reins, and urging them forward with his voice alone, shouting most sa-

vagely. These mules are trained all to stop the same instant by one long shrill whistle. They might be mistaken for teams of stags or elks, by their long taper legs, the height of their stature, and the bold lofty carriage of their heads. The shouts of the coach-drivers and muleteers,—the constant chiming of the bells of the churches,—the various dresses of the men,—the more than sufficient display of southern energy displayed by their gestures and loud sonorous cries in a language we did not understand,—their manners so unlike our own; all contributed to give to the Spanish capital a most strange appearance to people accustomed to the quietness with which all is done in the north. We were the more struck with it, because Madrid was the first large city we found peopled since we entered Spain.

At the hour of the Siesta, and more particularly in summer, during the heat of the day, all this uproar ceased, and the whole city resigned itself to sleep. The only sound then heard in the streets, was the echo of the trampling of the horses of some of our troops of cavalry, returning from or going their rounds, or the drum of some detachment of infantry about to mount the solitary guard. That very drum had already beaten the march and the charge in Alexandria, in Cairo, in Rome, and almost in every city of Europe from Konigsberg to Madrid.

Our regiment continued nearly a whole month in the Spanish capital. I staid with an old man of an illustrious name, who lived alone with his daughter. He went regularly twice a day to mass, and once to the Place del Sol, to hear the news. On returning, he seated himself in his parlour,

where he spent the whole day doing nothing. Sometimes he would light a cigar, and puff away, in smoke, his weariness and his woes. He seldom spoke, and I never saw him laugh. He exclaimed only at intervals of half an hour, with a heavy sigh, "Ah Jesus!" His daughter constantly replied in the same words, and both were again silent.

Every day my entertainers were visited by a priest, the holy father of the household, who was as assiduous in his attentions as physicians in some countries are to their patients. He wore a flax-coloured wig to conceal his priestly tonsure, and was dressed like an ordinary citizen, always insinuating, that he dared not wear his sacerdotal habit for fear of being assassinated in the streets by the French. This unnecessary deception was solely designed to increase the bitter animosity which already existed against us.

Notwithstanding the appearance of most profound tranquillity reigning in the capital, our regiment were always prepared to mount instantly; and, as if we had been an advanced post, with the enemy before us, our horses never were unsaddled. It was indeed reported, that eleven hundred Spanish desperadoes remained concealed in the city when it capitulated, waiting only a favourable opportunity to raise the inhabitants in arms, and put every Frenchman to the sword.

Amid the plaudits of victory resounded by our bulletins, we could not help entertaining a feeling of perplexed uncertainty about the very advantages we had obtained. It was observed by some one, that our conquests lay above volcanoes. The Emperor Napoleon did not make a public entry into Madrid, as he had done into other European

capitals. The forms of etiquette under which he subjected himself towards his brother Joseph, whom he already considered an independent sovereign, prevented him from observing this ceremony. Constantly encamped with his guard on the heights of Chamartin, he daily prescribed decrees to Spain, waiting that submission which it was natural to think would soon be effected by the terror of our rapid successes.

The thundering proclamations, issued by the Emperor, announced his triumphs to astonished Europe, and gave cause to dread a terrible destiny, to such places of the Peninsula as persevered in their resistance. And yet the several provinces of Spain displayed no promptitude in taking steps to propitiate the implacable conqueror, or avert the death-blow they had reason to dread. No one offered to lay at Napoleon's feet, with the exacted homage, those obsequious panegyrics to which other countries had accustomed him. Deputations from the city of Madrid, and the Alcaids of some places occupied by our troops, alone came to present submissions extorted by fear, at the Imperial quarters of Chamartin. The heads of twelve hundred select families in Madrid being summoned, also appeared to take the oath of fidelity to King Joseph. But it was even said, that the very priests, before whom they swore on the Gospels, had given them plenary indulgence some time before, for every oath of subjection they might take to their conquerors.

The declarations made by the French authorities, that they came to reduce the religious orders, and abolish the Inquisition, far from placing us in

the light of saviours, tended only to exasperate that bitter hatred which the clergy and their numerous zealots already bore us. The friars of all classes who had been exiled from their convents, spread themselves over the country, and whereever they went, preached against us. Disguising, by a holy zeal, their resentment for the recent loss of their wealth, they endeavoured by every means in their power to stimulate the people against the French. The priests protested warmly, that it was against strangers alone that the Inquisition was upheld; and that, without it, the principles of religion would long since have been as completely ruined in Spain, as for more than twenty years they had now been in France.

For a century past, the Inquisition had indeed been greatly ameliorated. It no longer was the terror of Spaniards; and some intelligent individuals had even gone so far as to consider it essential to a feeble government, for restraining the multitude, and curbing the power of the inferior clergy. The poor began to reflect where they would have to go in seasons of scarcity, for that sustenance they had been accustomed to receive every day at the gates of the convent.

A religious nation like this, which supposed its establishments had always existed, could not conceive how they should ever terminate. In the times of their misfortune, therefore, every change effected by an enemy appeared downright impiety.

CHAPTER IV.

Some days after Madrid surrendered, while our regiment was quartered at Cevolla on the Tagus, I received orders to carry an open despatch to Marshal Lefevre from General Lasalle, who lay in our front at Talavera. Marshal Lefevre was to read the despatch, and then forward it to the Prince of Neufchatel. At Maqueda I met Marshal Lefevre, as the sun went down, just arriving from Casa Rubios. To save his own aides-de-camp, he commanded me to prosecute the journey myself, and deliver at the Imperial quarters the letters I had in charge. Requiring to ride post, I mounted a *requisition*-mule, which the staff-major made the Alcaid of the place provide for me.

I was soon on my way, in a dismal night, on a huge obstinate mule, whose mane somebody had shorn; preceded by a Spanish peasant, on a mule that matched my own. When we had gone about a league, my guide allowed himself to fall, and his beast started at the gallop, to return, I suppose, to the village. Thinking the poor fellow had fainted by the violence of his fall, I alighted to render him assistance. In vain I sought for him, where I imagined he had fallen; the rogue had slipped into the thick brushwood, and disappeared. I

got on my mule again, not too sure of my road. The wicked animal, no longer hearing its companion, would now go neither one way nor another. The more I spurred him, the more he kicked. My blows, abuses, and French menaces, only enraged him. I did not know his name, and was not then even aware that every Spanish mule has one; or that, to make any progress, I should have said, "Get on, mule; go on, Captain; get along, Arragonese," &c. Dismounting to tighten the girth of my timber saddle, the passionate animal sprung to a side, struck me on the breast a blow which knocked me to the ground, and then turned into a side-path. As soon as I recovered, I pursued him with all my might, directed by the noise my stirrups made on the stones, my saddle having turned round. After running half a league I found my saddle, from which the mule had disencumbered himself. I took it on my back, and soon after entered a large village, where the van-guard of one of Lefevre's brigades had arrived. I made the Alcaid give me a horse, and again took the road, with especial care to keep close to my guide.

There was no French garrison in the place where I next changed horses. The master of the post-house, a lively, fresh old man, opened the door to me himself. He awoke a postilion, and directed him to saddle an old horse, whose crooked fore-legs could scarcely bear his weight. I uttered some threats against the postmaster, and, raising my voice, signified which horse I wished to ride. The old fellow was not to be frightened; but, with a mildness which allayed my passion in a moment, took me by the hand, and, making a sign

to keep quiet, he showed me thirty or forty peasants asleep among a heap of chopped straw, at the other end of the stable. I took the benefit of his advice, and mounted the horse, bad as it was, without a word; admiring the different feelings this little action displayed, and musing on the countless difficulties of the situation, to which we were subjected by Spanish hatred, even now when we were victorious on every side.

I reached the Imperial quarters at Chamartin by one o'clock next morning. One of his aides-de-camp awoke the Prince of Neufchatel. I delivered my letters to him, and, at eleven the same night, was sent back to my own corps, with new despatches for Marshal Victor. It was morning when I arrived at Aranjuez. The commandant of the place advised me to delay my journey to Toledo, for the march of a detachment going thither. The director of the posts of the first corps, having preceded his convoy but a few minutes, had been butchered on the road the evening before. But as I was instructed to expedite my orders without delay, I continued my journey, mounted on a requisition-pony. Being alone, I was compelled to discharge for myself the duties of rear-guard, vanguard, and flank, galloping up the heights, and keeping a constant look out, that I might not be taken by surprise. The wild horses of the royal stud, with the deer and stags, in herds of from fifty to sixty, fled as I approached.

Some leagues beyond Aranjuez, I observed two Spanish peasants at a distance, who had bound a French soldier, and were dragging him into the brushwood, to put him to death. With the full speed of my horse, I rode towards them, and hap-

pily arrived in time to rescue the unfortunate prisoner. He proved to be a soldier of infantry, who had left Aranjuez hospital the day before. Overpowered with fatigue, he had sat down to recover himself, whilst his comrades continued their march. I escorted him to his detachment, which had halted not far distant, and proceeded on my way.

Nothing can exceed the horrible sight I next beheld. Every step I took I stumbled over the disfigured bodies of Frenchmen, recently murdered, and bloody shreds of their garments strewed around. The still vivid marks in the sand, declared how some of these hapless beings must have wrestled, and the prolonged torments they must have endured, before they expired. The copper-plates of their caps, which had been thrown to a side, could alone show that they had been soldiers, or to what regiments they had belonged. Those who had thus attacked the French on the Toledo road, were the keepers of the Royal stud, and some peasants who had abandoned their villages on the arrival of our troops. They had acquired a high degree of barbarity by their vagabond and solitary way of living.

I had delivered my despatches to Marshal Victor at Toledo, and was returned to my regiment, the day before it went to garrison Madrid.

The Spaniards of the plains of Castile were already recovering from the temporary dread occasioned by our arrival. The inhabitants of the places we occupied had retired to the mountains and woods with their wives and infants. They espied from thence all our movements, and lay in ambush near our principal routes, to intercept our couriers and our orders; or to assault unexpectedly such of

our detachments as they believed were weaker than themselves.

Not a day passed, without bringing us disastrous intelligence of some of the small parties left behind to preserve our communications. All our posts of correspondence, stationed in our rear as in Germany, consisting of only nine or fifteen men, were annihilated.

The Spanish Junta had retired to Merida, and from thence had gone to Seville. It then sent orders to the Alcaids and clergy, even of the places we occupied, to invite the soldiers of the Spanish militia to join their respective corps. These soldiers of their country, seeking to avoid our troops, travelled by night through unfrequented paths; and thus the dispersed Spanish armies constantly recovered from their disasters, with wonderful celerity and ease. When the army of Castanos arrived at Cuença after its defeat at Tudela, it was reduced to 9000 infantry, and 2000 cavalry. One month afterwards, at the engagement of Ucles, the same army numbered more than 25,000 men. After the defeat of General Blake at Espinosa, the Marquis of Romana could scarcely bring together 5000 soldiers in Galicia. By the beginning of December, he had 22,000 recruits around the city of Leon.

Although the Spanish Junta was but a weak and powerless administration, it notwithstanding possessed considerable influence, when it acted in the path of the nation's choice. The operations, which were wholly spontaneous, were proportionally permanent. The Spanish generals, like their government, had only authority when they acted with the approval of those they commanded. They

could neither restrain their soldiers when conquerors, nor rally them when defeated; and these undisciplined bands bore their generals along with them, in the rush of their victory or flight. Their Spanish pride was so great, that they would never attribute their losses to their own inexperience, or the superior discipline of their enemies. Whenever they were beaten, they accused their commanders of treason. General St Juan was hanged by his soldiers at Talavera; General la Penna was supplanted by the divisions of Andalusia; and the Duke de l'Infantado was obliged to take the command of the army at Cuença.

The Spaniards were a religious and brave people, but devoid of military genius. They even hated and contemned every thing relating to troops of the line. They were thus in want of superior and subaltern officers, and all that constitutes a well regulated army. They regarded their present contest as a religious crusade against the French, for their country and their king. A red ribbon, with this inscription, "VINCER O MORIR PRO PATRIA ET PRO FERDINANDO SEPTIMO,"—"Conquer or die for our native land and Ferdinand VII.," was the only military distinction of the greater part of these citizen-soldiers. At the first summons, men, almost naked, repaired from every province to the great assemblies that they styled their armies. There the ardent desire of conquest, with which they were inspired, made them endure with admirable patience such privations, as all the power of the severest discipline could never have compelled regular troops to undergo.

In general, the people of the provinces manifested much scepticism about the successes we

obtained, even in the time of our victories. No Spaniard would give credit to the misfortunes of Spain, or believe she could be subdued. This sentiment, which animated every heart, rendered the nation invincible, in defiance of individual losses, and the frequent discomfiture of her armies.

The English entered Spain about the end of the year 1808. On the 14th of October, 13,000 soldiers, commanded by General Sir D. Baird, had disembarked at Corunna, and advanced by Lugo to Astorga. Another army, under General Moore, Commander-in-chief of all the British forces, had marched from Lisbon on the 27th of the same month. It had arrived at Estremadura and the Castiles, by the routes of Almeida, Ciudad Roderigo, Alcantara, and Merida. The division that marched by Merida had advanced on the 22d of November as far as the Escurial. All the English corps in the Peninsula were to unite at Salamanca and Valadolid, and reinforce the Spanish army before Burgos. When that army was dispersed, as well as General Blake's in the Asturias, General Sir D. Baird fell back from Astorga to Villa Franca. Afterwards, when the French marched upon Madrid, subsequently to the engagement at Tudela, General Moore recalled the division of the English which had advanced to the Escurial, and concentrated his army in the environs of Salamanca. The English armies in Spain remained nearly a month at Villa Franca and Salamanca, irresolute what course they should follow. They dared neither advance against the vast power of the French in front, nor retreat, from the fear of discouraging the people of Spain, and extin-

guishing the national spirit, which still survived in despite of the severest trials.

Some misunderstanding existed at this time between the English and Spaniards, and caused a want of concord in their military operations. The Spaniards, not considering that the English were only auxiliaries in their quarrel, reproached them with the tardiness of their marches at first, and afterwards for their inactivity. The English General, in his turn, accused the Spaniards of having perpetually dissembled their real condition and misfortunes, and having always exaggerated the extent of their means of resistance. Like the French commander, he misapprehended the Spanish character, and generally took for weakness all that patriotism made a people, devoid of military resources, act, believe and speak; strong, however, in their national spirit, and unconquerable from the very causes which made them gloss over their disappointments.

The Spaniards even went so far as to believe that the English wished to abandon them to their fate. The French also, in accordance with the general opinion, believed that the English had no other intention but to re-embark at Lisbon or Corunna. Marshal Lefevre was even sent forward from Talavera, to menace the communications of General Moore, and oblige him hastily to descend the Tagus. General Soult, who had remained on the frontiers of the kingdom of Leon, also prepared to enter Galicia, and was to be reinforced by the corps of General Junot, which had arrived from France, and was advancing towards Burgos.

Whilst matters proceeded thus, intelligence was brought to the Imperial quarters at Chamartin,

that at Rueda, one of the posts of General Franchesci had been carried on the 12th, and that detachments of English were scouring the country, even to the gates of Valladolid.

These were advanced parties of General Moore's army, which had left Salamanca on the 13th of December, and had passed the Douro to effect a junction with 13,000 English, whom General Sir D. Baird was bringing from Villa Franca. They had planned a combined attack, in conjunction with the Spanish troops of the Marquis de la Romana, against Marshal Soult, who, with 15,000 men, occupied the small towns of Guarda, Saldanna, and Sahagun, on the banks of the river Cea. A brigade of cavalry, under General Paget, on the 21st, attacked and defeated a regiment of French dragoons that Marshal Soult had left at Sahagun.

The Emperor Napoleon being informed of this movement of the English, commenced his march from Madrid on the 22d with his guards, and the corps of Marshal Ney, to cut off their retreat to Corunna. He arrived at Villa Castin on the 23d, at Tordesillas on the 25th, at Medina de Rio Seco on the 27th ; and, on the morning of December 29th, his advanced guard, consisting of three squadrons of chasseurs à cheval, commanded by General Lefevre, came up with the English in Benavente.

General Lefevre, finding the bridge over the Esla destroyed, passed the river by the ford, and drove in the English out-posts to the very gates of the city. The General, borne along by the ardour of pursuit, omitted to draw off his chasseurs, or make his observations, and was suddenly attacked by the whole cavalry of the enemy. Our horse were compelled to repass the Esla, sixty men

being wounded or dismounted, and their General a prisoner. Having gained the bank, they formed for the charge, and prepared to make a desperate effort to rescue their captive leader. But the English hastily brought up two pieces of light artillery near the broken bridge, and, opening a fire of grape-shot, made the French squadrons retire.

The Anglo-Spanish army had received advice of the Emperor Napoleon's march, just as they were meditating an attack on Marshal Soult, at the village of Carrion. On the 24th, they were retiring rapidly towards Astorga and Benavente, by Mayorga, Valencia, and Mancilla. They would most likely have been cut off from the passes of Galicia, if the French army had not been considerably obstructed in its march by the torrents that had overflowed, and the snow lately fallen about the Sierra de Guadarama.

The Emperor Napoleon arrived on the 30th of December at Benavente, and having proceeded no farther than Astorga, returned on the 7th of January to Valladolid with his guards. A few days afterwards, he was in France, making preparations to march against Austria. Marshal Ney was left at Astorga, to secure the passes of Galicia, and organize the country. Marshal Soult continued the pursuit of General Moore's army towards Corunna. The English, in their retreat, left the country behind them a total desert, and the troops of Marshal Soult were every evening obliged to forage at great distances from the line of march, which greatly retarded their progress, and increased their fatigue. His advance guard, notwithstanding, came up with the enemy's rear at Villa Franca, and again at Lugo, but did not think themselves suffi-

ciently strong to commence an attack. The French lost General Colbert of the cavalry, in a skirmish which happened before the former of these towns.

On the 16th, the English were obliged to engage before Corunna, previous to their embarkation. The battle was bloody, and keenly contested. At first the French gained ground, but towards evening the English recovered the commanding position which they had originally occupied, to cover the anchorage of their fleet. During the night, between the 16th and 17th, they embarked. General Moore was struck by a cannon-ball as he again led back to the charge a corps which had been repulsed. The army of the Marquis de la Romana had broken up among the mountains to the west of Astorga. Corunna being a fortified town, was defended by its inhabitants, and did not surrender till the 20th by capitulation.

The English, in their retreat, had undergone all the hardships to which armies hotly pursued are exposed, when the toils of the soldiers have enraged them out of measure. Without having fought one pitched battle, they lost more than 8000 men and almost all the horses of their cavalry.

One cannot well conceive what motives influenced General Moore to hazard the fate of his whole army by an expedition against the corps of Marshal Soult, the result of which every way could only be most doubtful. The Marshal could easily have fallen back on Burgos, and been reinforced by the troops of General Junot. General Moore, in marching to Saldanna, yielded Napoleon an opportunity of attacking him with all his forces united, when the Emperor was preparing to re-

turn to France. He might have moved from Salamanca, to a position almost impregnable behind the bridge of Almarez on the Tagus, and reorganized the armies of Spain. This was what the French chiefly dreaded. In leaving Salamanca, General Moore ought at any rate to have retreated rather to Lisbon than Corunna, taking the shortest route, and leaving to Marshals Lefevre and Soult the most extended line of communicathons; to guard which they must have weakened themselves considerably, by posting detachments in their rear. He could thus also have enabled the troops of General de la Romana, and the peasants of Galicia and Portugal, frequently to harass the French in a desultory warfare. This latter operation has since been accomplished with the most complete success, by General Sir A. Wellesley (now Duke of Wellington.)

It is affirmed that General Moore was deceived by false information, and that it was against his own opinion and contrary to his will, that he was made to deviate on this occasion from the established rules of military science. Besides, it is always an easy matter to judge of actions after they have happened; the difficulty of any undertaking consists in forseeing its probable issue.

Whilst the corps of Marshal Soult was thus expelling the English from Galicia, the Spanish army of Andalusia was making various movements in advance of Cuença, by which Madrid seemed to be menaced. To oppose this Spanish force, commanded by the Duke de l'Infantado, Marshal Victor on the 10th of January left Toledo with the first corps of the army. For several days they advanced slowly in the neighbourhood of Ocana,

without any intelligence of the enemy. Whether by chance, or from ignorance of the country, the French divisions found themselves on the morning of the 13th so entangled among the Spaniards, that so far from expecting to turn them, they even conceived they were themselves surrounded.

The division of Villate first engaged with part of the enemy's force, drawn up in order of battle, on the top of a steep and lofty eminence. The Spaniards had more faith in the strength of their position than in the skill of their troops, most of whom were newly raised. When they beheld the ardour and coolness with which the French under arms ascended the rocks, they fled after firing a single discharge. Near Alcazar they met in their retreat the division of Ruffin, which unexpectedly turned the enemy while it was only seeking for them. Some thousand Spaniards were forced to surrender; surprise and terror took possession of their whole army, and the different corps of which it was composed blindly threw themselves on every side. Several of their columns endeavouring to escape, ran headlong on General Cenarmont's park of artillery, and were received by a discharge of grape-shot which compelled them to change their course. A piece of French artillery, the horses of which were exhausted, was met by the enemy's cavalry. They made way for it, and filed off in silence on each side of the road. The French took more than 10,000 prisoners, and 40 pieces of cannon, which the Spaniards abandoned in their flight. If the dragoons of General Latour Maubourg had not been too fatigued for pursuit, the whole Spanish army must have fallen into our power.

On the 13th of January, the day on which the fight at Ucles happened, our regiment left Madrid for the purpose of rejoining the first corps d'armée. On the 14th we lay at Ocana. On the morning of the 15th, about three leagues from this town, we fell in with the Spanish prisoners taken at Ucles, who were going to Madrid. Some of these poor wretches expired from hunger; many of them sunk down exhausted with fatigue; and when they were unable to go farther, they were mercilessly shot. This sanguinary order was given in retaliation for the death of the French prisoners whom the Spaniards hanged. This inhuman conduct, unseasonably exercised against disarmed foes, whose helplessness entitled them to clemency, could on no account be justified by the necessity of reprisal. Besides, if the grand design of conquest be the lasting submission of the conquered, these measures, as impolitic as cruel, tended greatly to distance this desirable end. No doubt, the Spanish peasants were thus deterred from uniting with their armies. But the consequence of this was, that an ambuscade warfare succeeded regular battles, where our decided superiority of tactics would likely always have enabled us to triumph. Our clemency would thus have perfected the submission of those whom our arms had already half subdued. As it was, the French, with only 400,000 men, had to contend with twelve millions of people inflamed with hatred, despair, and revenge.

Our attention was particularly attracted by one of these unhappy Spaniards. He was lying on his back, mortally wounded. We saw, from his long black mustachios, intermingled with gray hairs, and his uniform, that he was an old soldier. The

only sounds we could hear him utter, were a few words of invocation to the Virgin and the Saints. We tried to revive him with a little brandy, but a few moments after he expired.

Nothing can be more appalling than to follow a victorious army at some marches distance. As we had not shared in the success of our comrades, who had just beaten the enemy before us, so no remembrance of our own dangers, fatigues, or anxieties, could diminish the horror of the spectacle which we witnessed at every step. We travelled through a desolated and deserted country; we lodged indiscriminately beside the dying and the dead, who had crawled from the gory field of battle to the nearest houses, to close their eyes for ever, unassisted and unseen.

We joined our division at Cuença, and took up our quarters for a few days in the neighbourhood of Belmonte and San Clemente. We had to wait for our artillery, which could not, without much difficulty, make out more than one or two leagues a day. The rains of winter had made the roads so bad, that it was often necessary to take the teams of several pieces of artillery to drag a single gun. We afterwards crossed Don Quixote's country in going to Consuegra and Madrilejos. Toboso exactly corresponds with the description given of it by Cervantes, in his immortal romance of Don Quixote de La Mancha. If that visionary hero did not render great service to widows and orphans while he lived, his memory at least preserved from the horrors of war the country of his imaginary Dulcinea. The first woman the French soldiers saw at a window, they cried out, laughing, "There's Dulcinea." Their mirth embol-

dened the inhabitants, and far from flying, as usual, at the sight of our advanced guard, they collected to see us pass. Jests about Dulcinea and Don Quixote formed a link of connexion between us and the citizens of Toboso; and the French, being well entertained, treated in their turn their hosts with urbanity.

We remained for more than a month quartered in La Mancha. Our mode of living was the same, whether we staid in houses or bivouacked in the fields; only, in place of removing from one house to another, we went from our own fire to that of our comrades. There we spent the tedious night, quenching our thirst, and conversing about the occurrences of the war, or listening to the account of past campaigns. Sometimes about daybreak, a horse pinched with the chilness of the dews, would pull up his stake, and come gently to the fire and warm his nose, as if the old servant was reminding us that he too had a share in the engagement about which we were speaking.

The simple stirring life we led had both its pleasures and its pains. Every hour, when near the enemy, we were seeing detachments going and coming after long absence, and bringing news of others in Spain at a great distance.

When we were ordered to be in readiness to ride, we might have been as well sent to France, Germany, or the extremity of Europe, as on a short excursion to the neighbourhood. When we left a place, we could not tell if we might ever return. When we halted at any spot, we knew not if our stay might be for months, or for hours. The longest, dreariest stay was never wearisome, be-

cause we always expected something new. We were often destitute of daily bread; but our comfort in our distress was the hope of an approaching change. When abundance returned to us, we hastened to enjoy it; we lived fast, we replenished our late short commons, and kept in remembrance that our plenty must pass away. When the thunder of artillery in the distance announced that a battle was near,—when the different divisions hurried to the place of action, and brothers and friends that had been separated distinguished each other, they would stop to embrace and utter a transient adieu, their arms would clash, their plumes would intertwine, and they would tear themselves asunder to rejoin their ranks.

The frequency of danger made us regard death as one of the most common occurrences of life. We grieved for our comrades when wounded, but if they were dead, we showed an indifference about them often even ironical. When the soldiers in passing recognised a companion numbered with the slain, they would say, "He is now above want, he will abuse his horse no more, his drinking days are done," or words to that purpose; which manifested in them a stoical disregard of existence. It was the only funeral oration spoken over the warriors that had fallen.

The different regiments of our army, particularly the cavalry and infantry, were considerably distinguished from each other in their customs and manners. The infantry having nothing else to occupy their attention but themselves and their muskets, were great egotists, talkers and sleepers. Doomed during war to face death unshrinking, under terror of disgrace, they displayed a pitiles-

ness in their hostility, and a disposition to make others suffer when they could, the evils themselves had endured. They were often impertinent, and sometimes even insolent to their officers; but in the midst of almost insupportable hardships, a bon-mot would restore them to reason, and set them a-laughing. They forgot all their toils the moment they heard the enemy's fire.

The hussars, and chasseurs à cheval, were accused of being, in the main, plunderers, wasters, and drinkers; and of taking every license in the presence of an enemy. Accustomed, it may be said, to sleep with one eye open, to keep always one ear awake to the sound of the alarm-trumpet, to reconnoitre in a march far in advance of the army, to anticipate the snares of the enemy, to discover the slightest traces of their course, to scour the ravines, and to survey with eagle-eye the distant plains,—they could not but acquire a superior intelligence, and a habit of self-management. And yet they were always silent, and submissive before their officers, from the dread of being unhorsed.

Everlastingly smoking to pass away his time, the light-horseman braved in every country the severity of the climate, under his capacious cloak. The horse and his rider, habituated to each other's company, contracted an affinity of feeling. The trooper was invigorated by his horse, and the horse by his master. When a hussar, hardly sober, urged his fleet career among ravines, or in the midst of precipices, the horse usurped all the management which the man in his senses possessed; it would curb its ardour, redouble its caution, shun every danger, and always return, after a few

evolutions, to fill up its own and its master's place in the ranks. Sometimes on a journey, the horse would gently slacken its pace, or even incline itself to either side, so as to retain its inebriated, and sleeping master in the saddle. The hussar awaking from this unseasonable lethargy, seeing his horse breathless with exertion, would lament, vow, and swear never to drink more. For several days he would act the pedestrian, and deprive himself of his own provisions to share it with his fellow-traveller.

When the alarm was given in a camp of light cavalry, by a carabine shot from the videttes, in the twinkling of an eye every horse was bridled, and horsemen might be seen in all directions springing through the bivouac fires, leaping over hedges and ditches, and hastening with the speed of lightning to the rendezvous, to repel the first attack of the enemy. The trumpeter's horse alone remained inactive amid all this tumult; but the instant its master ceased to sound, it stamped with impatience, and strained every nerve to overtake its fellows.

CHAPTER V.

About the middle of February, our corps d'armée left La Mancha; and the troops under the command of General Sebastiani, the successor of Marshal Lefevre, came to the neighbourhood of Toledo to watch the fragments of the army of the Duke de l'Infantado. We proceeded to occupy the towns of Talavera, Arzobispo and Almarez on the right bank of the Tagus, confronting the Spanish army of Estremadura. This army had been dispersed on the 24th December by Marshal Lefevre at Arzobispo opposite Almarez, but had since been reorganized and recruited under the command of General Cuesta. It had recovered the bridge of Almarez from the French; and blown up the principal arches, which completely arrested the march of our troops, and unavoidably necessitated us to erect a new bridge over the Tagus, under the very fire of the enemy. We had indeed the possession of two other bridges, the one at Arzobispo, and the other at Talavera; but the route by these was at that time impracticable for artillery. Marshal Victor fixed his head-quarters at Almarez, that he might the better protect the works, and oversee the construction of the floats. Part of our division of light cavalry crossed the left bank of the river, to watch the enemy, and reconnoitre their right flank on the Ibor.

On account of the scarcity of forage and other necessaries, we were obliged to change our cantonments frequently. Almost the whole country occupied by our troops had been abandoned by its inhabitants. Before going, they were wont to build up in a secret place of their dwellings, every thing of value which they could not remove. The first thing, therefore, our soldiers did in coming to their empty and unfurnished houses, was to measure like architects the outside walls, and then the inside rooms, to examine if any space had been taken off. Sometimes we found also vessels of wine concealed in the earth. We were thus taught to live on chance-offerings, passing whole weeks without a supply of bread, and even without being able to get barley for our horses.

On the 14th of March, our floats were at length finished; but we could neither launch them, nor construct a bridge, under the fire of the enemy. It was therefore found necessary to dislodge them from the strong position they held before Almaraz, at the confluence of the Ibor and the Tagus. On the 15th of March, part of the first corps d'armée crossed the Tagus at Talavera and Arzobispo, to bear upon the flank and rear of the Spaniards. General Laval's German division first attacked the enemy on the morning of the 17th, at the village of Messa de Ibor. With the bayonet alone, and without artillery, 3000 men of that division routed 8000 Spaniards, who were entrenched on a lofty eminence, and fortified with six pieces of cannon. The 18th was spent in driving the enemy from Valdecannar, and chasing them from one station to another, and from rock to rock,

as far as the defile of Miravette. Our regiment formed part of the left wing of the army, along with Vilatte's division. We ascended the current of the Ibor, repulsing the Spaniards completely, without difficulty, who retained not a single post whenever they saw it turned.

The 19th being occupied with the launch of the floats, the army made no advance. The portable bridge being completed before night, the troops that remained on the right bank of the Tagus, and the artillery, began to pass over immediately. By the 20th, the whole army had united again at Truxillo. A little before our arrival, there had been an action before that city between the chasseurs à cheval of the 5th regiment, which formed our advanced guard, and the royal carabineers of the enemy's rear guard. The number killed on either side was nearly equal, but the Spaniards lost the commander of a squadron.

The night was passed by both armies in sight of each other; and an hour before sunrise next morning, the enemy were on their march. We followed them soon after. The 10th chasseurs formed the advanced guard of our division of light horse, which cleared the way itself for all the troops. Four companies of light infantry passed on before us, when we came to a district intersected with forests and hills. Two hours before sunset, our vanguard squadron of chasseurs came up with the rear-guard of the enemy, which being closely pressed, soon retired on the main body. The Colonel of the 10th, stimulated by a rash bravery, permitted the whole regiment to make a charge, which soon became animated, and they pursued the Spanish cavalry for more than a

league, on a causey between craggy hills, planted with holme.

When a regiment or squadron of cavalry charges, either in line or column, the exact order in which it commenced to gallop cannot long be preserved; for the horses incite each other, and their ardour increases, till he who is best mounted finds himself foremost, and the line of battle is broken. The leader of an advanced party ought always to be cautious never to charge but for a very short space, and to rally his men often, that the horses may recover their wind, and time may be had to guard against a surprise. Besides, in all cases where one is too far in advance to be instantly assisted by another corps, there ought to be a reserve of at least one half of the troops to sustain the other, and afford a kind of entrenchment to those who are attacked, behind which they may again form, if they are repelled and pursued by a superior force.

Near the village of Miajadas, the Spaniards stationed an ambuscade of several squadrons of their best cavalry, which chosen band fell suddenly on our chasseurs of the advanced guard, who were riding scattered and disorderly, the one before the other. Our chasseurs were overpowered by numbers; their horses, exhausted with a most unmeasured charge, could not unite for their defence; and in less than ten minutes the enemy had disabled more than 150 of the bravest of the troop.

General Lasalle being apprised of what was passing, sent us instantly to their relief. We arrived too late, seeing only the distant trace of the Spaniards in the dust they raised in retiring. The

colonel of the 10th was intent in again drawing up his men, who were tearing their hair with vexation, and assisting their wounded comrades to rise, that were strewed all around. The night coming on, we returned to bivouac in the rear of the scene of action. At every step we encountered such of the wounded as had not yet received succour. Seeing us pass, they cried out, "*Comrades à moi, ne m'abandonnez pas*"—"Comrades, do not abandon us." We assisted them to mount our own horses, but some of them again fell to the ground, and expired in the arms of their fellow-soldiers.

On the 22d of March the enemy crossed the Guadiana. We occupied separate quarters in the environs of Miajadas and San Pedro. Our artillery at length arriving on the 23d, the greater part of the army was concentrated in and around the city of Merida.

During the night of the 27th, the whole army was in motion to march against the enemy. For several days General Cuesta had waited for us in the plains before Medellin, having previously surveyed, with the help of engineers, the advantageous position where his army was stationed. The Spaniards, to whom pitched battles had proved so frequently unfavourable, sought by every method to gain that confidence which they so much needed. They regarded the skirmish at Miajadas as a presage of success. They relied also on some ancient superstition associated with the remembrance of the conquests their ancestors had obtained over the Moors, in the very plains which are watered by the Guadiana. The French put no value on their hopes, and trusted from habit in the certainty of victory.

After crossing the Guadiana, by a very long and narrow bridge, one enters the city of Medellin. Beyond it lies an extensive plain without plantations, which stretches up the Guadiana between that river, the city of Don Benito, and the village of Mingabril. The Spaniards at first occupied the heights between these towns; and afterwards extending their line more, they formed a sort of crescent, with the left at Mingabril, their centre before Don Benito, and the right wing near the Guadiana.

At eleven in the morning, we debouched from Medellin to draw up in order of battle. A short way from the town, we formed into the arc of a very compact circle, between the Guadiana and a ravine planted with trees and vineyards, which stretches from Medellin to Mingabril. General Lasalle's division of light cavalry was stationed on the left, the German legion of infantry in the centre, and the dragoons of General Latour Maubourg on the right. The divisions of Vilatte and Ruffin formed the reserve. Numerous detachments, from the three divisions which composed the first line, had been left in the rear of the army, to preserve our communicating; and their strength did not exceed 7000 soldiers. The enemy before us presented an immense line of more than 34,000 men.

The German legion began the attack. The 2d and 4th regiments of dragoons having next made a charge against the Spanish infantry, were repulsed with loss, and the German division remained alone in the middle of the fight. They formed into a square, and courageously withstood the redoubled fury of the enemy as long as the action

continued. With much difficulty, Marshal Victor renewed the combat, by causing two regiments of Vilatte's division to advance. The enemy's cavalry at first endeavoured to face our right wing, but without success. Part of them then rushed *en masse* on our left, which, afraid of being surrounded, was forced to fall back on the Guadiana, where it makes an angle, and contracts the plain towards Medellin. For two hours we retired slowly and quietly, facing about every fifty paces to present our front to the enemy, and to dispute our ground with them before yielding it, when they attempted to seize it by force.

Amid the endless whizzing of bullets flying over our heads, and the deafening roar of bomb-shells rending the air, and tearing up the earth around us, we heeded only the voice of our commanders. They gave their orders with the greater coolness and deliberation, the fiercer grew the enemy's attack. The farther we retired, the louder shouted our foes. Their sharp-shooters were so numerous and daring, that they sometimes compelled ours to fall into the ranks. They called to us at a distance, in their own language, that no quarter would be given, and that the plains of Medellin would be the tomb of the French. If our squadron had given way and fled, the cavalry of the Spanish right would have assaulted the rear of our army through the breach, and surrounded it completely. Then the field of Medellin would, indeed, have been our grave, as our enemies declared.

General Lasalle rode backward and forward in front of his division, with a lofty, fearless step. When the enemy's cavalry came within gun-shot, the sharp-shooters of both sides retired. In the

space which separated us, there might then be seen the horses of dead friends and foes, running on every side, most of them wounded, some of them dragging their masters under their feet, and struggling to free themselves of the unmanageable load.

The Spaniards had sent against our single squadron six of their best, who advanced in close column with the Xeres lancers at their head. This solid mass all at once began to trot, with the intention of charging us while we made our retrograde movement. The captain of our squadron commanded his four platoons, which did not in all exceed 120 men, to wheel half round, at a walking pace, to the right. This being done, he straightened his line with as much self-possession as if no enemy had been near. The Spanish horse, struck with astonishment at his coolness, insensibly slackened their pace. The leader of the squadron took advantage of their surprise, and immediately gave the signal to charge.

Our hussars, who had hitherto preserved, amid the incessant threats and abuses of the enemy, a deep unbroken silence, now drowned the shrill clangour of the trumpet, as they dashed forward with one tremendous shout of joy and rage. The Spanish lancers, horror struck, stopped short, and, turning round at half pistol-shot, overturned their own cavalry behind them. Terror so impaired their judgment, that they could not look at each other, but believed every one to be their enemy. Our hussars rushed pell-mell among them, and hewed them down without opposition. We chased them to the rear of their army, when the trumpets sounded a recall, and we returned, to form our squadron once more in order of battle. A little

while after our charge, all the Spanish cavalry of the right and left had completely abandoned the field.

Our dragoons now drew up around their chosen companies, and, perceiving an irresolution in the enemy's infantry, on seeing the flight of their cavalry, we improved our advantage, and made a most brilliant and fortunate charge against the centre of their army. At the same time, two regiments of Vilatte's division attacked with success the right of the enemy's infantry, near the heights of Mingabril. In a trice, the army before us disappeared like clouds before the wind. The Spaniards took to their heels and threw away their arms. The cannonade closed, and every corps of our cavalry joined in the pursuit.

Our soldiers, who had lately been threatened with approaching death, if they had been overpowered, and were enraged by five hours resistance, at first gave no quarter. The infantry followed the cavalry at a distance, and despatched the wounded with their bayonets. The vengeance of our soldiers fell chiefly on such of the Spaniards as were without a military uniform.

The hussars and dragoons who had gone abroad to forage, soon returned, guarding whole columns of Spaniards, whom they intrusted to the foot to take to Medellin. Those very men, who had denounced us for slaughter with such confidence before the battle, now marched with humble aspect, crouching for fear. At every threatening sign made by our soldiers, they ran together like sheep when chased by dogs, squeezing to get to the middle of the crowd. Every time they met a body of French troops, they exclaimed with vehe-

mence, "Vive Napoleon et sa troupe invincible!"—"Life to Napoleon and his brave army." Now and then a passing horseman or two would take a pleasure in exacting these acclamations personally, which were due alone to the victors as a whole.

A certain colonel who was a courtier, and an aid-de-camp of King Joseph's, looking at the prisoners as they filed past the regiments, called to them in Spanish to shout a "Vive" for King Joseph. They seemed at first not to comprehend his meaning, but after a moment's silence, they raised their old cry, "Long live Napoleon and his invincible troops!" The colonel then turned to a particular prisoner, and enforced his order with threats. The Spaniard having exclaimed "Viva Joseph!" an officer, who, as usual, had not been disarmed, approached his country's soldier, and ran his sword through his body. Our enemies were willing enough to do homage to *our* bravery; but they would not, even in their debasement, recognise the power of a master not of their own choice.

A little before night I returned to Medellin. Silence and peace had succeeded the turmoil of battle and the peals of victory. In the plain alone there might be heard the wailings of the wounded, and the low murmurings of the dying, who raised their heads before they breathed their last to pray to God and the Holy Virgin. Death had impressed on the countenances of the slain, the expression of the passions which animated them at the moment they expired. Those who had been struck down when flying, were lying on their breast or side, with drooping heads, and fear-contracted muscles. Those again who had died while

fighting bravely, retained, even when fallen, the aspect of defiance. Two regiments of Swiss and Walloon guards were stretched on the ground in the very order they had in the engagement. Broken ammunition-waggons, and cannon deserted by their teams of mules, still marked the position of the Spaniards. Here and there lay wounded horses, whose limbs being shattered by the bullets, they could not rise from the spot where they were doomed to perish. Ignorant of death, and unconscious of futurity, they browzed on the grass around them as far as they could reach.

The loss of the French did not exceed 4000. The Spaniards left 12,000 dead on the field of battle, and 19 pieces of artillery. We made 7000 or 8000 prisoners, but scarcely 2000 of these arrived at Madrid. The Spanish captive in his own country could easily effect his escape.

The inhabitants of the towns and villages assembled in great numbers in the way of the French escorts, and withdrew their attention from their charge. They took care to leave their doors open, and the prisoners, mixing with the crowd in passing, darted into the houses, whose doors were instantly shut. Our soldiers, whose humanity returned when the combat closed, winked at their flight, notwithstanding the strictness of the orders they had received.

The Spanish prisoners would address some grenadier of the guard, and pointing to some distant village, with a heavy sigh, would say in their own language, " Senior Soldado," &c. " Mr Soldier, that is our home; there are our wives and children; must we pass so near, and never see them more? Must we leave them all to go to far off France? "

The grenadier, affecting to speak sternly, would reply, "I am commanded to shoot you if I perceive you attempt to run away, but I don't see behind me." He would then step a little forward, and the prisoners, taking to the fields, would soon rejoin their armies. We were at last obliged to escort our prisoners with soldiers from the German Legion, their national character, and a stricter discipline, rendering them more vigilant and inflexible.

Part of our regiment was quartered at Mingabril, on the very field where the battle had been fought, and where it raged the hottest. We lived among carcasses, and often saw proceeding from them thick black vapours, which the winds bore away to spread contagion and disease through the surrounding country. The oxen of La Mesta, that usually winter on the banks of the Guadiana, fled affrighted from their wonted pastures. Their mournful bellowings, and the endless howling of the dogs that watched them, declared that undefined feeling of terror with which they were impressed.

Thousands of huge vultures collected from all parts of Spain in that vast lonely valley of death. Perched on the heights, and, seen far off between and the horizon, they seemed as large as men. Our videttes more than once marched towards them to reconnoitre, mistaking them for an enemy. These birds would not leave their human repast on our approach, until we came within a few yards of them; then the beating of their vast pinions above our heads resounded far and near, like the funereal echoes of the tomb.

The day before the battle of Medellin, or Merida, a complete victory was obtained by General Sebastiani, near Ciudad Real, in La Mancha, over the Spanish army stationed to defend the defiles of the Sierra-Morena. This victory of Ciudad Real, along with that which we gained at Medellin, struck terror into the remotest corners of Andalusia, and for a while, every route through it remained open to the French.

Notwithstanding these two severe losses, the Spanish Government did not despond. Like the Roman Senate, which voted thanks to the consul Varro, after the defeat of Cannæ, because he did not despair of the safety of Rome, the Supreme Junta of Seville decreed, that Cuesta and his army had merited the gratitude of Spain, and they adjudged them the same rewards as if they had been successful. To have censured Cuesta and his army, in the present desperate state of affairs, would have been to confess themselves conquered. Fifteen days after the action at Medellin, the Spanish army had retrieved all its losses, and had thrown itself between our march and the passes of the mountains, with a force nearly 30,000 strong.

General Sebastiani advanced no further in La Mancha than Santa Crux de la Mudella, and our corps cantoned between the Tagus and the Guadiana. We could not move in advance of that river, without seeing numerous new levies of Spaniards immediately raised in our rear, and having our only communications with Madrid by the bridge of Almarez intercepted. Besides, we had heard nothing for a long time of Marshal Soult's army, which should have entered Portugal, and with

which our right was to have formed a junction and co-operated.

The French army in the north of the Peninsula did not meet with the same degree of success as we obtained by our superior discipline in the plains of Estremadura and La Mancha. These troops, commanded by Marshals Soult and Ney, had to carry on a warfare in a mountainous region, where the activity, numbers, and local knowledge of the natives, could at any time enable them to elude all the calculations of military skill, and all the experience of our greatest leaders.

After the retreat of General Moore, and the capitulation of Corunna and Ferrol, in the month of January, Marshal Soult proceeded in the direction of Portugal by San Jago, Vigo, and Tuy. Finding it impossible to cross the Minho, near its mouth, under the fire of the Portuguese forts on the opposite bank, he went up the river to Orense, where he passed it on the 6th of March. He completely routed, on the 7th, the army of the Marquis de la Romana on the heights of Orsuna, near Monte Rey, and compelled the remains of that force to take refuge among the high mountains of Puebla de Senabria.

Chaves, a frontier town of Portugal, was invested by him on the 13th, and surrendered by capitulation. He entered Braga on the 19th, after having forced the pass of Carvalho d'Esté, one of the strongest positions of Portugal. Oporto, defended by an entrenched camp and 270 cannon, was taken by storm on the 29th; and the advanced guard of his army passed the Douro, and marched for Vouga, forty-five leagues distant from Lisbon.

The French had scarcely entered Oporto victorious, when the garrisons they had left behind to overawe the country, and preserve the communications, were every where seized. The Portuguese troops of the fortress of Caminha, situated at the mouth of the Minho, crossed that river on the 10th of March, and were reinforced by a great number of Spanish marines, and the inhabitants of the Galician shores, who had taken arms under the orders of their clergy. They fortified the bridge of San Payo against the French, who could have come from San Jago; and they made the cities of Vigo and Tuy capitulate, where Marshal Soult had left garrisons and the magazines and depots of his corps d'armée. The Portuguese general, Francisco Silveira, who, on the first approach of the French, had retired to Villa-Pouca, made himself master also of Chaves, on the 21st of March. After this, he proceeded to Amarante on the Tamega, to guard that important station, and harass the French detachments and rear-guards in the neighbourhood of Oporto.

The Marquis de la Romana, on the 30th of March, descended from the mountains of Puebla de Sanabria with several thousand men, the fragments of his vanquished force. He marched to Ponteferrada, and made a few Frenchmen prisoners, found some ammunition and provisions, and seized a damaged twelve-pounder, which he repaired. He then crossed the Castile road, and, with the help of his one cannon, obtained possession of Villa Franca, and made the garrison of 800 men prisoners of war. On the news of these trivial successes, his army increased like a snow-ball of

the mountains, which enlarges as it rolls down, and becomes a mighty avalanche. Romana obliged Marshal Ney to abandon Bierzo, and concentrate his troops at Lugo ;—he then threw himself into Asturias, and raised Galicia also in arms.

The two French corps of Galicia and Portugal, having thus had their communications destroyed, were now completely isolated from each other, and separated from the rest of our troops. They could no longer aid each other, or co-operate to further the common end of the general operations of the war. Their strength was now spent in a succession of partial actions, which valued nothing.

Every effort of Marshal Ney's to terrify Galicia to submission, was vain. Instead of being restrained by severity, their hatred against the French was more indignantly roused. What always happens where there is a spark of patriotism ; violent measures were retaliated with still more barbarous reprisals. Whole squadrons, whole battalions, were butchered by the peasants in a night's time. Seven hundred French prisoners were drowned in the Minho all at once, by command of Don Pedro de Barrios, Governor of Galicia, for the Junta. Instead of diminishing with our weakness, the rage of the people became daily more inflamed.

The inhabitants of Portugal, as well as those of Galicia, had risen universally in arms. They opposed the French with 70,000 militia, and 12,000 regular troops. It was impossible that Marshal Soult could keep the country in subjection behind him, and advance against Lisbon with only 22,000 men. Still, for more than forty days he remain-

ed in Oporto, vainly endeavouring to re-establish his interrupted correspondence. For months, he had received neither orders nor reinforcements; and he dared not make a retrograde movement, for fear of prejudicing the operations of other corps of our army, regarding whose positions he knew nothing. On the 2d of May, he at length determined that the bridge of Amarante, on the Tamega, should be seized by General Loison's division, in order to depart from Portugal by the route of Braganza.

Whilst this enterprize was going on, the French picquets on the Vouga were attacked by the English on the 10th of May, and they crossed the Douro the day following. The English, who had returned to Portugal after the retreat of Sir John Moore, were reduced to 15,000 men; and they dared not at first land their heavy baggage and artillery, but kept themselves ready to embark again on the first approach of the French. On the 4th, and again on the 22d of April, they had received considerable reinforcements; and they advanced against Oporto upwards of 23,000 strong.

The French quitted that city on the 12th of May, and their rear-guard had a skirmish with the van of the English. Marshal Soult was pursued, and encircled by a triple army; the first, commanded by General Sir A. Wellesley, never lost sight of his rear; the second was the Anglo-Portuguese army, under General Beresford, which took the direction of Chaves, by Lamega and Amarante, keeping up with the Marshal's right; the third was commanded by the Portuguese General, Francisco Silveira, which preceded the other two, to cut off

the French from the passes of Ruivaes, between Salamonde and Montalègre.

Marshal Soult, finding the route by Chaves occupied by Marshal Beresford, rapidly concentrated his army on Braga, and directed his march by the mountain road for Orense. He crossed sixty leagues of an insurgent territory, without sustaining any other very material loss than his heavy baggage and artillery, which he lost among ways that were impassable. The English advanced no further than Montalègre, but returned immediately towards the Tagus, and the neighbourhood of Lisbon.

Marshal Soult arrived at Lugo in Galicia on the 22d of May, relieved the garrison of this town, which the Spaniards had besieged, and opened a communication with Marshal Ney, who was returned from an expedition against Oviedo, in the Asturias. A few days afterwards he resumed the offensive, against the army of the Marquis de la Romana, and followed it by Monforte, Ponteferrada, Bollo, and Viana, but it eluded his pursuit. Leaving Galicia, he then proceeded to Zamora by Puebla de Sanabria, for the purpose of following the movement of the English, who appeared to be moving towards the Tagus in Estremadura, against Marshal Victor's corps.

Marshal Ney was obliged to retire into the kingdom of Leon, after Marshal Soult had departed. He had been unable to make any permanent footing in Galicia and the Asturias, having been constantly prevented by the villagers, and numerous peasant-armies, whose strength daily increased, and could not be subdued.

In those mountainous provinces of the north of

the Peninsula, though the French never failed to conquer in pitched battles with their enemies, they were, nevertheless, assailed incessantly by clouds of armed mountaineers; who, without venturing to engage in close array, or corps against corps, always retired from rock to rock, and from one position to another among the heights, firing perpetually even when flying.

It was often necessary to send a whole battalion to carry orders to another near at hand. The wounded, the exhausted, or the diseased French soldier, who laggared for a moment behind his column, was soon sent to another world. After one battle was gained, we immediately required to commence another conflict. The persevering invincible spirit of the Spaniards, rendered our victories valueless. The French armies melted away for want of rest, amid their constant toils, watchings, and distresses.

Such are the events that had passed in the north of Spain, and prevented our corps d'armée of Estremadura and La Mancha, from profiting by their signal victories of Medellin and Ciudad Real. The army of Arragon had also been obliged to suspend its operations, by the French being necessitated to recal from that province the corps of Marshal Victor to Valladolid, to carry succours to Marshal Ney, and re-establish a line of communication in Galicia.

The French army in Spain had received no reinforcements to recruit its daily losses, since the campaign of Austria, and the departure of the Emperor Napoleon. Instead of being concentrated, it had, under the command of King Joseph, continued to spread itself more every day throughout

the Peninsula. Weak on all points, because we were too much dispersed, we were enfeebled even by our conquests. In Galicia, in Portugal, and in the Asturias, we had lost that character of invincibleness, in contending with the insurgent peasants, which was even more powerful than the actual force by which we had conquered so many countries.

King Joseph had acted as commander-in-chief since the departure of the Emperor. He believed that he could in Spain, as well as in Naples, by the well-known mildness of his temper, attach the people to his new sceptre, whom the power of our arms had subdued. He had allowed the French armies to advance every where in the Peninsula, for the sole end of organizing new provinces, and extending his sway over a greater extent of territory. Thus he had bartered away the military strength of the armies of Galicia and Portugal, concerning whom we knew nothing, for five whole months.

King Joseph had contracted indolent habits on the peaceful throne of Naples. Surrounded by flatterers, and some beguiling Spaniards, he resigned himself to foolish hopes. In place of attending to the army, he staid in his capital, immersed in effeminacy, and sighing after the luxuries of Italy. He wished to sleep and reign at Madrid, as he had done at Naples, even before we had won for him, if that were possible, a kingdom at the cost of our lives.

He filled the columns of his Gazettes with decrees that were never enforced, and were scarcely ever read. He bestowed on one church the wax and consecrated vessels of another, long ago plun-

dered by the French, or despoiled by the Spaniards themselves. He was prodigal in bestowing the decorations of his Royal order on his courtiers, who dared not wear them beyond the precincts of those places we occupied, for fear of being assassinated by the peasants of Spain. He made several promotions in his Royal army, which had not yet a being. He gave, in expectation, the places of governors, administrators, and judges, in the remotest provinces of his kingdom in both hemispheres; while he durst not sleep in any of his country-houses only a few leagues out of Madrid. He pulled down old houses, as his brother had done at Paris, intending to embellish his capital; but he wanted money to erect the new edifices, and his liberality extended no further than removing the rubbish.

To conciliate the people, he studied to imitate his predecessors Charles IV., and Ferdinand VII., by all possible methods, in their ostentatious pomp, their formality, and even their trifling sanctity. He walked himself with the processions in the streets of Madrid, and made the officers of his staff follow him, and the soldiers of his body-guard carrying lighted tapers. All this assumed piety, this affectation of munificence, this hypocritical liberality, had no other effect but to make him be ridiculed, when the terror, which ennobled all, was dissipated after the departure of the Emperor.

The Spaniards took delight in spreading a report, that King Joseph was addicted to drunkenness, and that he was blind of an eye. This story made a deep impression on the minds of the country people, although nothing could be more unfounded. It was in vain that he endeavoured to

destroy these prejudices, by showing himself frequently in public, and looking every passenger full in the face. The people, nevertheless, believed that he had but one eye.

On the day of his coronation, all ranks were admitted gratis to the places of public amusement, and, at one of the theatres, a farce was exhibited called "Harlequin, Emperor of the Moon." Several times during the representations of the piece, the people openly applied passages of it to the ephemeral condition of King Joseph at Madrid. Devotees, who were accustomed to ejaculate in their conversation *Jesus*, *Maria*, *y Joseph*, would stop short after repeating the first two names, and, after a pause, would adopt the periphrasis, *y el Padre de nuestor Senior*, "and the Father of our Lord." They were afraid lest they would bring down blessings on King Joseph, by naming him who was regarded as his patron saint in heaven.

The good-nature of King Joseph came at last, by the French themselves, to be reckoned a defect. His ardent desire to make himself beloved by his new subjects, did real detriment to the success of military operations. The Spaniards had always the right, and the French the wrong side, in any case of complaint. We were frequently without food in districts that had submitted for the moment; not daring to exact there, as from enemies, the provisions we required. Our soldiers expired by hundreds, in the hospitals of Burgos and Madrid, in want of the most necessary articles.

After successful engagements, he would go to the Retiro to swear in the prisoners sent thither by the army, and declare to them that they had

been misled by villains, and that he, their King, desired only their welfare, and their country's happiness. The prisoners, expecting to be shot before night, would first take the oath of fidelity he exacted; and, when armed and accoutred, they would then desert, and return to their armies. This made our soldiers term King Joseph "The principal administrator and organizer-general of the military depots of the Supreme Junta of Seville."

The French Generals and Marshals could, with difficulty, persuade themselves to obey a man whom they could not recognise as a Frenchman, now that he was acknowledged King of Spain. They often even tried to contradict and displease him, that they might be remanded back to Germany. They wished, at any rate, to abandon this irregular war, which was both unpopular with the army, and deprived them of the chance of being distinguished, and obtaining higher promotion, by fighting under the eye of the Emperor. The Spanish war was impoverishing France, without kindling the military enthusiasm of the nation.

King Joseph had neither sufficient authority or military genius, nor enough of self-confidence to direct the operations, which the unforeseen changes of general affairs rendered indispensably necessary. He dared not issue any orders, without consulting his brother. The plans came all from Paris or Germany; sometimes they arrived too late, and at best they could only be imperfectly executed, by one who had no share in their formation. The French army in Spain was totally devoid of that unity of action, without which the simplest operations of war cannot prosper.

In the month of April, the corps of Marsh

Victor, to which we belonged, left for a time its cantonments on the Guadiana, between Merida and Medellin; and approached the Tagus and Alcantara, to unite with the division of Lapisse, which had proposed terms of surrender to Ciudad-Rodrigo, but without effect. A division of the Marshal's corps crossed that river on the 14th of May, after a slight engagement with the Portuguese militia, and proceeded once more to Alcantara. The 8th was spent reconnoitering in the direction of Castel-Blanco; but having learned that 8000 English and Portuguse were in possession of Abrantes, they conjectured that Marshal Soult's expedition against Lisbon had failed, and therefore they returned. Marshal Victor then collected together his troops in the vicinity of Truxillo, between the Guadiana and the Tagus, to secure his communications by the bridge of Almarez, to cover Madrid, and to observe the army of Cuesta. The fourth corps, commanded by General Sebastiani, had continued in La Mancha since the engagement at Ciudad-Real.

On the 20th of May, the officers and subalterns of the fourth squadrons of every cavalry-regiment in the army, received orders from the Minister of War to return to the head depots of their regiments, in order to raise additional squadrons. In consequence of this appointment, I quitted Spain, and on my arrival in France, was sent against the English on the coast of Flanders. Their expedition against the fleet and dockyards at Antwerp having failed, through the slowness and indecision of their leader, I returned to Spain at the commencement of the following year.

CHAPTER VI.

After Marshal Soult had been obliged to leave Oporto and Portugal, the English army again passed the Douro, and returned to the towns of Thomar and Abrantes, near the Tagus, intending to march against Spanish Estremadura, by way of Coria and Placencia. The corps of Marshal Victor, occupying the country around Truxillo and Caceres, being apprehensive that the English would get behind them by the right bank of the Tagus, crossed that river in the beginning of June, and retired to Calzada, and afterwards on the 26th, to Talavera de la Reyna.

On the 20th of July, the English army commanded by General Sir A. Wellesley, formed a junction at Oropeza, with the Spanish army of General Cuesta. The number of the English was about 20,000, with from 4000 to 5000 Portuguese. General Cuesta's army amounted to 38,000. Another Spanish army, under the command of General Venegas, of 18,000 or 20,000 men, waited to co-operate with General Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta, in La Mancha.

A party of Portuguese and Spaniards of the advance, commanded by the English General Wilson, passed on to Escalona by the Arenas moun-

tains, arriving on the 23d, to open a communication with the Spanish army of General Venegas, which was advancing from Tembleque by Ocana, to Aranjuez and Valdemoro. Generals Wilson and Venegas, were to march upon Madrid, and endeavour to get possession of it through the aid of the inhabitants. This combined movement was intended to oblige King Joseph to concern himself solely with the safety of his capital, and to hinder him from concentrating his scattered forces. The Anglo-Spanish armies hoped soon to overcome the French, or at least to expel them from Madrid and the centre of Spain, and to force them to cross the mountains and retire to Segovia.

The armies of Generals Wellesley and Cuesta, advanced on the 22d of July to Talavera. Not far from that city, the cavalry of General Cuesta gained a slight advantage over the rear-guard of the French cavalry, which withdrew to the main body. This success inspired the Spaniards with the most confident hopes, longing to avenge their defeat at Medellin by attacking the French themselves, whom they believed to be half-defeated because they had retired. They left the English at Talavera, and unwisely advanced by El Bravo and Santa Olalla, towards Torrijos.

Marshal Victor retired behind the Guadarama, near to Toledo, and on the 25th was joined by the corps of General Sebastiani, and the troops brought from Madrid by King Joseph. The whole central French army thus united amounted to 47,000 men, and on the 26th it marched for Talavera, under the command of King Joseph.

The 2d regiment of Hussars, which formed part of the French advanced guard, almost annihilated

Villa Viciosa's regiment of dragoons, in the defile of Alcabon, near to Torrijos, and the whole army of Cuesta retired precipitately behind the Alberche. The French crossed the river in the afternoon of the following day, drove in the English picquets, and arrived by five o'clock within cannon-shot of the enemy.

The Spaniards were posted in a situation deemed impregnable, behind old walls and garden-fences, which border and encompass the city of Talavera. Their right was defended by the Tagus, and their left joined the English, near a redoubt constructed on an eminence. The ground in front of the Anglo-Spanish armies was very unequal, and intersected here and there by ravines, formed by the rains of winter. The whole extent of their position was covered by the channel of a pretty deep torrent, at that time dry. The English left, was strengthened by a conical eminence that commanded the greater part of the field of battle, and which was separated by a deep extensive valley from the Castilian chain of mountains.

This eminence was thus in a manner the key to the enemy's position, and against this decisive point of attack, an experienced general, possessed of that intuitive glance which insures success, would immediately have led the principal part of his disposable force, to obtain possession of it. He would either have taken it by assault, or have turned it by the valley. But King Joseph, when he should have acted, was seized with an unfortunate spirit of indecision and uncertainty. He attempted only half measures, he distributed his forces partially, and lost the opportunity of conquering while feeling the way for it. Marshal

Jourdan, the second in command, had not that spur of patriotism in the Spanish war, which inspired him when he fought in the plains of Fleurus, to achieve the independence of France.

The French commenced the engagement by a cannonade and rifle-fire in advance of their right; and they despatched a single battalion only, and some sharpshooters, by the valley, to take the eminence which defended the English left, never thinking they would do otherwise than yield. This battalion, however, having to contend with superior numbers, was repulsed with loss, and compelled to return. A division of dragoons, which had gone to reconnoitre Talavera, found the approaches to that city strongly fortified with artillery, and could not advance.

At nightfall, the French made another attempt to gain the hill. A regiment of infantry, followed at a short distance by two others, attacked the extreme left of the English with unexampled ardour, arrived at the summit of the hill, and took possession of it. But having been fiercely assaulted, in its turn, by an entire division of the English, just, when having conquered, it was breathless with exertion, it was immediately obliged to give way. One of the two regiments, commanded to assist in this attack, had lost its way, in a wood, on account of the darkness; the other not getting soon enough over the ravine, which covered the enemy's position, had not arrived in time.

Both these attacks had miscarried, though conducted with intrepid bravery, because they had been made by an inadequate number of troops. A single battalion had been sent, and then one di-

vision, when a great proportion of the whole army should have been despatched. These unsuccessful attempts revealed to the English what we designed next day ; and still more evidently demonstrated the importance of the station they held. They passed the greater part of the night in fortifying it with artillery.

The sun rose next morning on the two armies, drawn up in battle-order, and again the cannonade commenced. The defence of Portugal being intrusted to the English army, the fate of that country, and, perhaps, of all the Peninsula, was now to be decided by this contest. The veterans of the first and fourth French corps, accustomed for years to conquer throughout Europe, and always to witness their ardour seconded by the combined skill of their chiefs, burned with impatience for orders to engage, and thought to overthrow all before them by one well conjoined assault.

One division alone, of three regiments of infantry, was sent by the valley to storm the position, of which we had, for a moment, obtained possession the preceding evening. After considerable loss, this division reached the top of the eminence, and was just about taking it. One of the regiments had already advanced as far as the artillery, when their charge was repulsed, and the whole division was forced to retire. The English, apprehending by this renewed attack, that the French designed to turn their left by the valley, stationed their cavalry there ; and caused a division of the Spaniards to occupy the skirts of the high Castilian mountains beyond it. The French receded to the ground they first occupied. The cannonade

continued for another hour, and then became gradually silent. The overpowering heat of mid-day obliged both armies to suspend the combat, and observe a kind of involuntary truce, during which the wounded were removed.

King Joseph, having at last gone himself to reconnoitre the enemy's position, gave orders, at four o'clock, for a general attack against the army of England. A division of dragoons was left to observe the Spaniards in the direction of Talavera. General Sebastiani's corps marched against the right of the English, whilst Marshal Victor's three divisions of infantry, followed by masses of cavalry, charged against their left, to attack the eminence by the valley. King Joseph and Marshal Jourdan took post with the reserve, in the rear of the 4th division. The artillery and musketry were not long in being heard.

The English Commander, stationed on the hill which overlooked the field of battle, was present always where danger demanded his presence. He could survey, at a glance, every corps of his army, and perceive below him the least movement of the French. He saw the line of battle formed, the columns disposed for the conflict; he penetrated their designs by their arrangements, and thus had time to order his plans, so as to penetrate and prevent those of his foes. The position of the English army was naturally strong and difficult of approach, both in front and flank; but in the rear it was quite accessible, and gave ample freedom to their troops to hasten to the quarter threatened.

The French had a ravine to pass before they could reach the enemy. They had to advance over ground much intersected, very rugged and unequal,

obliging them frequently to break their line ; and the positions they attacked had been previously fortified. The left could not see the right, or know what was passing there, for the rising ground between them. Every corps of the army fought apart, with unparalleled bravery, and ability too, but there was no co-operation in their efforts. The French were not then commanded by a General-in-chief, the resources of whose genius might have compensated for the advantages which the nature of the ground denied them, and yielded to their enemies.

The division of Lapisse first passed the ravine, attacked the fortified eminence, ascended it in defiance of a fire of grape-shot, which mowed down its ranks, but was repulsed with the loss of its general, and a great number of officers and soldiers. In retreating, it left the right of the fourth corps uncovered, which the British artillery took in flank, and forced for a moment to retire. The left of General Sebastiani's corps, advanced under a most intense fire of artillery, to the foot of a redoubt on the right of the English, and between the combined armies. It was too far advanced, and too soon forward,—it was encountered and driven back by the united corps of the English right and the Spanish left. Assistance came, and the combat was renewed. In the centre, Marshal Victor rallied the division of Lapisse at the foot of the hill, and abandoned all further attempt to gain possession of it. The French then tried to turn it either by the right or left. Vilatte's division advanced in the valley, and Ruffin's moved to the right of this by the foot of the Castilian mountains. The cavalry, forming a

second line, were in readiness to debouch into the plain in the rear of the enemy, wherever the infantry could open a passage.

Just as the French began to move, the English, with two regiments of cavalry, made a charge against their masses. They engaged in the valley, passed onwards regardless of the fire of several battalions of infantry, between the divisions of Vilatte and Ruffin, and fell with impetuosity never surpassed on the 10th and 26th regiments of our chasseurs. The 10th could not resist the charge. They opened their ranks, but rallied immediately, and nearly the whole of the 23d regiment of light dragoons, at the head of the English cavalry, was either destroyed or taken captive.

A division of the English Royal Guards, stationed on the left and centre of their army, being charged by the French, at first repulsed them vigorously; but one of its brigades being too far advanced, was in its turn taken in flank by the fire of the French artillery and infantry, sustained considerable loss, and retreated with difficulty behind their second line. The French took advantage of this success; they again moved forward, and but one other effort was necessary to break through into the plain, and combat on equal ground. But King Joseph thought it was too late to advance with the reserve, and the attack was delayed till the following day. Night again closed over us, and the conflict ceased from exhaustion, without either side having won such a decided advantage as to entitle it to claim the victory.

The corps of Marshals Victor and Sebastiani withdrew successively during the night towards the reserve, leaving an advanced guard of cavalry on

the scene of the engagement, to take care of the wounded. The English, who expected a new attack in the morning, were greatly surprised, when day dawned, to see that their enemies, leaving twenty pieces of cannon, had retreated to their old position on the Alberche. The English and Spaniards, according to their own accounts, lost 6,616 men. The French had nearly 10,000 slain.

King Joseph left the first corps d'armée on the Alberche, and went with the fourth corps and the reserve to reinforce Toledo. That city, having a garrison of only 1500 men, had been warmly attacked by a division of the Spanish army of General Venegas, who had taken Aranjuez and Valdemoro on the 27th. Some days previously Madrid had nearly been seized by the vanguard corps of the English General Wilson, who had advanced from Escalona to Naval-Carnero. The inhabitants of the capital had opened their gates, and gone in crowds to meet him in their holiday dresses, after having obliged three French battalions, that formed the garrison, to shut themselves up in the fort of the Retiro. King Joseph lodged a complete division in Toledo, and came on the 1st of August to Illescas, that he might be equally able in that situation to march against the army of Venegas, to assist the corps on the Alberche, and to overawe the inhabitants of Madrid.

The English retired on the 3d of August to Oropesa, without attempting any attack against Marshal Victor. They left the Spaniards at Talavera, and General Wilson's corps at Escalona. On the night of the 4th, the combined English and Spanish armies suddenly passed the Tagus, by the bridge of Arzobispo, on the approach of the

corps of Marshal Soult, Ney, and Mortier, who were advancing from Salamanca by Puerto de Banos, Placencia, and Naval-Moral, placing themselves between the English and the bridge of Almarez.

The advanced corps of Marshal Mortier crossed the Tagus on the 8th of August, at a ford below the bridge of Arzobispo, during the time of siesta, an hour after mid-day. They surprised part of the army of Cuesta, and captured his cannon, as well as those planted to defend the bridge. On the 11th, General Sebastiani defeated the army of Venegas at Almonacid, in La Mancha. The Spanish and Portuguese corps under General Wilson were completely routed on the 12th of August, near the mountains of Banos, by part of the force under Marshal Ney, who was falling back on Salamanca.

The expedition of General Sir A. Wellesley in Estremadura, was at least as hazardous as that attempted by General Moore at the close of the preceding year, against the corps of Marshal Soult at Saldanna. The whole English and Spanish armies would have fallen into the power of the French, if the corps of Marshals Soult, Ney, and Mortier had arrived one day earlier in Estremadura. But King Joseph did not venture to dispose of these troops, without having previously received authority from the Emperor Napoleon. He had only sent the order to Marshal Soult on the 22d, to concentrate at Salamanca. This order was not received till the 27th. On the 28th he was on his march; but notwithstanding all his expedition, he only reached Placencia on the 3d of August.

The English and Spanish armies remained be-

hind the Tagus till the 20th of August, occupying Messa de Ibor, Deleytosa, and Jeraicejo, opposite Almarez. The bridge of boats there had been broken down by the Spaniards. They then retired towards the Guadiana, and the army of Sir A. Wellesley re-entered Portugal.

The invasion of Estremadura by the English had caused the French to summon to the aid of the central army three corps, appointed to guard and observe the northern provinces of Spain; and their union gave them considerable strength. After the departure of the English, the Spanish government still persisted in the plan of fighting in great bodies. They assembled an army of 55,000 men in the plains of La Mancha, and that army was totally beaten and dispersed on the 10th of November at Ocana, by Marshal Mortier's single corps, hardly 24,000 strong. The French had no difficulty in defeating troops hastily raised and undisciplined, who had no skill to manœuvre, and embarrassed themselves by their very numbers, which should have been their strength.

The French ought to have again brought together all their disposable forces after the battle of Ocana, and instantly marched against Lisbon. But they passed the Sierra-Morena, and invaded nearly all Andalusia, except the Isle of Leon and Cadiz, without meeting a single opponent. In thus extending to the south of Spain, they gave the English time to fortify Portugal, and to collect the military strength of that kingdom. The French were enfeebled, by being again separated, to occupy and organize a great extent of country. The Spaniards again had an opportunity every where of carrying on that species of national war-

fare, from which the French had suffered so much in the Asturias, in Galicia, and in the north of Portugal.

In consequence of the destruction of the Spanish armies, the Provincial Juntas, being unable to hold any communication with the Central Junta, devoted all their energies to the local defence of the districts under their administration. Such of the inhabitants as had hitherto endured with patience, waiting in the hope that regular warfare would bring them deliverance, now trusted to their own exertions alone, for the means of shaking off their galling yoke. Every province, every town, every individual, felt the necessity more and more keenly every day, of repulsing the common enemy. The national hatred against the French, which existed almost universally, had inspired a kind of unity into the undirected efforts of the populace; and we now experienced, instead of regular warfare, a system of war in detail, a species of organized disorder, which exactly suited the unconquerable spirit of the Spanish nation, and their present wretched fortunes.

The districts of Spain occupied by the French were soon overrun by bands of partisans and guerillas, composed of the soldiers of dispersed armies, and the inhabitants of the plains and mountains. Clergymen, husbandmen, students, and simple shepherds, became active and enterprising chiefs. Leaders like these, without military authority, without permanent troops, could prove at first only banners, so to speak, around whom the peasantry could by turns rally and fight. The report of any little success gained by these numerous parties,

was greedily devoured by the people, and narrated with Southern exaggeration. It elevated their spirits, which defeat in other quarters had for a moment depressed. That very restlessness of imagination, and that spirit of extra-independence, which had done injury to the slow and undecided operations of the regular armies of the Junta, now constituted the strength of the popular contest. It might thus be said of the Spaniards, that if they were at first an easy prey to the conqueror, to subdue them was an almost impossible task.

Whenever we moved from one province to another, the partisans of the enemy immediately commenced organizing the country in the name of Ferdinand VII., as if we had abandoned it entirely; and they then punished severely such of the inhabitants as had manifested any attachment to the French. Thus the terrors of our arms yielded us no advantage. As the enemy were spread throughout the whole country, the several points occupied by the French were all more or less threatened; our victorious troops, dispersed from Irun to Cadiz to retain their conquests, were in a state of incessant blockade, and were, in fact, masters of the ground only on which they actually trode.

The garrisons, left to overawe the country, on the military roads, were continually attacked. They were obliged, for security, to construct small citadels, by repairing the old ruined castles on the heights. Sometimes these retreats were the remains of forts erected by the Romans or Moors, for the same purpose, many ages ago. In the plains, our posts of correspondence fortified one or two houses at the entry of the villages, to

enjoy peace during the night, or for protection when danger menaced. The sentinels durst not station themselves beyond the bounds of the enclosures, lest they should have been assassinated. They therefore occupied some tower, or scaffolding of planks erected beside the chimney, in order to observe all that passed in their vicinity. The French soldiers, enclosed in their little fortresses, heard at times the mirthful sounds of the guitar-musicians of their enemies, who, being always well received and entertained by the people, came frequently to pass the night in the neighbouring villages.

The French armies could not receive any provisions or ammunition but under the escort of very strong detachments, which were always harassed, and often slain. These convoys were but feebly opposed in the plains, but they were obliged to cut their way by their valour whenever they entered the mountains. The daily losses sustained by the French in some parts of Spain, while procuring supplies, and securing their communications, were not less than they would have experienced if they had been constantly engaged with an enemy able to oppose them in the field.

The people of Spain did not give way to despondency, on account of the continuance of the war. In some provinces, the peasants were always armed. The husbandman held the plough with one hand, and a weapon in the other, always at command. This he buried in the ground, when the French approached in numbers too strong to promise victory. Their animosity increased with every new vexation to which they were exposed by the French. The evils patiently submitted to

by other nations, because they are viewed as the inevitable consequences of war, were never-failing subjects of irritation and hatred to the people of Spain. They employed by turns the greatest energy, or the most profound cunning, to satisfy their passionate resentments, when they felt they were the weakest party. Like vindictive vultures pursuing their prey, they followed after the French columns, to sacrifice such of the soldiers as fell behind on the march, from fatigue or their wounds. Sometimes, also, the French soldiers, on their arrival any where, were invited to feasts; when the Spaniards studied to intoxicate them, that they might be lulled into a security many thousand times more dangerous than the hazards of war. Then they called their partisans, and pointed out to them at night the houses where our soldiers were thoughtlessly dispersed. When other Frenchmen went to avenge the death of their comrades, the inhabitants were fled, and they found nothing but deserted dwellings, on which they could not wreak their vengeance without punishing themselves. In destroying the houses of such villages, they would have been deprived of resources for the time to come.

When our detachments came in some strength to the insurgent cities of Biscay or Navarre, the Alcaids, the women and the children, came around us as if war had been unknown, and the noise of forge-hammers pealed through the air. But we had no sooner departed, than all the labour ceased, and the people flew to arms, to harass our detachments among the rocks, and attack our rear-guards. A war like this, on which the imagination of the soldier had no fixed object on which it could love

to indulge, repressed his ardour, and tired him out of patience.

The French could only maintain possession of Spain by the terrors they inspired. They were always necessitated to punish the innocent with the guilty, and of avenging the offences of the powerful on the weak. Pillage had become indispensable for our support. The atrocities consequent on the hostility of the people, and the injustice of the cause for which the French contended, spread a moral contagion throughout their army, and sapped to the very core the foundations of military discipline, without which regular troops have neither power nor strength.

I returned to Spain about the end of the year 1809, bringing with me a detachment of eighty hussars to my regiment. In the interior of France, one would have believed from the Gazettes, that the English, having retreated to Portugal after the battle at Talavera, waited only for a fair wind to embark,—that the conquered country had a long while ago submitted to King Joseph,—and that the French armies, at rest in good cantonments, had no other task but to extirpate some bands of brigands who pillaged and committed excesses on the peaceable inhabitants.

We joined several other detachments of light cavalry at Bayonne, and crossed the Bidassoa to sleep in Irun. Many of the inhabitants of all ages had assembled at the gates of that city to see us arrive, and followed after us for some time with evident curiosity. We thought at first that their design in this mark of attention, was to evidence their satisfaction at our arrival in their country.

But we learned, when too late, that the people of Irun, as well as of other frontier towns, kept an exact account of all the French that entered Spain, and of all the wounded that left it; and it was according to this information that the Spanish partisans and guerillas directed their operations.

All the detachments which were going, like ourselves, to reinforce the different corps of the army in Spain, received orders to rendezvous in the cities of Vittoria and Miranda, to go on an expedition against the Spanish partisans of Navarre and La Rioca. General Simon left Vittoria on the 13th of December with 1200 men, and proceeded to occupy Salvatierra and Allegria. The commandants of the garrisons stationed in the cities of Navarre, had formed some flying columns, who were to join the corps of General Simon, after having dispersed such parties of the enemy as they might fall in with on their march. This kind of military chase was intended to destroy the bands of the partisan Mina, who kept Pampeluna in a state of almost constant blockade, attacking without interruption the convoys going to the French army of Arragon.

Generals Loison and Solignac commenced their march on the 16th from Vittoria and Miranda, and, by a simultaneous movement on both sides of the Ebro, they threw themselves on Logrono, hoping to surprise the Marquis de Porliere in that city. The numerous guerillas of that partisan chief intercepted our communications between Bayonne and Madrid, making daily incursions even to the gates of Burgos, Bribiesca, Pancorvo, Miranda, and Vittoria.

My detachment of hussars composed part of a

corps of four or five thousand men, commanded by General Loison. The foot-soldiers had left their baggage behind them, and even their knapsacks, in order to be more nimble for running among the mountains.

We came in sight of Logrono at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th. General Solignac's troops presented themselves before that city about the same time. They immediately took possession of all the gates and outlets on the right side of the Ebro, while we seized on the bridge which leads to the left side of the river. We flattered ourselves, for an instant, that we had enclosed the partisans in Logrono; but to our no small surprise, we entered that city soon after, without requiring to fire a single shot.

The Marquis de Porliere had been apprised in the morning of our combined march, and had escaped by the cross-roads to the high mountains of Castile. The inhabitants of the city, both men and women, stationed themselves at the windows to see us arrive. In general, their countenances displayed evident marks of contentment and satisfaction. They rejoiced that the Marquis of Porliere had avoided us, but truly not that they saw the French troops return. They knew full well, by past experience, that our coming would bring on them an exaction of the arrears of their contributions.

General Solignac went off next day in search of the enemy. At Najara, he fell in with a small party of Spaniards, whom he chased to La Clazada de Santo Domingo, thinking that he would reach the main body of the partisans. It was a stratagem of the Marquis de Porliere, intended to lead

us in a direction the opposite of that which he and his small army had taken. General Loison followed General Solignac on the 19th to Najara. We were under the necessity of halting two whole days in that city, to acquire some information about the enemy, of whom we had completely lost all traces.

On the 21st, we were at last informed, that the Marquis de Porliere had taken the road for Soto. This town, situated among the mountains, was the residence of a provincial Junta; and the magazine of their arms, ammunition, and clothing was also in this place. We ascended the Najarillo to pursue the partisans once more. General Loison's division went to a village about ten leagues south of Soto, at the foot of elevated mountains, intending to spend there a few hours of the night. A detached corps, composed of my detachment of hussars, one hundred and fifty Polish lancers, and two hundred voltigeurs, continued to pursue the enemy. I cleared the march of this corps with an advanced guard of twenty-five hussars. We urged on through narrow wretched roads, in the midst of snow, till sunrise, when we came up with the rear-guard of the enemy, and made a few prisoners. We delayed several hours to feed our horses, and give General Loison time to arrive. At noon we resumed our march, on the left bank of a small river which flows towards Soto.

Some peasants were observed on the highest of the mountains towards our right, flying off with their cattle. Small platoons of Spanish cavalry, placed in watch on the heights, set away at the gallop as soon as they observed us. The clergy and alcaids of the hamlets we passed through, with counterfeited zeal, brought us re-

freshments on the way, evidently to hinder us from getting forward. From fifty to sixty peasants, of all ages, whom I questioned in different places, all endeavoured to deceive me, by saying that they had not seen the guerillas, and that they were not at Soto. But horses, expiring through fatigue, and abandoned on the road with their accoutrements, demonstrated at almost every step that we were not far distant from our foes.

As we came in sight of Soto, at about a quarter of a league off, we were suddenly received with a discharge of thirty or forty muskets, and some armed peasants were observed to fly from behind the rocks where they had been concealed, and to run down the mountains in full speed towards Soto. We halted, waiting for the infantry and the Major in command. No place could be found on the heights to form in battle-order, and we remained in file in the narrow path through which we had arrived.

Soto lies in the bottom of a narrow valley, which is divided by a torrent. On the other side of the town rises a very steep mountain, along the side of which a winding path has been formed. Up this road, we perceived the partisans urging their flight, exactly facing us. The magistrates of the Junta of Soto, and a great number of priests wrapped in black cloaks, marched foremost, and were near reaching the top of the mountain. The treasure and baggage followed next, borne by mules in files, the one tied behind the other. Then came the soldiers in uniforms, and a great many peasants armed with fowling-pieces, who marched without order. A crowd of all ages and sexes hurried tumultuously out of the town along with

the partisans. The bustle of so many men, clambering up the mountains by different tracks, presented to the eye a truly picturesque appearance.

Confusion spread among the Spaniards on perceiving us, and at first they hastened their march by every path that was accessible. But, seeing that we were no more than a small advanced guard, they gathered courage, and the whole extent of the mountain resounded with their prolonged sonorus cries. Those who were nearest us stopped, and stationing themselves on the rocks opposite, aimed at us with their muskets at their utmost stretch; making us hear these words, ornamented with a thousand curses, "Come, look at the *brigands* a little nearer if you dare!" It was thus our soldiers termed them, on account of their disorderly mode of fighting. They were separated from us by a ravine three or four hundred feet in depth, at the bottom of which the river ran.

The Marquis de Porliere left behind him, to cover his retreat, a company of cavalry before the gate of Soto, by which we had to enter. At a little distance on the other side of the river, he had posted four or five hundred foot-soldiers, on the rocks and eminences which overlooked the town. Whatever happened, these men could easily retire without loss on our advance, but they could do us much harm.

The major of the 26th regiment, who commanded us, judging that the enemy's position could not be carried in front, resolved to turn it. A hundred and fifty voltigeurs descended the ravine, crossed the river at a ford below us, climbed the mountain with no little trouble, and continued firing for some time at the enemy without gaining ground. Their

ammunition failing them, they retired beside a small chapel on the top of the hill, and sent two men to tell us their condition. The firing, cursing, and shouting of the Spaniards, redoubled. They had observed our riflemen send for aid, and saw that we could not afford it.

The captain of the enemy's cavalry advanced before his troop about half a gun-shot, near the entrance of the town, and began to provoke the officer who commanded the van-guard of our hussars, by his abusive language. This captain made his horse curvet, and fenced away with his sabre, to show that he could use it with dexterity. The hussar officer at first regarded him with perfect indifference; but, rendered impatient by his bravadoes and the shouts of the Spaniards present, whose audacity was increasing, he descended the narrow winding path which leads to Soto unaccompanied. The warlike captain turned his horse's head when the officer was a few paces distant, and shrunk back quietly to the ranks of his cavalry.

Now, however, the uneasiness of tho Major was every moment increasing. General Loison had not arrived, daylight was fading, we heard more firing at the summit of the hill opposite, and we had received no news about our voltigeurs.

When night arrived, we heard the Spanish drum beat a sort of retreat, and then we saw the flash of a pretty brisk fire of musketry at the bottom of the valley, between two parties who disputed the passage of the river. After the firing, a deep silence followed.

Solitude and night augmented our anxiety. We believed that our voltigeurs had come down the mountain opposite, through the midst of the ene-

my, and that, overpowered with numbers, they were in the last extremity. The Major in command sent my detachment forward to render some assistance if possible. On entering the city, we met, instead of Spaniards, the division of General Loison entering in files. Led astray by their guides, they had taken a quite different road from us, and very circuitous. The engagement, which had appeared so bloody to us at a distance, was in fact between our voltigeurs, who were descending to the town after the enemy's departure, and the grenadiers of General Loison's advanced guard. These friends arriving at the same time from opposite directions, did not recognise each other till after the second discharge. Fortunately, the darkness of the night prevented them from taking aim, and there was but one man killed on either side.

Soto was abandoned by its inhabitants. The air now resounded with the rough voices of the soldiers, who ran through the streets and burst open the doors of the houses, to find victuals and lodging. In the midst of this confused uproar, which the echoes of the adjoining mountains endlessly redoubled, we heard the cry of a distracted female, who, with an unearthly voice, never ceased the whole night to cry for help. Having been left in the hospital of the town when the inhabitants fled, she had been struck with the unwonted bustle she noticed in the streets, through the bars of her grated window. Her voice was raised amid the tumult, as if she had been the organ of the whole fugitive population. A fire was soon after seen among the heights, and we heard the crash of falling walls. Then an explosion took place, and we perceived the flaming wreck of a building blown

up into the air. The fire had reached some caissons of cartridges which the enemy, unable to carry with them, had concealed beneath a quantity of straw. At sunrise, we quitted Soto, and for two days followed the track of the partisans in the direction of Munilla and Cervera. Despairing at last of being able to get a blow at them, we took up our quarters in the town of Arnedo, and then returned to Logrono.

General Simon had no better success in his expedition into Navarre against Mina. That chief being attacked on the 19th at Estella, and on the 20th at Puente de la Reyna, disbanded his followers, and thus avoided the troops that were marching from every quarter against him. General Simon was no sooner gone, than Mina again collected his bands. The Marquis de Porliere, driven from the mountains of Castile, retraced his steps, and threw himself among those of Asturias. In this retreat, where he was pursued by a force at least four times stronger than his own, he did not lose more than thirty men.

By the accounts of the French commanders at this period, it appears that bands, similar to those of Porliere and Mina, existed in every province of Spain occupied by the French. These bands did incalculable mischief to our armies, and no power could extirpate them. Incessantly pursued, frequently dispersed, they always rallied again, and renewed their depredations.

CHAPTER VII.

For nearly a month we remained in the province of La Rioca, while General Loison was lifting the arrears of his contributions; afterwards, we marched for Burgos, to join our regiment in Andalusia. On the 25th of January we arrived at Madrid, and staid five days in a village near that capital, waiting for a detachment of our regiment on its way from France, with baggage, money, and a good supply of fresh horses. This new detachment having arrived, an adjutant-major, under whose care it had been placed, took the command of our column of hussars. We crossed to La Mancha, and soon after arrived at Santa Cruz, a small town at the foot of the Sierra Morena. These mountains, which separate La Mancha and Andalusia, are inhabited by some colonists from different parts of Germany, brought thither by Count Olivades in 1781. The most aged of these emigrants followed us on foot for hours, to enjoy once more, before their death, the happiness of talking in their native language with such of our hussars as came from Germany.

When the mountains were passed, we found ourselves in Andalusia. A sensible difference was then experienced in the warmth of the atmosphere; and the grandeur of the prospect which expanded

before us, formed a striking contrast to the barren black mountains we had just crossed. The husbandmen were busy with the olive harvest, and the landscape presented that cheerful animated aspect about the close of winter, which is only witnessed in more northern countries during the harvest or vintage months.

On our left were the mountains of the kingdom of Jaen; and in the distance we could distinguish the summits of the Sierra-Nevada of Grenada, covered with perpetual snow. These heights were the last retreats of the Moors before they were utterly expelled from Spain.

The road lay through extensive olive plantations, under whose protecting shade grew alternately the corn and the vine. The fields were bordered with hedges of aloes, whose leaves were as sharp as lances, and whose taper stems shot upwards to the height of trees. Here and there, behind the habitations, we perceived the thick planted orange orchards, and on the unploughed borders of the streams grew laurels of a lively whiteness, which were then in flower. A few old palm-trees were still seen at intervals, which the clergy preserved in their gardens, that they might have their branches to distribute on Palm Sundays.

We marched either on the one or the other side of the Guadalquiver, and followed the windings of the river in its course between Andujar and Cordova. The country becomes less picturesque in approaching Seville. Sometimes we crossed fields of corn several miles in length, without meeting with a tree or a house, and at other times we passed over uncultivated tracts, where we saw only flocks of sheep.

Andalusia is, beyond comparison, the most fertile and naturally richest country of Spain. It is a common proverb in La Mancha and the Castiles, that "the very water of the Guadalquiver fattens more horses than the barley of other countries." The bread of Andalusia is reckoned the whitest and sweetest in the world, and the olives there are of a prodigious size. The climate is so pure and mild, that one may sleep almost the whole year in the open air. During the summer, and sometimes even in winter, people are seen sleeping all night under open porticos. A number of individuals not burdened with riches, travel without ever concerning themselves to seek shelter for the night. They carry their own provision, or purchase such food as women prepare for passengers, on chaffing dishes, at the entrance, or on the public squares, of great cities. The poor never ask each other, as is the case farther north, if they have a house to inhabit, but if they have a good cloak to keep out the sun's heat, or to screen them from the winter rains.

At every step in Andalusia, still more so than any where else in the Peninsula, the traveller meets with remains and memorials of the ancient Arabs. It is the singular blending together of Eastern manners and customs with Christian usages, that chiefly distinguishes the Spanish people from all other Europeans.

The houses, in towns, are almost all constructed in the Moorish fashion. Within, they have a pavemented court of large flagstones, in the middle of which there is a basin, where fountains perpetually spout their waters, and refrigerate the air, under

the shade of citron or cyprus trees. Trellis-work of oranges is sometimes supported on the walls; and these trees carry all the year round their leaves, fruits, and flowers. The different apartments communicate with each other through the court. There is generally a porch within the gate, which opens to the street. In the ancient palaces of the Moorish kings and nobles—as for instance, in the Alhambra of Grenada—these courts have peristyles or porticos running round them, whose numerous narrow arches are supported by very tall and elegant columns. Common houses have but a very plain small inner court, with a cistern in one corner, shaded by a lofty citron tree. A kind of pitcher or jar, in which water is put to cool, is generally suspended near the door of such houses, or where there is a current of air. These pitchers are called *alcarazas*, an Arabic word, which shows that they were introduced into Spain by the Moors. *

The Cathedral of Cordova, which is an ancient mosque, has within its walls one of these open courts. Like private houses, this court is shaded by citrons and cypresses, and contains basins constantly supplied with the living stream by upright jets of water. On entering the consecrated part of the mosque, or mezquita, for its ancient name is still retained, the sight of so many marble columns of different colours strikes the beholder with astonishment. These columns stand in parallel rows pretty near each other, and support a kind of

* These jars have the same form, and are similarly used, as those described by M. Denon, in his Travels in Egypt, which are manufactured on the banks of the Nile, between Dendera, Kene, and Thebes.

open arcade, covered above with wood. * These numerous columns, with arcades overhead, are like a vast forest of palms, whose branches are regularly trained, and unite together, hanging downwards.

* In presenting the reader with some farther account of the Mezquita of Cordova, perhaps it is unnecessary to make any apology. It is from a work to which few can have access. (Trans.)

" This edifice is justly considered as one of the most extraordinary works of architecture in the world. It was begun by King Abderame II. (Abdul Rahman), in the year A. D. 770, and was finished by his son, Issen, in A. D. 800. The intention of the founder was to erect a mosque which would surpass in grandeur and beauty every thing of the kind in the Moorish empire, and which would be the object of veneration to faithful Mussulmans in the West, as Mecca was in the East. He was fortunate enough to find an architect and workmen capable of seconding his designs. This mosque was erected on the site, and with the ruins of a Gothic church, which had also been built with the remains of a Roman temple, dedicated to Janus, that once stood on the same spot. The Moorish historians affirm, that the expense of the building was defrayed by the booty obtained in a battle gained by one of Abderame's captains over the French and Catalans of the shore of Narbonne. This edifice answered the purpose of its erection until the time that Cordova was conquered by Ferdinand II., King of Castile and Leon. It was then converted into a church, but without losing the name of mosque, which it still retains.

" The entrance to the temple is preceded by a space of 224 feet, measured by the length of the edifice. This enclosure is open above, and surrounded on three sides with a portico supported by 72 columns. It forms the court or garden of the mosque. The water of three fountains, where the Mussulmans in former times made their ablutions, and the shade of numerous palm, cypress, and orange trees, keep the air perpetually cool. It is a kind of hanging garden, raised above a spacious basin. The earth, elevated four or five feet, in shading the arcade

The chapel where the book of the law was kept is now, however, sacred to St Peter. In the middle of that Mohammedan mosque, but Christian temple of our times, is placed the great altar for mass, and a choir where the canons chant the service of God. These transmutations are frequently to be met with in Spain, and mark the triumph of Christianity over Islamism.

The Andalusians rear immense flocks, which are fed on the plains in winter, and are driven to the mountains to seek their food about their tops during summer. The practice of transmigrating at certain seasons every year with their flocks to such an extent, is derived from Arabia, where it is of great antiquity.

The Andalusian horses are descended from the generous breed which the Arabians brought with them long ago; and the same distinctions of pure and noble extraction, common among them, still exists in Spain. The horse of Andalusia is a spirited, lively, and gentle animal. The sound of the trum-

sustains and nourishes trees of beautiful foliage, among which are to be seen oranges 35 or 40 feet in height, and palms of 60 feet. In the midst of this never-failing verdure, on the north front of the edifice, which forms the fourth side of the quadrangle, there is a lofty square tower, full of windows, terminated at top by a rotunda. This tower answers all the purposes of a spire. Every aperture of this species of cloister, constructed in the Roman style of architecture, is adorned with columns, the number of which amounts to more than a hundred. The garden is the most delightful promenade about Cordova. The principal entrance, called the "Gate of Pardon," is of modern construction."—*Laborde's "Pittoresque Voyage De L'Epagne." Vol. III. Paris.*—The beautiful Vignette on the Title-page of this volume is taken from the entry of the Mosque, from whence two sides of the building and the tower are to be seen.

pet delights and inspires him ; the noise and smoke of the powder do not affright him. He is most sensible of his master's words and caresses, who never strikes, but flatters and encourages him when oppressed with fatigue. The horse seems then to gather new strength, and sometimes does from emulation, and a wish to please, what no blows could have compelled him to perform.

We had frequently some Spanish peasants attending us, conveying our baggage, provisions and ammunition on their horses and mules. I heard one of these peasants one day, after a long address to his horse, which was quite exhausted, whisper eagerly with a low voice in the ear of the animal, as if to spare him a general disgrace—" Take care lest you be seen. " A boy just at the time was beating his ass with all his strength, and cursing the mother that begat her. The asses are not treated so gently as the horses are, being reckoned quite insensible to honour.

A journey in Spain is commonly made on horseback, and goods are transported in some of the provinces on the backs of mules. The excellent roads which traverse Spain, are quite of modern origin. The streets of ancient towns are narrow and crooked, and each storey of the houses, projects farther outwards, the higher it ascends. It is easy to see that such streets, which are of Moorish origin, were never made for carriages. The Andalusian and Spanish inns, excepting some in great cities built by Italians, are just large caravansaries, where the traveller gets only a lodging for himself and for his horses and mules. He must carry his own provisions with him, and sleep on his horse-cloth. The natives of the country tra-

vel in companies, when they leave the frequented roads. They carry fire-arms suspended at their saddle-bows, for fear of being robbed by the smugglers that infest the mountains of Grenada, and those of the south coast between Malaga and Cadiz. The country people, and particularly farm-servants, in some parts of Spain and Andalusia, are accustomed to sleep on mats, which they roll up and often carry about with them. This Eastern custom is a comment on our Saviour's command to the paralytic person in scripture. "Take up thy bed, and walk."

The custom of sitting *à la Mauresque*, on round mats made of rushes, is still observed by women of the lower orders. In some convents of Spain also, where ancient manners are transmitted without change, the nuns still delight to sit like the Turks, without knowing that they are imitating the enemies of the Christian faith. A kind of veil of woollen stuff, called a *mantilla*, commonly worn by females in Andalusia, which conceals sometimes the whole face but the eyes, seems to be copied from the fashion that the Eastern women have of wrapping themselves in large scarfs of the same manufacture when they go out of doors. The Spanish dances, particularly those of the fandango kind, very much resemble the wanton manner of the East. Their way of playing the castanets dancing, and singing *seguidillas*, still exist in Arabia and Egypt, as well as in the Peninsula. A scorching wind which blows from the east is still called in Andalusia "The Medina wind."

The Andalusians and Spaniards in general, are religiously sober, like the Orientals, even in the midst of plenty. They regard intemperance as

the abuse of God's gifts, and despise those who are its slaves. Salt pork is daily eaten at their meals. This unwholesome article of food in hot climates, is forbidden by the sacred law of every Eastern nation, and they heartily detest it. When the Christians reconquered Spain, and before the Moors were completely expelled, there were many Mussulmans and Jews in Andalusia, who, for permission to stay still, assumed an aspect of conversion. The Spanish Christians then ate pork, in order to be known as such; and this test was, so to speak, a "profession of their faith."

There is such a striking analogy, even now, between the mode of fighting in some parts of Spain, and that of the different hordes of Arabians with whom the French fought on the banks of the Nile, that if one was to substitute Spanish, in place of Arabic names, on some pages of the history of the Egyptian campaign, it might pass for an account of the Spanish war.

The levies *en masse* of Spanish national and local troops, fight in disorder, and charge with horrid cries. In an attack on level ground they are distinguished like the Arabians, by their impetuosity, and their fury mingled with despair and fanaticism. Like that race also, they often abandon too soon the prospect of success, and give up the contest even at the moment when they might claim the victory; but when they fight behind walls or entrenchments, they stand to the last. The inhabitants of Egypt fled beyond the desert to the fastnesses of their mountains. The people of Spain abandoned their homes at the approach of our troops, and carried their most precious effects to the hills. In Spain, as in Egypt, our soldiers

dared not loiter a step behind the army, at the peril of their lives. In fine, the people of south Spain cherish in their souls the same spirit of perennial hatred, and yet the same lively fancy, which characterize the people of the East. Like them, they are discouraged by the least rumour of defeat, and rise in arms continually at the most distant prospect of success. The Spaniards, like the Arabians, often manifest the most horrid excess of cruelty to their prisoners, and at other times treat them with the noblest and most generous hospitality.

After passing Andujar, Cordova, Essica, and Carmona, we arrived at Seville, where we received orders from Marshal Soult to rejoin our regiment at Ronda, a town distant about ten leagues from Gibraltar. At first, we were struck at the deep tranquillity which reigned throughout Andalusia, most of the principal cities having sent deputations to King Joseph. But this peace was only apparent, and existed only in the plains where we had numerous troops. The inhabitants of the kingdoms of Murcia, Grenada, and those of the province of Ronda, those, in a word, that dwell among the mountains which cross, surround, and border on Andalusia, or divide it from Estremadura and Portugal, all these had simultaneously taken arms.

We left Seville on the 18th of March, and slept at Outrera. On the 19th, we passed on to Moron, a small town at the foot of the Ronda mountains. The inhabitants of that place were on the eve of joining the mountaineers, who had been in arms for some time. The greater part of the population of Moron assembled in the great square on our arrival. The men regarded us with an expression

of restrained fury, and seemed to watch our minutest movements. It was not to gratify a harmless curiosity, but to inure their eyes to the sight of enemies whom they intended soon to attack, and thus to dispel that fear of the future which acts so powerfully on imaginative people. Some females were dressed in cloth of English manufacture, on which were depicted the portrait of King Ferdinand VII., and those of the Spanish generals most distinguished in battle with the French. When we witnessed the fermentation and spirit of revolt which reigned throughout the town, we resolved on lodging all together in three adjoining inns. If we had separated to seek accommodation in the houses up and down, as we might have done with safety in the plain, we would doubtless have all been dead next morning.

We had but a very few men capable of combat, having many spare horses to lead, and the military chest, and equipments for the regiment conveyed by requisition-asses and mules, to attend to besides, which greatly retarded and impeded our march. A quarter-master and I were the only individuals in the detachment that had before been in Spain, or could speak the language. The former kept always beside the adjutant-major in command, to act as his interpreter. I rode always an hour's journey a-head of the troops, to secure provisions and lodgings in places where we meant to rest.

Leaving Moron, we entered the mountains of Ronda, on our way to Olbera. As usual, I preceded the rest to provide quarters for them, and was accompanied by a hussar, and a young brigadier to act as a scout, chosen from the recruits for

the occasion. About two leagues from Moron, I knocked at the door of a farmhouse among the mountains, and was answered by an elderly man in much agitation. I asked for something to drink, which he instantly supplied with extraordinary zeal. I learned afterwards, that a small band of five armed smugglers were stationed in the house, and were alarmed lest they should be discovered.

The advanced guard soon after making its appearance, I was afraid I would not have time to prepare lodgings and provisions before the detachment arrived. We could only move at a slow pace, from the steep and rugged nature of the road, and because our horses were jaded with a march of several months. I gave my horse in charge to the hussar, and mounted that of the guide we had taken at Moron. I went on before my companions, and arrived in sight of Olbera unattended. A deep valley denuded of trees, into which the road suddenly descends, lay between me and the town, built on a steep rocky eminence which commands the whole country. The peasants at work in the neighbouring fields united in bands of eight or ten as I advanced, and, according to custom, inquired among themselves, with concern, what could be the cause of my arrival. They then left their labours, and followed in the path behind me. The town's people had observed me for some time, and were out in crowds on the rocks to get a better view.

I began to fear that there were no French in Olbera, as I had believed; and therefore halted at the bottom of the valley, surprised at the increasing agitation which I perceived. I hesitated

for a moment if I should not return, but I thought it my duty to press on at every peril. My horse was already much fatigued with its journey, and I must have returned by a road exceedingly steep. Besides, I was followed at no distance by a troop of labourers, armed with mattocks. These people soon came up and surrounded me, inquiring "from what province I was, where I was going, and what news I brought." I saw at once, from these questions, that they imagined I was in the Spanish service,—my uniform being of a deep brown colour had occasioned their mistake. I took care not to undeceive them, not knowing if I dared do it without danger of my life. I hoped to gain time until my detachment would arrive, and gave them to understand that I was a Swiss officer in the service of the Junta, that I was going to Gibraltar; and added, to put them in good humour, that the Marquis de la Romana had just gained a great victory near Badajos. The peasants received these news with eagerness, and narrated them over again to each other, cursing the French with a thousand imprecations, which gave me a dismal idea of the fate awaiting me, if I should happen to be known.

I asked, in my turn, if there were any of these detested Frenchmen in their village? They replied, that King Joseph had been beaten at Gaucin with all his guards, that he had evacuated Ronda some days ago, and that, by this time, that city must have been occupied by 10,000 mountaineers. It was at Ronda we had orders to join our regiment; and if it was indeed in other hands, our detachment had no other fate to expect among the mountains but inevitable destruction. The countrymen turned aside to quench their thirst at a

spring, and I continued to climb the hill by myself.

Soon after I perceived five men, armed and equipped like soldiers, who hastened by another path to get before me, and entered Olbera before I arrived. From the noise I heard immediately after, I conceived they must have brought the news of the advance of my troop, and that I was discovered. I again stopped, doubting if I should proceed. The inhabitants, observing me from the rocks, saw my uncertainty, and redoubled their shouts. The women, in great numbers, had posted themselves on a hill which commanded the entrance of the village; and their shrill voices, mingling with those of the men, fell on the ear like a tempest of whistling winds. I formed the resolution to advance. It would have been certain death to return. It would have been an acknowledgment of guilt, which rarely finds mercy from an irritated mob.

I was then met by a corregidor, an alcaid and two priests, preceded by five or six persons, with a young man at their head, whom I afterwards found out to be the *Gracioso* of the place. With a deriding manner, he said to me in Spanish, "You will be *well* received by the ladies of Olbera; they are truly fond of the French;" and many other such sneering speeches. One of his companions demanded in a stern voice, "What number of French were behind?" I replied, "about two hundred, more or less." "It is false," he said, with sufficient rudeness; "there is not a hundred, including yourself; these five men that have just come in, saw them at the farmhouse on the road from Moron." I now had reason to believe they knew who I was. The corregidor and the priests approaching, I thought for an instant,

from their ungracious aspect, that they were about to propose I should receive extreme unction. Amid the uproar, I could plainly hear these words, "Hang him, he is a Frenchman; he is the devil himself, he is an incarnate devil."

In a minute, to my great surprise, I saw the Spaniards disperse. The brigadier, the hussar, and the guide I had left behind, happened just then to appear on the opposite heights. Those who were stationed on the most elevated of the rocks, took them for the van-guard of my detachment; and, by shouts and signs, signified their approach to the multitude around me.

The corregidor and alcaid soon assumed a different manner. They told me, quite humbly, that they were the magistrates of the place, and that they paid their respects to me in obedience to the mandate of King Joseph, which ordained, that the constituted authorities throughout Spain should go out to meet the French, and treat them with attention. My confidence increasing with their submission and fears, I advised them, with some threats, to keep the multitude under authority; and ordered them instantly to prepare provisions for the troop.

The corregidor, by way of palliating their conduct, prayed that no notice might be taken of the behaviour of a few drunken fellows, who took delight in exciting the mob. When I inquired who the five armed men were, I had seen entering the village some minutes before; one of the clergymen replied, with an affected tone, and rather ironically, that they had been a bird-shooting, and that the bags they bore were filled with game. With this very lame excuse I was obliged to be contented. I alighted and walked on foot, with the

priests and alcaids, to the guild-hall, in the great square at the head of the town, and commenced to write the soldier's billets along with them.

The brigadier who followed, having left the hussar with my horse at the entrance of the town, arrived at the gallop soon after, before the door of the house where I was. He had scarcely touched the ground, when the Spaniards rushed into the streets around, with shouts of savage fury. They expected to see a powerful troop, but when only one man rode through their village, they recovered from their mistake, and left their houses in a rage. So great was their vehemence, that they crushed each other in an arched way, which leads to the public square. Instantly I went to the balcony, and called on the brigadier, who being come, we shut ourselves up in the council-room, and barricaded the door. The crowd halted for a moment to seize the brigadier's horse, pistols, and portmanteau. The leaders of the tumult then took possession of the staircase, and ascended to the door of the apartment in which we had enclosed ourselves, with the corregidor and the priests; and they called out to us through the partition instantly to surrender.

At first I endeavoured, by means of the corregidor, whom I held fast, to order them to remain quiet, and told them our detachment would very soon arrive. I declared our determination to sell our lives dearly, and that if they dared to enter, their father priest would fall the first victim to their fury. Believing the door would be broken open, I retired some steps to the narrow entrance of the inner chamber, and kept hold of the parson

as a shield to defend me in extremity. I drew my sabre,—ordered the brigadier to do the same, and to remain at the end of the room to prevent the curate and the corregidor from taking hold of me. The shouts of the people grew louder and louder, and the inhabitants who came to speak with us were driven back by those who had seized the staircase and the square. The door was violently shaken and began to give way to the united efforts of the mob. I then said to the parson—"Forgive me, Father; you see I cannot restrain the populace; I am compelled by necessity to make you share my fate, and we must die together."

The curate, terrified at the danger which threatened his brother as well as himself, advanced to the balcony, and called aloud to the inhabitants, that their father priest would perish to a certainty, if they did not instantly retire. The women hearing these words uttered a yell of agony, and the crowd with one sudden unanimous movement fell back,—the veneration of the people for their priests is so sincere and profound.

For some time longer the brigadier and I sustained this species of blockade. Soon after the place became quiet, and the shouts of the enraged rabble were hushed. The trampling of horses feet belonging to my detachment, which was forming in line at the lower end of the village, was now heard. The sound reached us all of a sudden, as distinctly as if it had been the deep hour of midnight.

In company with the corregidor and the parson, we now rejoined our troop. We took the clergyman with us as a safeguard. I related to my com-

rades the history of my reception, and advised them to proceed to Ronda the same day, after the horses were fed. In spite of all my remonstrances, the adjutant-major in command insisted on sleeping at Olbera, telling me with a kind of reproach, "that it was a thing unknown for regular troops to discommode themselves for a few peasants." This officer, had just come from France, where he had spent several years in the depot of his regiment, and knew nothing of the Spaniards.

We bivouacked in a meadow around the walls, near to an inn on the road below the village. The inhabitants were apparently quite peaceful during the remainder of the day, and supplied us with provisions. But in place of a young ox, which I had ordered, they brought us an ass cut into quarters. The hussars discovered that the Veal, as they called it, had a very insipid taste. It was not long till we learned the strange deception these highlanders had practised on us, from their own mouths. They often cried to us afterwards while they fired, "You eat asses flesh at Olbera." The most deadly insult that can be offered to a Christian, as they think, is to make him eat ass-flesh.

Not having courage to attack us in our enclosure, they prepared to do it as we departed. They sent word to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, to place ambuscades, and to lie in wait for us, on our way next day to Ronda. Toward the evening they assumed a threatening aspect. They betook themselves to the rocks in great numbers, and formed a thick hedge around the access to our bivouac. Thus they remained, quite immoveable, surveying our slightest motions. Now and then

some voices insulting the sentries broke on the stillness of the hour, but were instantly suppressed by the alcaids.

When it was pretty late, the parson presented himself before our bivouac, and begged to speak with me. He said that he had provided excellent lodgings for our officers, and pressed me earnestly to induce my comrades to accept them. His intention was, as we have since learned, to make us all prisoners; hoping, that the soldiers, finding themselves unofficered, would next morning get into confusion.

I hesitated not to refuse his offer. The priest then inquired if I cherished any resentment for what had passed in the forenoon, and if I had any suspicion of the designs of the inhabitants. I replied, that I had neither resentment nor mistrust. He then entreated me just to go home with him, saying it was his wish to treat me well. I consulted with my fellow-officers, and it was agreed that I should go unaccompanied to the village, to show to the inhabitants that we had no design of vengeance, and thus preventing them from attacking us at night. My comrades were biassed by the hope that I would be able to send them some supper too. I again returned to the priest, and asked his sacred word that I would sustain no harm. He immediately gave it, and to prove my implicit confidence, I gave my sword to the sentinel in his presence, and accompanied him unarmed.

We passed through the town together. On every side the inhabitants as we passed made low reverences to my guide, but regarded me with a menacing expression. When they came so near

as to make me be afraid of a surprise, the priest compelled them to retire by a glance or a frown. Such was the deference paid him on account of the sacred character be bore.

We arrived at the house, and were received by his housekeeper. She was a tall woman, about thirty-five or forty years old. She first offered us chocolate and biscuits, and then served up our repast on a table near the kitchen fire. I sent off some supper to my comrades, and took my place at tbe table. The priest stationed bimself opposite, and his housekeeper sat down on his right hand, almost under the chimney, which was very elevated. After a moment's silence, the priest inquired if I would not go to mass next morning before I left tbe place. I replied that I was not a Catholic. At these words his countenance altered, and his housekeeper, wbo had never seen a heretic, startled in her chair, made some unconscious exclamations, and sigbed deeply. After uttering several *Ave Marias* between her teetb, she consulted the countenance of the priest, to judge how she ought to feel at the sight of such a terrible apparition as a heretic. (The popular descriptions, and the pictures in many country churches, represent heretics as darting flames from their mouths). The housekeeper resumed her composure, when she witnessed tbe priest carry on the conversation at his ease.

After supper, I was invited to sleep there, the priest declaring I must be much fatigued, and that he could give me a bed at least as good as our bivouac. Seeing I hesitated in my reply, he added, that it would be advisable to let the crowd disperse, and that I ought to wait a few hours. I

then began to suspect that he intended to keep me in his house, and to deliver me to the populace. I was afterwards told this was in fact his design, and that he was the leader of the insurrection. Some reasons, however, have since induced me to believe, that, in detaining me a prisoner, he wished to save me from the doom decreed by the inhabitants of the village and himself against my detachment.

As I was wholly in his power, I took care not to manifest the smallest symptom of distrust. I told him that I accepted his offers, in perfect confidence of my safety, since he had pledged his sacred word, and that I would go to sleep. But I begged he would awaken me in two hours at the latest, because my comrades, not seeing me return before midnight, would probably leave their bivouac, and set the town on fire. The priest showed me to the adjoining chamber. I went to bed—a luxury we seldom enjoyed in Spain, and he took away the lamp, after wishing me a good night.

The darkness of my situation did not now help to let me see the bright side of my fate. I repented having left my sabre. I regretted it as a faithful friend, that could have given me good counsel in my need. I listened, and heard the murmurs of people in the street, passing and repassing under my windows. The priest from time to time gently opened the door, and put in his white head, with the lamp in his right hand, to see if I sleeped. I feigned myself in a deep slumber, and he quietly retired.

Several men entered the next room. They talked at first in a low tone of voice, but afterwards, in confusion, and all together. Then all at once

they fell quiet, as if they feared they would awake me, or that I might be listening to their discourse. I spent two hours almost in this agitated, awkward situation, ruminating what course I ought to pursue. I determined on calling the ecclesiastic. He came immediately. I told him I wished instantly to join my troop. He laid down the lamp without saying a word, and left me, no doubt to consult with the Spaniards who were in the house, what he ought to do with me.

Who should enter my chamber at this moment, to my great joy, but our quarter-master, he who talked Spanish. He was accompanied by the corregidor. My comrades, he told me, were in the greatest uneasiness about my fate; and had sent him to inquire what had befallen me. He said the inhabitants already considered me their prisoner, that they designed to attack us next day; and declared, that not one of us would be suffered to escape. I dressed myself with speed, and again reminded the priest of his sacred promise; telling him, my comrades threatened to take arms if I did not immediately return. Fortunately for me, the preparations for a general rise were not yet completed. The priest could no longer detain me. He called the corregidor and an alcaid, with a few others, who placed us in the middle of their number, and led us through the crowd to our bivouac.

The quarter-master who was thus opportunely sent to me, was a Norman, of as good metal as the steel of his sword. Under the appearance of the completest good nature, he concealed all the cunning peculiar to his countrymen. He got into the good graces of the inhabitants, by telling them, that he was the son of an officer of the Walloon

guards, detained a prisoner in France with Charles IV.,—that he had been compelled to serve with us,—and, for a long time, had sought an opportunity of deserting. The Spaniards of the mountains are, by turns, as cunning and as credulous as savages. They believed this fabrication, sympathized with the wily Norman, gave him money, and intrusted him with part of their plans. By him we were apprized of the design of the neighbouring villages to make a united attack on us, in great numbers, at a dangerous defile on the road to Ronda. That happy discovery saved us from a total defeat.

As we were going to depart next day, the priest and the corregidor came requesting an attestation, to show to the French who might afterwards visit Olbera, that we had been treated with attention. They trusted, that the threatening appearance of the populace would have made us do as they desired. We replied that it could not be granted, unless they delivered up the arms taken from the brigadier's horse the preceding evening. We had several times before demanded them, but to no purpose.

The corregidor and the priest took the road in silence, leading to the top of the village; and very shortly after their departure, cries of alarm were heard. The inhabitants had just murdered six hussars and two farriers, who imprudently went to shoe their horses at the smithy. Then the shooting commenced. We instantly took to horse; and the body of the detachment followed the adjutant-major who commanded us to the place of rendezvous, about a gun-shot from the town. I remained at the bivouac, and kept with me ten hussars

to guard the retreat and secure the baggage, with which the mules were not yet loaded, the drivers, who were Spaniards, having fled during the night.

One of my comrades, soon after, came to me to say, that our rear-guard would be surrounded, and that the enemy kept up a constant fire against the troops from the rocks above, and the windows at the end of the village through which we had to pass. Having no prospect of assistance, we formed the determination of cutting our road through the midst of our foes. My horse was shot through the neck, and fell. I speedily raised him, and reached the detachment. My comrade had his arm broken with a ball. One after another, I witnessed nearly all the hussars fall who followed me. Women, or rather exasperated furies, threw themselves on the wounded with horrid screams, and vied with each other in putting them to death in the cruelest torments. They put knives and scissors in their eyes, and delighted with savage joy at the sight of their blood. The excess of just rage against the invaders of their country, seemed to have changed their nature to the very core.

Our detachment all this time had kept waiting for us, facing the enemy. The inhabitants dared not leave their rocks and their abodes, nor could we get at them on horseback, to avenge the death of our companions. We called over our numbers in their sight, placed the wounded in the centre of the troop, and slowly again began our march.

Being unable to find a guide, and ignorant of the road, we took the first path which led away from the beaten track, on which we knew the mountaineers were lying in wait. We wandered

about for some time at random. At length we saw a man riding on a mule, making haste to get away from a farmhouse. I followed and overtook him. Having placed him between two hussars of the advanced guard, I commanded him to direct us to Ronda, or take his choice of being stabbed. Without this countryman, whom we happened on by chance, it would have been quite impossible for us to find the way in this unknown and hostile region. This is a specimen of the difficulties we had constantly to struggle with, not merely military or foreseen, and such as are to be met with in the routine of regular war, but obstacles without number which the national spirit generated, and at every step, according to circumstances, sprung up and were multiplied without end.

After entering a pretty extensive valley, we perceived on the heights towards the left a troop of a thousand or fifteen hundred men observing our march. Among them we could distinguish some women and even children. They were the inhabitants of Settenil and the villages around, who having learned that we had changed our road to avoid their ambuscade, had set off to pursue us. They were making all the haste possible, in hopes of getting between us and the passage of a defile in our front. We trotted our horses to get before them, and happily cleared the pass. Immediately after this, we were surrounded by a host of peasants, who separated tumultuously from the main body of the enemy, and kept firing on our flank. They followed us among the rocks, never venturing nearer than a gun-shot, lest they would be unable to regain the mountains if we made a charge. Priests and alcaids rode on

horseback over the heights, and directed the movements of the crowd. Such of our hussars as had the misfortune to be wounded and to fall, were in a moment mercilessly stabbed. One alone escaped. He had the presence of mind to say, that he wished to confess before he died, and the minister of Settenil saved him from their fury.

We reached a frequented path on the side of a steep mountain. Here we passed some minutes to breathe our horses. The rocks over head screened us from the fire of the enemy above. At length we came in sight of Ronda. As we were rejoicing at the prospect of terminating our journey, we were struck at the sight of fresh enemies firing briskly from an ambush in a wood near the town. Our uneasiness now became extreme, for we dreaded that the French had abandoned the place. But with the most heartfelt joy, we beheld a party of hussars belonging to our own regiment coming to meet us. At a distance they had mistaken us for enemies.

We entered the town, and halted in the public square. Our comrades now came to embrace us, and to inquire the news from France and the rest of the world, to which they had become almost total strangers. We then dispersed into our different quarters, calculating on at least a few days rest, after the fatigues we had so long endured.

CHAPTER VIII.

RONDA is situated among high mountains, which must be crossed in going to Gibraltar, and are generally known by the name of the Serrania de Ronda. Their summits are destitute of vegetation, and their sides are covered with a brittle rock, whose surface, one would think, the sun's heat for ages had blackened and calcined. It is only at the bottom of valleys, and on the borders of streams, that meadows and orchards are beheld. Nearer the sea, the vines creep along the ground almost without culture. From thence come the Spanish wines held in greatest repute.

Constantly obliged to struggle under the privations of uncivilized life, the people who live in these barren mountains are sober, persevering, and unconquerable. Religion is the only tie which binds them, and almost the only curb by which they can be restrained. The late Spanish government could never subject them to a strict observance of the laws in time of peace, nor oblige them to serve in the armies during war. They uniformly ran off, when marched to any distance from their habitations.

Each village chooses its alcaids for a term of two years. These magistrates, however, seldom

dare to exercise their authority, for fear of making themselves enemies, and of being exposed to an always implacable vengeance. If the king's judge had a mind to use force to quash a disturbance, in an instant every dagger would be turned against himself. But if a prayer be commenced, it is a wonder if the combatants do not lay aside their fury, to join in it with one accord. In their hottest quarrels, the arrival of the holy sacrament never fails to restore peace.

I was informed, that never a feast of any consequence takes place in the Sierra, without the death of two or three individuals. Jealousy among these people is a phrenzy which blood alone can pacify. It seldom fails that the mortal stab follows the sidelong glance of passion.

These highlanders, to a man almost, are contraband dealers. They sometimes unite in great numbers from different villages, under their most noted chiefs, and, descending into the plains, disperse themselves up and down to carry on their illegal traffic. Often they resist the troops despatched in pursuit of them. These smugglers have always been celebrated for their cunning, and for the dexterity with which they are trained to beguile the vigilance of hosts of customhouse officers. Ranging through the mountains day and night, they are familiar with the most retired caves, with all the passes, and with the most untrodden paths.

Whilst the men are thus constantly engaged in these contraband contests, the women remain in their mountainous villages, and fear not to engage in the most oppressive toils. They bear heavy

loads with ease, and are proud of this superiority of strength, which they have by habit acquired. They have even been seen wrestling with each other, and contending who would lift the largest stones. When they go down to Ronda, they are known at once by their masculine size, their robust limbs, and their wondering, yet defying looks. They are fond of ornamenting themselves when they visit the city, with the veils and rich stuffs of their contraband traffic. Their dress makes a strange contrast with their coarse features, and dark sun-burnt complexions.

The warlike inhabitants of these lofty mountains had all taken arms against the French. When King Joseph came to Ronda at the head of his guards, about three weeks before our arrival, he vainly endeavoured to make them submit to his authority, first by gentle means, and then by force.

King Joseph remained only a few days at Ronda. He had left a garrison in that city, consisting of 250 hussars of our regiment, and 300 soldiers of his own guard of infantry. He had given our Colonel, when he departed, the title of "Civil and Military Governor," with most unlimited power over the neighbouring provinces. The absolute authority attached to this pompous title, which was equal to that of captain-general, should have extended over a track of country fifteen or twenty leagues in circumference. But the smugglers of the Sierra, limited our sway to the walls of Ronda, and even there we could not sleep without anxiety, on account of our mistrust of the inhabitants of the suburbs.

The same night I arrived, a number of fires were lighted successively on the mountains around.

The deception occasioned by the darkness, made the flame of the farthest distant appear near, and it was observed by some one, that a burning circle surrounded us. The enemy had taken up their position before the city, with the intention of attacking us next day.

For half an hour we heard the sound of a goat's horn repeated again and again, which seemed to proceed from a grove of olives, beyond the old town, in a little valley underneath. We were passing a thousand jokes about these unmodulated notes, without being able to conceive their meaning, when a hussar from one of the advanced posts came at the gallop to inform the Colonel, that a deputy from the enemy demanded to be admitted. The Colonel ordered him to be introduced, and the Brigadier brought him immediately, after covering his eyes. The deputy told us, that he had come to propose we should surrender ourselves. He said, that the General of the mountaineers, with 15,000 men, had occupied every pass by which we could escape; that he had taken a convoy of 50,000 cartridges, which were intended for us; and that he knew we could not defend the place for any length of time, because we had almost no ammunition. True it was, that the infantry of the garrison had but three rounds each. Our hussars could make no use of the sabre among the rocks, where their horses proved of no advantage, and tended rather to embarrass.

Our colonel replied to the deputy, that we would previously sit down to table. He gave me a sign to conduct our new comer to the mess-room, recommending him to my attention. He was a young man of a pretty good appearance,

He wore a round hat after the Andalusian fashion, and a short brown vest trimmed with sky-blue chain-lace. His only mark of distinction was a scarf in the manner of the country, with a few silver threads inwoven at the ends. In place of a sabre, he wore a long, straight, old-fashioned sword.

At first he was abashed to see himself, in his modest costume, among so many officers covered with embroidery. When we all at once put our hands to our sabres to unloose them before sitting down at table, he manifested some uneasiness, being ignorant of the cause of this unexpected movement. I believe he thought we were going to kill him, in retaliation for a murder committed by the people of a neighbouring village some days before, on a public functionary of Ronda, whom we had sent to them as our deputy.

I soon dispelled his fears, by inviting him to unarm himself, and to take a seat along with us. After some moments silence, I asked him if he had been long in the service of Ferdinand VII.? He replied, that he had only entered a year ago, as a lieutenant in the Cantabrian hussars. We are doubly comrades, I replied, although enemies, by the rank we hold, and the war in which we serve. He was much flattered by being reckoned an officer of regular troops. I put several questions to him about the chiefs of the insurgent army. He vastly extolled the merits of General Gonzales, declaring him to be a man of uncommon talents in the art of war, and of a most profound knowledge in all military matters. We had never heard the name of that chief before; and it appeared afterwards that he was a sergeant of the line, whom the insurgents had dignified with the rank of Bri-

gadier-general, that they might appear an organized force. By praising thus in exaggerated terms every thing which concerned his own party, we came to know without his telling us, that no corps of English had left Gibraltar to join the mountaineers; which, had it been the case, would have rendered our situation perilous in the extreme.

The Spanish officer did not at first depart from that sobriety which characterizes his countrymen. But when we drank his health, he returned the compliment, and, emulating our example, he now studied to keep up with us. We were only comrades at supper, but we were brothers at the desert. We vowed an everlasting friendship; and, among other proofs of esteem, we promised to fell each other in single combat the very first time we should again meet.

After supper, the Colonel sent the Spanish deputy home without making any reply. I was directed to conduct him to the advanced posts of the enemy. I told him to tie up his eyes himself; and a hussar, at his right hand, led his horse. I was on his left, and we took the road together towards Gibraltar, by which he had come. On passing the main-guard, we were joined by the deputy's trumpeter, and an old royal carabineer, who acted as his attendant. He was the only one the insurgent army could boast of; and was sent on this occasion, on account of a new uniform he wore, to do honour to their commissioner. I was astonished to hear him ask his officer, with a tone of authority, "why have you made me wait so long?"

The trumpeter was a young shepherd, dressed in a green mantle, which singularly contrasted with

his sandals, his bonnet, and the rest of his rustic garments. He had got his lesson before he came away. When our hussars inquired what had become of his trumpet, he said he happened to lose it. He had in fact purposely dropped the humble goat's horn, which he had blown, fearing that the sight of that unwarlike instrument would destroy the illusion, which he hoped would be produced by his disguise. The shepherd could not get his horse to keep a-head of us. It stood and kicked at every step. I called out to him in Spanish to "move on." He replied, most pitifully, "It is the first time ever I was on a horse, and they have given me a cursed jade that will not stir an inch." The carabineer, who followed a few yards behind us, went up to the poor fellow, ordered him rudely to be silent, and ended his perplexity, by taking his horse by the bridle.

When we reached the first Spanish post, after passing the suburbs of the ancient town, I bade the deputy adieu, and returned to my colonel to give an account of my commission. A council of war being held, we came to the resolution of abandoning the city, and going to Campillos to wait there for ammunition. This town is about seven leagues distant from Ronda, and is situated in a plain at the foot of the mountains, where our cavalry behoved to give us an advantage over the highlanders, whatever might be their numbers. We put very little trust in the 300 men of King Joseph's guard, this corps being chiefly composed of Spanish deserters.

The Colonel ordered that the garrison should commence their march in half an hour, without a

drum being beat or a trumpet blown, lest the enemy should be thereby advertised of our departure. I instantly summoned the quarter-masters who were under my command, and we went from house to house to call up the recruits I had brought. They had calculated on making a long stay at Ronda, to recover from the fatigues of their journey. When we went at midnight to warn them of our departure, they were in a profound sleep, and not hearing the trumpet sound as usual, they were unwilling to believe our words. Some even thought we were the ghosts of their lieutenant and corporals, come to torment them in their dreams with orders to march. We required to give them some hearty strokes, to prove that we were corporeal.

For two hours we marched in a profound silence, by the brilliant light of the olive wood fires, which the mountaineers had lighted on the tops of the hills in our vicinity. At daybreak, we halted for a quarter of an hour, in a small plain, where we could have used our sabres, to see if the enemy would not come there to seek for us. But they fled every where at our approach, and regained the summits of their mountains, without wishing to engage. The peasants of the villages, on our march, fired at us from a distance. The women stationed themselves on the rocks above, to see us pass, and to rejoice at our retreat. They sung patriotic songs, in which they prayed for death to every Frenchman, to the Grand Duke de Berg, and to Napoleon. The burden of their verses was the imitation of a cock crowing, which is reckoned emblematical of France.

At length we reached Campillos, and saw per-

fectly well, by the manner of our reception, that the news of our losses at Olbera, and our retreat from Ronda, had already reached this place. When I entered my lodging, I was very ungraciously welcomed by my landlord. My attendant having asked for a chamber to me, was shown into a dark, damp hole, which looked into a back yard. There having been no rations distributed when we arrived, the alcaid had issued an order, enjoining the inhabitants to entertain the soldiers who were billeted on them. The hussar who waited on me, made signs to the master of the house that he wanted some victuals. With a scornful air, I saw this person bring a trifling small table, on which there was a little bread and a few garlic cloves. I heard him say to his wife, "It is good enough for these French dogs; there is no need of being on ceremony with them now; they have been beaten, they are flying, and please God, and the Holy Mother, not one of them shall be in life two days hence." I pretended not to hear his execrations, that I might not let him know I understood his language.

I went out, and returned about an hour afterwards to my lodging, where I found a circle of five individuals sitting smoking cigars. They were in the habit of assembling every evening, as I understood, at the house of my host, who was a tobacconist. My hussar sat at some distance, and on my entrance he rose and presented me his chair. I accepted it, and drew nearer to the fire. The Spaniards at first were silent; but one of them, to prove whether or not I understood Spanish, inquired if I was not very much fatigued. Though I seemed not to comprehend his meaning, he add-

ed with a sneer, " You have made good use of your spurs for two days past?" I made no answer; and they concluded that I did not know a word of their language, and resumed their conversation.

They declaimed, with boundless enthusiasm, about the brave mountaineers who had driven us out of Ronda. They related all the particulars of a most bloody battle that never happened, which lasted for twelve hours in the very streets of the city the evening before. They said our loss could not at least be less than 600 men, and we had no more than 550 in all. They affirmed that the general of the mountaineers would attack us, in two days at farthest; that the inhabitants of the village would take up arms, and that they would annihilate these damned heretics, who were far worse than the Moors; " because," as they said, " these French neither believe in God, nor the Virgin, nor Saint Anthony, and not even in Saint James of Galicia. They do not even think it a crime to lodge in churches, and their horses with them." They repeated a thousand other such invectives, and excited their imaginations higher and higher. They concluded by saying, that " one Spaniard was a match for three Frenchmen;" and one of them added, that " he would kill half a dozen with his own hand."

I then rose and twice repeated the Spanish words *poco a poco*, which means " softly, softly." They seemed petrified to find that I had understood their whole conversation. I left them to tell my Colonel what I had just learned. He instantly commanded the alcaid to disarm the village.

The inhabitants delivered up their useless arms, but, as is usual in such cases, they retained those that were of any service.

On returning to my quarters, I found not one of my politicians. They had all taken flight. My host also had concealed himself. In my absence, his alarmed spouse had endeavoured to propitiate my hussar. She had given him only water at first to quench his thirst, but now she brought him excellent wine. Having no idea that all this attention was the offspring of fear, and being much surprised at this unexpected kindness, he began to feel a certain impulse of vanity; and I found him, on my return, brushing up his horrible mustaches with more than ordinary satisfaction.

The moment I laid down my sabre, my hostess took it up, and carried it with great eagerness to the best apartment in the house, as if to take possession in my name. She then came trembling to entreat me not to cherish any resentment against her husband, telling me, that though he had not received me very politely at first, he was, however, an honest man, and had an excellent heart. I told her that her husband might return when he pleased, for I would not do him any injury if he would give me immediate notice of all that he could learn concerning the plans of the enemy or the inhabitants. I added, however, merely to frighten him, that if he failed to do it, I would have him hanged; and then I went to bed.

I rose at day-break next morning, and, on opening my chamber-door, found my landlord waiting to make his peace with me. Before saying a word, he presented me with a cup of chocolate and biscuits; which I accepted with great civility, and told

him, that in future I would regulate my conduct towards him according as he behaved. He replied with a low bow, that I might do with him and his as I pleased.

We learned to-day, the 15th of March, that the Serranos had entered Ronda about an hour after our evacuation of it, and that they were preparing to attack us at Campillos. On the 16th, our Colonel sent a strong detachment of a hundred hussars and forty infantry to reconnoitre the enemy. I accompanied this expedition. We commenced our march about two hours before sunrise, and met the mountaineers about four leagues from Campillos. They had bivouacked all night on the side of a mountain, near the village of Caneta la Real. We halted about two gun-shots from them to examine their numbers and position. They were estimated to be about 4000. When our observations were finished, we took the road deliberately by which we had come.

The Serranos, seeing us preparing to return, believed that we were afraid of them. They uttered loud cries, descended the mountain in a body, and without observing any order, followed us for an hour in a very rugged and irregular tract of country. The ground becoming favourable for cavalry, they checked their ardour, stopped to unite among the hills, and dared not at first advance into the plain. They then sent down some peasants to fire at the skirmishers of our rear-guard, who had wheeled about, whilst the infantry and main body of the troop were crossing a wooden bridge over a torrent, which runs at the foot of a barren mountain, on whose summit the village of Teba is perched like an eagle's nest.

The women of the village, clothed according to the fashion of the country, in red and light blue dresses, were sitting on their heels in great numbers, on the top of the rocks, to witness the engagement, which they expected would immediately happen. Our rear-guard soon called in the sharp-shooters, and began to pass the bridge. Then the women rose with one consent, and sung a hymn to the Holy Virgin. At this signal the firing commenced; and the Spaniards, screened by the hill, poured down a shower of bullets all around us. We continued to pass the bridge under this discharge of musketry, without returning their fire. The women were observed to run down the rocks —to snatch the guns out of the hands of their husbands—and to place themselves in front, to oblige them to advance and pursue us beyond the bridge.

Our rear-guard, finding themselves rather closely pressed, faced the enemy; and the hussars of the first line directed a well supplied fire from their carabines against the foremost of their number. Two were killed; the crowd restrained their impetuosity, and the females made all haste to reach the top of the mountain. About a hundred, however, of the insurgents followed us at a distance, to within half a league of Campillos.

Next day a reconnoitering party of fifty hussars found the Serranos encamped on the farther side of the wooden bridge, below the village of Teba. They went close up to them, and again returned at the same pace, without firing a single shot. The mountaineers took courage, as they did the day before, and followed our scouts as far as our advanced posts. Our design was to entice them

into the plain before Campillos, and there to exercise our swords. The insurgents, being armed for the most part with fowling-pieces, had always an advantage among the mountains, where the rocks interrupted our pursuit of them. But in the plain they could not resist the charge of our cavalry, though much inferior in numbers, on account of their disorderly mode of fighting.

At 10 *a. m.*, I saw my host enter in a great hurry. He had a smile on his lips; but he rubbed his eyes, and vainly attempted to shed tears. He told me that we were all gone men; that our guards had been routed; and that 1500 fierce highlanders were coming down to surround us in the plain, whilst the revolted townsmen attacked us in the streets of the village. He clasped me warmly in his arms as if he pitied my approaching fate.

In fact, I heard that very moment the report of muskets, tumultuous shouts, and the noise of the trumpets and drums. People from all quarters were hastening to take arms. One of our picquets, stationed at no distance from the house where I lodged, had just been forced to retire into the village. I soon mounted my horse and assembled my detachment. At the same instant the Colonel appeared, and ordered me to go to the aid of the guards who had been beaten. We made a sweeping charge in the plain—and it succeeded. Forty of our hussars cut to pieces one hundred mountaineers. Those who occupied the heights fled in the greatest consternation. We returned when all was over, and the plain which had before resounded with the shouts of a host of musketeers,

lay silent and strewed with the vanquished foes that had just been laid low.

While we were thus engaged, the inhabitants of Campillos, thinking we would never return, put to death in their streets all those of our soldiers who had delayed going to the place of rendezvous, as they ought to have done, in case of an alarm. Our hussars, on returning to the village, put to the sword every person found under arms, and it was with difficulty they could be restrained from pillage. The mountaineers dared no more show themselves in the plains. They marched the rest of the day, and part of the night, till they regained the high mountains in the vicinity of Ronda.

General Peremont came from Malaga to join us at Campillos on the 19th of March with three battalions of infantry, one regiment of Polish lancers, and two pieces of cannon. We received the ammunition we required; and at six o'clock in the morning of the 20th, we all set off together to retake Ronda. We diverged a little from our route in passing Teba, to levy a contribution from its inhabitants, as a punishment for having taken arms three days before, notwithstanding they had made submissions to King Joseph.

Our Colonel left his regiment at the foot of the mountain, and ascended to its summit, where the village is built, with only fifty hussars. The inhabitants, being aware of our approach, and of the fine we had come to exact, had fled among the rocks with their most precious effects. Various articles abandoned on the road, indicated the track of their precipitate flight. The Colonel gave orders to break open the doors of some of the houses in the market-place, to see if any persons were

concealed therein. They found only one poor old man, who, far from being afraid of the soldiers, uttered cries of joy when they came to him. They wished to profit by this expression of regard, and to bring him from his hiding-place that they might get the information they wanted. But they soon observed that he was an idiot; and this was probably the cause which prevented his relations or friends from taking him along with them to their retreats.

We passed near two hours in the village, without finding a single individual that we could send to the town's people, in order to relieve their fears, to say that nothing would be done to them, and that their offence would be forgiven, if they paid a contribution to King Joseph. We did not wish to make them irreconcileable enemies, and to drive them to despair, by a rigorous revenge, though it was incumbent not to suffer their revolt to pass unpunished.

We devised the following expedient to draw them from their fastnesses. The hussars burned some wet straw in the chimneys of some of the houses. These fires caused a dense smoke, which the wind blew among the mountains, and made the people believe their village was in flames. They hastened to send a deputation; and the alcaid soon appeared, followed by four of the wealthiest citizens. He was dressed in a scarlet mantle and laced cap. No doubt he had attired himself in all his tokens of dignity; because he thought, in going to the French, he was rendering his life a sacrifice for the salvation of his native town. The alcaid promised that the contribution would be paid. We took him with us as a hostage, and he returned home in two days.

We halted for the night at a small village about four leagues distant from Campillos. We set out for Ronda on the 21st, at sunrise, and entered it without resistance. The mountaineers precipitately abandoned the town on our approach, throwing down their muskets and cloaks in the streets, that they might gain the mountains by the footpaths. The hussars of our vanguard cut down those who were last in their flight.

Part of the inhabitants of Ronda received us as deliverers. The highlanders had erected a gibbet in the great square during our absence, in order to punish such of the citizens as had showed any favour to the French. If we had come a day later, many individuals would have been hanged. Thus private animosities would have been satisfied, under pretence of public vengeance. A magistrate was to have suffered, because he spurned a bribe in a smuggling affair some years ago. A poor tailor, the night before we came, was thrown headlong from the rocks and dashed to pieces, because he had acted as an interpreter to our soldiers.

The same day we left Ronda, the mountaineers entered it at daybreak, with loud shouts and the firing of guns, as a manifestation of their joy. All the inhabitants of each village marched together tumultuously. Their women followed them, who were only distinguished from the men, as already observed, by their clothing, their loftier stature, and a little more barbarity of manner.

They pretended that their husbands had conquered Ronda from the French, and that every thing in the city was theirs. Stopping before splendid mansions, they would say in their vanity to each other,—"I make choice of this house; I shall be

the lady of this one, and will come in a few days to stay in it, with my children and my goats." In the mean time, they loaded their asses with whatever they could find within the rooms. These *ladies* did not desist from plundering, till their animals were on the point of sinking under the weight of their burdens.

An English lieutenant, who went with them on the expedition, had his horse and portmanteau stolen, and could by no means get the guilty persons punished. The prisons were forced; and the offenders imprisoned therein ran, the moment they were at liberty, to wreak their vengeance on their judges and accusers. Debtors extorted from their creditors discharges for their debts. They committed to the flames all the chancery documents, that they might cancel every deed of mortgage held by any citizen upon their highland properties.

The General-in-chief of the Serranos did not arrive at Ronda for six hours after we left it. He had endeavoured, first of all, to establish some kind of order in the town, with the assistance of what he called his *regulars*. Being unable to do so, he made use of the following stratagem. He caused the public crier to announce that the French were returning. In the twinkling of an eye the mountaineers assembled, and the inhabitants had time to barricade their doors.

A person named Cura possessed the greatest influence over these undisciplined bands. He was a native of Valencia, where he had been a professor of mathematics. Having killed a man in a fit of jealousy, he took refuge among the illicit traders to escape from the pursuit of justice. He had se-

cretly spread a report, that he was of noble birth, and that political reasons obliged him to remain unknown. The mountaineers called him "The stranger with the big bonnet," because he affected to wear the cap of the country of a prodigious size, in order to attract notice. That sort of mystery which hung about him, gave him a great empire over people's minds. This stranger, of big bonnet notoriety, levied large contributions from several highland villages about a month after, under the pretext of going to purchase arms and ammunition. He endeavoured to run off with the money intrusted with him, but he was arrested and punished.

General Peremont had come to Ronda with his brigade, purposing to make an expedition into the heart of the high mountains; but he was under the necessity of returning to Malaga without making the attempt. He received intelligence that another body of insurgents had attacked that city in his absence. Ronda was again garrisoned by our hussars, and two hundred brave soldiers of Polish infantry, in place of the battalion of King Joseph's guard we had with us before.

The lofty platform on which Ronda stands, is of gentle ascent on every side but the north. It is separated on the south and west, from the mountains which command it, by a lovely cultivated valley. The Guadiaro descends from the highest of these mountains, and divides the city. One might say, that the high rock on which it is built, has been sundered by an earthquake, to form a deep crevice for the gloomy channel of this little river.

The old city, on the left bank, is connected with the new town opposite, by a superb stone bridge

of a single arch. Iron balconies project beyond the parapet walls on both sides of it. The passenger is struck with a feeling of terror, when he sees unexpectedly below him, through the slender iron railings, at the depth of almost three hundred feet, the foaming river, like a single white thread, which the impetuosity of the torrent has impelled for ages through the awful abyss. A damp kind of fog constantly rises from the bottom of the gulf. The eye can scarcely distinguish, on account of the depth, the men and asses with their loads, who are always going up and down the winding path, to some one of the mills constructed at the foot of the immense rocky terrace that supports the town.

In these times of war and trouble, we have sometimes witnessed, from the rocks above, the gardeners of the valley leave their peaceful labours, to join the mountaineers when they came rushing down to battle. From this spot also we have often observed them bury their fire-arms in the ground, on the advance of our troops.

That part of Ronda, which is called the old town, is almost entirely of Moorish origin. Its streets are narrow and crooked. The new town, on the other hand, is regularly built; its squares are large, and its streets are wide and evenly. By constructing some new works, and repairing an old castle, we easily put the old town into such a condition as to make it proof against a surprise; so that our infantry were quite able to defend it. Our hussars were specially charged with the defence of the new town. We demolished some old walls, and levelled some inequalities of the ground at the entrance of that part of the city; that, in case of

danger, we might be able to repulse the enemy by charges of cavalry.

The mountaineers encamped on the summits of the neighbouring heights, and night and day observed all that passed in the city. When our trumpets sounded the reveillée, the shepherds' horns were soon heard awakening our foes of the hills. They spent whole days annoying our picquets in one quarter or other, but took to flight the moment we went toward them, only to return and give us new disquiet.

Whenever the Serranos were going to attack us, they commenced a loud shouting to animate them for the combat; and, long before their balls could reach us, they began to fire. The farthest off, hearing the cries and the shots, believed that their companions in front must have gained some superiority. Then they hurried on to take part in the action, that they too might have the honour of what they deemed an easy victory. With endless bravadoes, they passed those that once preceded them: and when they knew their error, it was impossible to retire. We suffered them to come as far as the small plain around the new town, that we might attack them with the sabre; and they always retired after some of their number had been slain.

The most agreeable exercise of the work-people about Ronda, was to station themselves behind the rocks among the olives, at the end of the suburbs, and to smoke their cigars, and shoot our videttes. They would leave the town in the morning with their implements of labour, as if they had been going to work in the fields. There, or at the farm-houses, they would find their guns, and in

the evening they would again return unarmed, to sleep in the midst of us. It sometimes happened that our hussars recognised their landlords among their antagonists. It was impossible to make a scrutiny sufficiently strict. If Marshal Soult's decree against the insurgent Spaniards had been executed, we would have been obliged to punish with death almost the whole population of the country. The French prisoners were hanged or burned alive by these mountaineers. The Spaniards, on the other hand, found with arms in their hands, very seldom met with quarter from our soldiers.

The women, the aged, and even the children, were all against us, and acted as spies to the enemy. I saw a young boy, eight years old, come one day to play himself among our horses' feet, and undertake to act as our guide. He led a small party of our hussars into an ambuscade, and sheltered himself instantly among the rocks, tossing his cap into the air, and crying aloud, "Long live our King, Ferdinand VII.!" In a moment the firing commenced.

The mountaineers compensated for their deficiency of skill in military discipline, by the insuperable energy and perseverance of their character. If they were unable to contend with us in the plains—if they failed in combined attacks, they fought most advantageously among the rocks, behind the walls of their houses, and in every situation where cavalry could not act. Montejaque, a little hamlet of fifty or sixty houses, about half a league distant from Ronda, could never be reduced to a perfect submission.

The inhabitants of every little town or village

among the mountains who anticipated visits from the French, sent their old people, their wives and their children to the inaccessible hills, and hid their most precious effects in caves. The men alone remained, to defend the villages, or to make plundering excursions into the plains, to carry off the cattle of those of their own countrymen who would not declare themselves our foes.

The town of Grazalema was the arsenal of the Serranos. Marshal Soult marched against it with a strong flying column of three thousand men. The smugglers defended themselves from house to house, and did not abandon the place till their ammunition failed. They then escaped to the mountains, after they had made our soldiers sustain considerable loss. The city was again occupied by them, after the column had gone.

A division of three regiments of infantry, sent a month afterwards to disperse the insurgent army anew, easily drove them before them in the open country, but could not expel them from Grazalema. Some of the smugglers were intrenched in the square in the centre of the town, and had placed mattresses before the windows of the houses where they had taken refuge. Twelve hussars of the tenth regiment, and forty voltigeurs, who formed the avant-guard of the French division, arrived at that spot without meeting any resistance. But they never returned. They were every one struck by a fire from the windows, discharged on them all at once. Those who were sent after them to take possession of that square, perished in the same way, without injuring one of their foes. The frequent expeditions we sent among the high mountains, almost always dispersed the enemy,

without reducing them; but our troops returned to Ronda much fewer than when they went.

The Serranos, by their mode of fighting, baffled the energies of our troops, even though they were superior in numbers. They flew from rock to rock, and from one position to another, at the approach of our masses, without intermitting their most galling fire. Even as they fled, they destroyed whole columns, without affording one opportunity of revenge. This manner of fighting had procured them the name of "Mountain Flies," even from the Spaniards; in allusion to the way in which these restless insects torment mankind, without affording any respite from their pains.

Every detachment that went out of Ronda, either for reconnoitering or otherwise, was enveloped with a cloud of sharp-shooters, from the moment of its departure to its return. Every convoy of provisions which we brought in, cost us several lives. We might have truly said in Scripture language, "That we ate our own flesh, and drank our own blood," in this inglorious war. It was to expiate the injustice of the cause in which we fought.

The mountains of the kingdoms of Grenada and Murcia were not more submissive than those of Ronda. The French, attacked by the whole population of the country on every point of communication, were in almost parallel circumstances with our regiment, in every mountainous district of the Peninsula. Such is a specimen of the *repose* we enjoyed after Spain had been conquered, from the frontiers of France to the gates of Cadiz. The siege of that city was now the only military affair of any importance.

When our horses had consumed all the fodder of the farms around Ronda, we were obliged to go farther off, and to send parties of thirty or forty hussars, three or four times a week, for minced straw, several leagues from the city. The weakness of the garrison did not permit us to support our cavalry foragers with detachments of foot, as we often found most necessary. Our horsemen were not always sufficiently strong to repulse the enemy in these petty expeditions, and we studied to elude their vigilance by taking a different road every day, or making a great circuit to avoid the dangerous glens. Not unfrequently we were obliged to make a path for ourselves through the heart of the insurgents, who everlastingly surrounded the city.

For a month my fortune had been most propitious. I succeeded in every enterprise with which I was charged; and the days that I commanded the main-guard, none of the soldiers were killed. The hussars, who are to a certain extent professed fatalists, began to think me invulnerable. On the 1st of May, however, I was wounded almost mortally. But I have been since told, as a consolation, that Fate made a mistake, that I ought not to think myself less fortunate than formerly, for the adjutant-major had erred in ordering the service, and I went in the room of a comrade who had very bad luck.

On the 1st of May I accompanied a detachment of forty-five hussars, under the command of a captain. We were going to seek for straw, four leagues from Ronda, in the farms around the village of Settenil. A hundred peasants and muleteers from the town attended us, to take charge of

the asses and mules. We set off at 5 *a. m.*, and the captain and I rode foremost. In passing a defile, about half a league on our march, we observed to each other, that surely the enemy must have heard nothing of our excursion, or they would have been watching us here. They could have done us a vast deal of injury without running any risk themselves. On ascending a steep hill, I first of all perceived a good way off a cloud of dust; and then distinctly on our right, about four or five hundred armed men, who were advancing in the valley toward the village of Ariate. I told the captain that I could distinguish the enemy, and that I was sure of it from their hurried and disorderly way of marching.

A quartermaster declared the men observed in the plain were muleteers returning to Ossuna from Ronda, where they had been the day preceding, with biscuits and cartridges, and an escort of two hundred men. I stoutly maintained that those I saw were enemies; and added, that if I had the command I would charge them instantly whilst they were still in the plain. "If we are repulsed here," I observed, "we could easily retreat, but we cannot prosecute our journey, without being exposed on our return to an attack in some pass unfavourable for cavalry." The captain was of a different opinion; and we continued our route, and soon came near the village of Settenil.

The laziness and surliness of the Spanish muleteers somewhat excited our suspicion. We had still more reason to be alarmed, when, just as we were preparing to return to Ronda, we saw a peasant on horseback on a distant hill observing

our march, and then gallop off as if to advertise the enemy.

When we had done foraging, we returned the same way we came. A convoy of mules was made to pass on before us, between a van-guard of twelve hussars and the body of the troop at whose head were the captain and myself. When within two gun-shots of the pass we had most reason to fear, I saw a man on the top of an olive tree, cutting branches from it with a hatchet. I rode forward at the gallop, and asked him if he had seen the Serranos. He was one himself, as I afterwards learned, and cut down these branches to interrupt our passage. He replied, pretending to redouble his activity, that "he was too busy to attend to what was passing around him." At the same instant the captain also interrogated a child five or six years old, who, with a hesitating low voice, as if afraid of being heard, gave him some confused and contradictory answer. To this we gave little heed, for we just then saw our van-guard and the foremost of the convoy emerge from the far side of the glen, and ascend the opposite hill. We had a very narrow and slippery piece of road to pass, bounded on the sides by high garden hedges, and about five or six hundred paces long. Here we were obliged to march in file. The captain made the same observation to me he did in the morning, that it was a fortunate thing for us the enemy had not stationed an ambuscade in this pass. Scarcely had he said these words, when a volley of four or five shots from behind the hedges killed the three last mules of the convoy, and the trumpeter's horse before us. That instant our horses stopped.

The captain should have been the first to proceed, but the animal he rode had belonged to an officer killed on a like occasion a few days previously, and it would not move a step. Seeing this, I applied the spurs, and sprung past the captain; I leaped over the trumpeter's horse, as also the mules and their burdens that had just fallen, and passed through the defile alone. The Serranos, concealed behind the hedges, conceived that I was followed closely by the whole troop, and all their pieces were in a moment discharged. I was struck by two of the balls. The one passed through my left thigh; the other entered my body.

The captain followed not far behind, and arrived at the end of the pass unhurt. Of the whole detachment, no more than four of the last were killed; for the enemy required a few minutes to reload their guns, and make a second discharge. The quarter-master, who brought up the rear, had his horse killed; but he counterfeited death, creeped into the brushwood, and at midnight returned to Ronda as well as ever.

When we had rallied, and formed in battle-order on the other side of the glen, I told the captain that I was wounded, that I felt my strength exhausted, and that I would return to Ronda by the nearest road, though it was very steep. He recommended me to stay with the troop, which was going to make a compass of half a league round the margin of the plain, where no enemy need be feared, that it might not be exposed to a second attack unnecessarily. I felt that I could not support so long a march, and entered the hilly road with a hussar attending me, to hold my horse's bridle. As I was losing much blood, I was ob-

liged to summon up all my firmness, lest I should have fainted. If I had fallen from my horse, the poignard would doubtless have ended my days. I held by the pommel of the saddle with my hands, and made vain efforts to spur my horse forward with the only leg I could use. The poor animal could go no faster, but staggered every step he took, for a ball had shot him through.

When I was about half a league from the city, my horse could scarcely move. The hussar who attended me, rode off at the gallop, to tell the picquet on the top of the hill. I made a few paces by myself, without seeing almost any thing, and scarcely even hearing the shots fired at me by some peasants cutting down wood a little way off. The soldiers at length arrived to succour me, and I was carried to my lodgings in my horse-cloth.

I was met by my Spanish hosts, who would not let me be taken to the military hospital, where an epidemic fever raged. I would in all probability have found there, like many others, death for a cure. My hosts had, to that day, behaved towards me with a cold and distant politeness, regarding me as an enemy of their country. This feeling of patriotism, which I respected, had made me as reserved towards them. But when I was wounded, they displayed the most tender concern for my welfare, and treated me with that generosity and kindness which so eminently characterizes the Spaniards. They said to me, that since I could do no more harm to Spain, they considered me as a member of their own family. Without leaving me a moment for fifty days, they truly rendered me all the attention which human nature could have showed.

At daybreak on the 4th of May, the insurgents came to attack Ronda in greater strength than they had ever before mustered. The balls passed so near the windows of my room, that my guardians found it necessary to remove my bed to the adjoining chamber. My host and hostess soon after came to tell me, but with an air of calmness they struggled to preserve, that the mountaineers were at the end of the street, that they were fast gaining ground, and that the old city was on the point of falling into their hands. They declared that they would use every effort to save me from the fury of the Serranos, until General Valdenebro, who was their relation, should arrive. They accordingly hastily concealed my arms, my military dress, and every thing else which could have betrayed me to the enemy. With the assistance of their servants, they bore me to the top of the house, behind a little chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, considering that consecrated spot as an inviolable asylum. My hosts then hastened to get two priests, whom they stationed before the street-door to guard the entrance in case of danger, and to defend me in extremity by their presence.

An old lady, the mother of my hostess, remained alone with me engaged in prayer. As the shouts of the combatants, and the noise of fire-arms, announced that the tide of battle rolled nearer or retired, so did she count the beads of her rosary faster or slower. About noon the firing became fainter, and then ceased altogether. The enemy were beaten in every quarter, and my comrades came to relate the particulars of the engagement as soon as they alighted.

The second hussars received orders a few days

after to go to Santa Maria. They were replaced by the forty-third regiment of the line, and of all my corps, none but myself remained at Ronda. I knew none of the officers of the new garrison, and no other Frenchman visited me but a subaltern adjutant of infantry, who came from time to time to inquire at my hosts if I was not dead yet, or departed. He was very impatient to obtain possession of my quarters.

After my comrades were gone, my hosts redoubled their care and kindness towards me. They spent several hours of the day in my chamber; and when I became convalescent, they invited some of their neighbours every evening to chat at my bed-side, and perform a little concert to divert my mind from its sorrows. They sung their national airs, and accompanied them on the guitar.

My hostess's mother had conceived a great friendship for me, ever since the day she prayed so fervently for my deliverance when the city was assaulted. Her second daughter was a nun in a convent of noble ladies, and she now and then inquired after me, and sent little baskets of perfumed lint covered with rose leaves. The nuns of the different convents of Ronda fasted and did penance as often again, after we entered Andalusia, as before. They passed the greater part of the night supplicating success to the Spanish cause, and the day was spent in preparing medicaments to send to the wounded French. This melange of patriotism and Christian charity was by no means rare in Spain.

On the 18th of June, I rose for the first time since I was wounded. I was obliged to begin my

sad apprenticeship of walking with crutches, having totally lost the use of one of my legs. I went to see the horse that had been wounded along with me. He had become quite recovered, but did not know me at first, which showed how much I must have been changed. I left Ronda on the 22d, on an ammunition-waggon, which was going for cartridges to Ossuna, under a strong escort. I bade adieu to my hosts with the same kind of grief as is felt on leaving, for the first time, the dear paternal roof. They were not less sad at my departure, for the kindness which I had experienced at their hands, had made them love me as their own.

I went from Ossuna to Essica, and from thence to Cordova. Troops of Spanish partisans, two or three hundred strong, scoured the country in all directions. When pursued, they retreated to the mountains which separated Andalusia from La Mancha and Estremadura, or to those which bound the shore. These numerous bodies, called *guerrillas*, served to keep up that universal ferment which prevailed throughout the country; and they also maintained communications between Cadiz and the interior of Spain. They told the people such stories, as that the Marquis de la Romana had beaten the French at Truxillo, or that the English from Gibraltar had completely defeated them near the shore. These reports, most industriously scattered, though quite improbable, were always received with transport. Hope, thus continually kept alive, stirred up the nation, in one part or other, to partial revolts, and the news of successes never gained, often led the way to such as were real.

At a little distance from Cordova, their existed

a most noted band of robbers. These thieves by profession, never abandoned the practice of plundering Spanish passengers. But by way of discharging the obligation which every subject contracts at his birth, of shedding his blood for his country when invaded by foreign foes, these brigands also lifted arms against the French, and attacked their detachments when they could, though they had no prospect of gain.

After leaving Andalusia, I crossed La Mancha. I was obliged to stop several days at every station, waiting for the return of the escorts that regularly conveyed ammunition to the siege of Cadiz. Sometimes completely wearied out by staying long in wretched lodgings, I have abandoned myself to my fate, and ventured to go unaccompanied from one halting-place to another. The commanders at the different posts of communication could not spare a convoy but for the essential service of the army, for they often lost several soldiers when escorting a single courier a few leagues.

King Joseph could not devise a plan for collecting his revenues regularly. It was to no purpose that he sent flying columns to scour the country. The people fled for refuge to the mountains, or, with more courage, defended themselves in their houses. The soldiers pillaged the villages, and the contributions were not received. Peaceable inhabitants sometimes had to pay for all the rest, but were again more heavily oppressed by the guerrilla chiefs, because they had not fled at the approach of the French. The inhabitants of La Mancha, as well as those of other provinces adjoining, were exasperated by all these grievances, and the number of our enemies increased every

day. New Castile, which I passed through also in my journey, was not more tranquil than the province of La Mancha. The Spanish partisans were at the point of taking King Joseph prisoner in one of his own country-houses near Madrid; and often the French were carried off before the gates, and sometimes from the very streets of the capital.

I staid near a month at Madrid, waiting for an opportunity to depart. It was an easy matter to get there from Bayonne, because numerous detachments were always going from thence to reinforce the armies in Spain. But to get permission to return to France, it was necessary to be lame. The Board of Health received the strictest orders; and they granted no leave but to those wounded officers or soldiers of whom they had not the slightest hope of recovery. I was numbered with those who had thus a right to return. Even at the price I paid, I was most glad to quit a war so inglorious and unjust; where the deep feelings of my soul never ceased to disapprove of the mischief which my hands were constrained to commit.

I left Madrid with a numerous caravan of broken-down officers, who were going to France under an escort of only seventy-five foot-soldiers. We formed a platoon of cripples, commanded by the senior wounded, that we might die in arms if we were attacked. We were incapable of defending ourselves; and many of us had to be tied on horseback, to enable us to keep our seats.

Two of our company were insane. The first was a hussar, who had lost his reason in conse-

quence of severe wounds he had received on the head. He marched on foot, having been deprived of his horse and his arms, for fear of his escaping or doing mischief. Notwithstanding his derangement, he had not forgotten his degree of rank, and the name of his regiment. Sometimes he took off his hat before us, and showed us the scars of real wounds, which he pretended to have gotten in imaginary battles, of which he spoke incessantly. Our convoy being one day attacked on the march, he eluded the vigilance of his keepers, and recovered his former intrepidity for thrashing enemies, armed with nothing but a simple stick. He called this cane, "the magic sceptre of the Grand Sultan of Morocco, his predecessor."

The other was an old Flemish musician of light infantry, whose brain the warmth of Spanish wine had inspired for life with an unmoveable gaiety. He had exchanged his clarinet for a fiddle, which he used to play at the entertainments of his native village when a boy. He marched in the middle of our melancholy troop, both playing and dancing everlastingly.

Not one solitary traveller appeared on the long lonely road we journied; only, we met every two or three days convoys of ammunition, or other escorts, who lodged with us under the shelter of crumbling huts, whose windows and doors had been carried off to supply the French armies with wood. Instead of that crowd of children and idlers that flock, in time of peace, to meet strangers at the entrance of villages, we perceived a small post of French issuing from behind palisades and barriers, calling to us to "halt," that they might know who we were. Sometimes, too, a sentinel

would unexpectedly appear, stationed on some old tower in a deserted village—like a solitary owl among ruins.

The nearer we approached France, the more our danger from the partisans increased. At every station we came to, we found detachments from different parts of the Peninsula, waiting our arrival to go with us. Whole battalions—whole regiments, reduced to mere skeletons, or to a very few men—sadly returned with their eagles and colours, to recruit in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Poland. Our convoy left Spain at the end of July, twenty days after Ciudad Rodrigo, a strong fortress of the province of Salamanca, had fallen into the hands of the French.

CHAPTER IX.

HERE I ought to close these Memoirs; because, having left Spain at this period of the war, I have not witnessed what followed with my own eyes. But since then, during a year's stay in England, I have collected materials which could not, at the time, be procured on the Continent; and am, therefore, enabled to add to my narrative that of the Campaign of Portugal—the masterpiece both of national and military defence.

After the campaign of Austria, and the peace concluded at Vienna in 1809, France saw herself free from all her Northern wars; and the whole of Europe believed, that once again would Spain and Portugal fall under the feet of the mighty armies of which the Emperor Napoleon could dispose. That conqueror had announced, that he would chase the English from the Peninsula; and that, in one year, the world would witness his triumphal eagles planted on the forts of Lisbon. He forthwith sent powerful supplies to Spain, for the purpose of invading Portugal.

The French army destined for that invasion, was more than 80,000 strong. The Commander-in-chief was Marshal Massena; and it was divided into three divisions, under the orders of Mar-

shals Ney, Junot, and Reynier. The first two of these corps united in the neighbourhood of Salamanca, and occupied the country between the Douro and the Tagus. The third, that of General Reynier, was in Estremadura, opposite the frontier of Alentejo; its right communicating at Alcantara, with the left of the corps of Marshal Ney. A fourth corps of reserve assembled at Valladolid, under the command of General Drouet, to reinforce and support the invading army if required.

The army of Lord Wellington, opposed to that of Marshal Massena, counted 30,000 English, and as many Portuguese in its ranks. The Regency of Portugal had, besides that, 15,000 regular troops under arms,—several flying corps of Portuguese militia, led by chiefs of their own nation, or by English officers,—and levies *en masse*, known by the name of *Ordenanzas*, which the English estimated only at 45,000, but in fact consisted, in a case of invasion, of the whole armed population of Portugal. They were exasperated against the French by patriotism, hatred, vengeance, and the memory of recent evils they had endured for the two preceding years, during the expeditions of Marshals Junot and Soult—all unsuccessful though they were.

The undisciplined native bands did incalculable mischief to the French when they fought for their homes, in the gorges of their mountains, where their numbers and local knowledge gave them a great advantage. But beyond their own country they were useless. It was for this reason that the Anglo-Portuguese regular army of Lord Wellington would not move a step from the line of de-

fence it occupied on the frontiers of Portugal, and north and south of the Tagus, notwithstanding all the provocations of the French. The English general was besides afraid to give battle in the plains of the province of Salamanca, where his enemies presented a numerous and formidable body of cavalry.

After the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo, the French passed the Coa, repulsed the English outposts, invested Almeida on the frontiers of Portugal, and on the 27th of August got possession of it by capitulation, thirteen days after the trenches were opened.

General Reynier's corps left Spanish Estremadura, crossed the Tagus at Alcantara, and concentrated itself in the neighbourhood of Almeida, with the two other French divisions. The English corps opposed to that of General Reynier towards Elvas and Portalègre, crossed the Tagus also by a simultaneous movement at Villa-Velha; and the whole army of Lord Wellington retreated by the left bank of the Mondego, to the impregnable position of the Sierra de Murcella behind the Alva.

The French army left the environs of Almeida on the 15th of September, entered the valley watered by the Mondego the day following, passed that river at Celorico, and again repassed it at the bridge of Fornos. Marshal Massena led his army along the right bank of the Mondego, intending by a rapid movement to seize on Coimbra, which he believed the English had left quite exposed when retiring by the opposite bank.

The French arrived at Vizeu on the 21st, where they were obliged to halt two whole days waiting for their artillery, whose march had been retarded by the badness of the roads, and the attacks of

the Portuguese militia. On the 24th their vanguard discovered the English picqets stationed on the opposite bank of the Dao, and beat them back after repairing the bridges which had been broken down. Lord Wellington had made his army hastily cross from the left to the right bank of the Mondego, in order to defend the defiles of the mountains on the way to Coimbra. He had left but a single brigade of infantry and one division of cavalry, in his former position of Sierra de Murcella.

On the 25th and 26th, the French corps arrived successively at the foot of the mountains Sierra de Busaco, whose summits they found occupied by the Anglo-Portuguese army. At six o'clock, on the morning of the 27th, they marched in column against the right and centre of that army, in the two roads leading to Coimbra, by the village of San Antonio de Cantaro, and by the convent of Busaco. These roads were cut up in several places, and defended by artillery. The mountain over which they pass is besides encumbered with steep rocks, and is very difficult of access.

The French column which attacked the right of the English advanced with intrepidity, in spite of the fire of their artillery and light troops. It reached the top of the eminence after sustaining considerable loss, and began to deploy in line with the greatest coolness, and most perfect regularity. But a superior force again assaulted it, and compelled it to retire. It soon rallied, made a second attack, and was again repulsed. The French battalions, which advanced against the convent of Busaco, where the left and centre of the English divisions joined, were also driven back, a little be-

fore they reached that post. General Simon, who had been struck by two balls during the charge, was left on the height, and a great many wounded officers and soldiers.

The position occupied by the English and Portuguese on the brow of the hill, formed the arc of a circle, whose two extremes embraced the ground over which the French had to advance. The allied army saw the least movements made below them, and had time to form to receive any powerful body before it arrived. This circumstance materially contributed to the advantage they obtained. The French lost 1800 men in their attacks, and had nearly 3000 wounded. The English and Portuguese had no more than 1235 of their army disabled from fighting.

Marshal Massena judged that the position of Lord Wellington could not be carried in front, and resolved to turn it. He kept up an irregular fire till the evening, and sent off a body of troops by the mountain-road, which leads from Mortago to Oporto. The English and Portuguese, in consequence of this movement, abandoned their position on the mountain of Busaco.

The French entered Coimbra on the 1st of October, continued their route, and on the 12th, after eleven days of forced marches under heavy rains, they arrived at Alenquer, nine leagues distant from Lisbon. They had almost reached the farthest extremity of Portugal, and already regarded that country as their undoubted prize. They believed that the English would think of nothing else but embarking;—they calculated on reaching them next day, obliging them to fight in

the hurry of departure, and crushing them by a superior force.

But some reconnoitering parties, despatched in different directions, discovered Lord Wellington's army intrenched in a position between the sea and the Tagus, on the chain of mountains which stretch from Alhandra to Torres Vedras, and to the mouth of the Sisandro towards Mafra, in the rear. This position is so advantageous that it could neither be attacked nor turned.

Passes, naturally strong, bristled here and there with most powerful artillery. Art had vied with Nature in erecting defences where death could be dispensed, without sustaining any harm in return. Throughout the whole breadth of the advanced Peninsula in which Lisbon is situated, as if it had been all one fortified city, there reigned in all the posts of the English and Portuguese the greatest silence, calmness, and good order. Sloops of war in the Tagus flanked the right of their position; and a ball from one of their cannon killed General Saint Croix, the first day of our arrival, who had gone forward to the top of an eminence to make his observations.

The French tried, by every provocation, to induce Lord Wellington to give battle; but it was all in vain. That modern Fabius remained immoveable in his lines, and contemplated from his high rocks his enemies underneath with admirable unconcern. Wisely economical of the blood of his men, he refused to spill it for his personal ambition, or to risk, by one battle, the fate of the country he was intrusted to defend. It was to the vengeance of the natives that he wished to leave the French. He pursued a plan most deeply cal-

culated, in suffering them to perish with hunger and disease,—the never-failing scourges of invading armies, when they are not welcomed and seconded by the nation's wishes.

At the call of Lord Wellington, and the command of the Regency of Portugal, the entire population of the valley of Mondego, and part of that of the north bank of the Tagus, quitted their dwellings in a body. All the serviceable men had previously retired to the mountains with their cattle and their arms only; and at the approach of the French, there remained only an immense crowd of old men, women, children, priests and nuns, who simultaneously destroyed their own means of subsistence, to put them out of their enemies' reach, and retired to Lisbon to be under the protection of the English army.

The benevolence of several convents, stirred up by patriotism, and seconded by liberal alms, at first supplied the wants of these voluntary exiles, who, to save their country, had resigned themselves to Providence. In the streets, in the squares, and without the walls of Lisbon, a peaceful camp was formed for them behind the English intrenchments, which was nearly as essential to the prosperity of Portugal, as the armed warriors who struggled in her cause.

The French, in their rapid march between Almeida and Alenquer, to adopt their own words,* "found only towns and villages deserted, mills made useless, wine flowing in the streets, corn burned to ashes, and even furniture broken to

* See the Account of the Transactions in Portugal in the Moniteur of Nov. 30th 1810.

pieces. They saw neither horse, mule, ass, cow, nor goat." They were obliged to subsist on their own beasts of burthen, and the limited supply of biscuit they brought along with them to Portugal; for they calculated on obtaining by conquest the vast resources of one of the most commercial capitals in Europe.

Unexpectedly stopped, when they fancied themselves on the eve of terminating their travels, they were compelled to live on the victuals which the soldiers individually procured. Chance, necessity, native cunning, and the long habit of a wandering warring life, enabled them sometimes to discover provisions in the secret places where the natives had buried them, to be out of their enemies' reach.

On every side the French were surrounded, and their communications were all intercepted by flying corps, even before they reached the lines of Torres Vedras. Coimbra, where a garrison had been left, and different intendants to form magazines, as also sick and wounded to the number of five thousand,—this city was retaken by the Portuguese militia on the 7th, and other French posts besides, on the right bank of the Mondego. The roads by which the army of Massena should have received their provisions and ammunition, had all been occupied by the Portuguese corps, commanded by Generals Silveira and Bacellar, and the militia of Colonels Trant, Miller, Wilson and Grant. The right flank of his army was also disturbed and harassed by frequent sorties of the garrisons of Peniche, of Ourem, and of Obidos. The peasant bands and the militia corps, united to attack the detachments and foraging parties of the French,

whose daily bread was purchased at the cost of many lives.

While these individual contests raged in their rear, and on their flanks, with all the zeal that vengeance and exasperated national hatred could inspire, the English, always on the watch within their lines, enjoyed the most perfect peace, and lost not a single man. Their videttes never fired on those of the French; and their advanced posts did not attempt, by false attacks, to provoke or vex each other. This profound tranquillity which reigned in front between the two armies, was the result of that kind of tacit convention which usually exists between regular armies, who, though antagonists, have neither hatred nor passion to gratify, because they are only indirectly interested in the cause for which they contend.

The French continued waiting below the lines of Torres Vedras, suffering numberless privations with patience, in the hope that they would shortly reduce their enemies to despair. They trusted that the immense crowd of people, of every description, which they had driven before them, and shut up with the inhabitants of the capital in a narrow unfertile spot, would starve their enemy's army, and compel them to fight or to re-embark. But the English and Portuguese had the broad ocean behind them; and their swift and numerous ships had freedom of intercourse with the one or the other hemisphere. Provisions, at first, were supplied from England and Brazil; and, afterwards, numerous trading vessels, allured by the prospect of gain, transferred to the Tagus the abundance of Africa and America, and the nearer supplies of

the provinces in Spain and Portugal that had not been invaded.

The French, weakened by their daily losses, and by sickness, the consequence of want and inactivity, began at length to find themselves in the very situation to which they trusted their foes would be reduced.

Their detachments were kept from foraging in their rear, towards Upper Estremadura, by the river Zezere, and the town of Abrantes. The bridges of the Tagus, on their left, being destroyed, they were separated, by this means, from Lower Estremadura and Alentejo. These districts had hitherto been untouched; and their proximity tended to increase the desire which the French, amid their distresses, naturally had to possess them. They made several unsuccessful attempts to force the passage of the Tagus, in order to get at these much wished for provinces. Among others, they threatened the inhabitants of Chamusca, a small village on the opposite bank, that, if they did not bring over their boats, they would set fire to their dwellings. The fishermen, to whom the boats belonged, put an end to the question, by burning them all immediately. The country then flew to arms; and the English made one division of infantry, and another of cavalry, cross the Tagus, to oppose the designs of the French. Lord Wellington had received a reinforcement of 10,000 Spaniards, brought by the Marquis de la Romana; and by employing, in the land service, some cannoneers of the English fleet, he was enabled to despatch these divisions to guard the opposite banks, without weakening his lines.

The French having now waited below the lines of Torres Vedras for more than a month between Villa Franca, Sobral Villa Nueva, Otta and Aleventre, they began at last to find themselves in absolute starvation. They broke up their camp during the night of the 14th of November, and retreated to take up a position at Santarem, behind the Rio Major. The order and silence of their departure was such, that the English videttes opposite those of the French, were not aware till daybreak, that their enemies had retired.

The English, afraid that this movement of the French was intended to force the passage of the Tagus, sent over considerable reinforcements to strengthen the troops that were already there. Their army left the lines they had occupied on the 19th, and, following the route of the French, advanced in fighting columns opposite Santarem, near to the Rio Major, apparently determined to force the passage of that river. But they renounced this design when they saw the strength of the French position. Lord Wellington established his head-quarters at Cartaxo, placing his advanced posts on the right bank of the Rio Major, between that river and his former lines, that he might be ready to return there again if the French would come back and attack him with a superior force.

Santarem is situated on the summit of a lofty and almost perpendicular chain of mountains. In their foreground is another chain, not quite so elevated, on which the first of the French lines was extended. The Rio Major runs at the foot of these heights, and a little farther off flows the Tagus. The English had to cross a large extent of marshy ground by two causeways, which, as well

as the bridge, were completely commanded by artillery.

Marshal Massena had wisely chosen and fortified the position of Santarem, with the view of keeping the English in check on the Rio Major with very few troops, and of enabling him without any hazard to extend his cantonments to the river Zezere, over which he caused two bridges to be thrown. He occupied both its banks with a division of infantry, in order to overawe Abrantes, and protect the detachments sent to forage in Upper Estremadura. He wished to establish a communication with Spain by the route of Thomar, until the reinforcements for which he looked, and that were indispensable to the continuance of his operations after the losses he had sustained, should arrive, and chase the Portuguese militia from the posts on the roads in the valley of Mondego, which had every one been seized.

The corps-de-reserve under General Drouet, had left Valladolid on the 12th of October, on its way to the Portuguese frontier. The division of General Gardanne, which had remained to garrison Ciudad-Rodrigo and Almeida, had also commenced its march, to rejoin the army of Massena; but on the 14th of November, it had suddenly fallen back towards the Spanish territory, after approaching to within a few leagues of the first French posts. This division was deceived regarding the situation of affairs, by the great number of Portuguese militia, which had never ceased to harass it since it crossed their frontiers, and had even destroyed its van-guard. General Gardanne retired on the corps of General Drouet, and again

entered Portugal with it in the month of December.

The corps of General Drouet took its route by the valley of Mondego, and joined the army of Marshal Massena, after dispersing the hostile militia, but, as usual, not destroying them. The Portuguese General Silveira returned at the end of the month to attack the division of Claparède, who had been left at Trancoso and Pinhel, in the district of Coa, to preserve the communications of the army in Portugal with Spain. General Claparède united his division in consequence, routed General Silveira, and pursued him to the Douro. But he was obliged to retrace his steps to Trancoso and Guarda, on account of the movements of other bodies of militia under General Bacellar and Colonel Wilson, who, on the Pavio and at Castro Diaro, fell on his flanks and his rear.

These corps of militia never ventured to attack any but the weak parts of the army, such as the rear and van-guards, detachments, petty garrisons, or isolated troops, to whom they did incalculable mischief; and their numbers and local knowledge rendered it impossible that they could be destroyed. If they were dispersed in one place, they rallied in another, and every where united with them in their expeditions the armed population of the country.

General Drouet arrived at Leyria, and with the other French corps occupied the country between the sea and the Tagus, towards Punhète and Santarem. Marshal Massena caused a number of boats to be built at Punhète, in order to throw a bridge across the Tagus; a serious undertaking in a country depopulated of its inhabitants, and which

affords but limited resources at best. The English corps who occupied Mugem, Almerin, Chamusca, and Saint Brito, on the opposite bank, observed these preparations, and, to oppose them, began to construct batteries of very considerable strength.

It was of as much importance to the English to prevent the passage of this river, as it was to the French to effect it. The fate of Portugal, and the success of the future operations of either party, appeared at the time to depend on this one manœuvre. If Marshal Massena succeeded in his design, the English would be obliged to divide their force, and greatly to weaken themselves, by extending their lines on both sides of the river. The positions of Torres Vedras being less ably guarded, and being deprived of many necessary defenders, might then have been carried at the cost of some thousand lives, by a French corps advancing from Leyria upon Lisbon. If, on the other hand, the English had concentrated their troops within the lines of Torres Vedras, the French might have descended in the direction of the Tagus, after crossing it, and seized the small peninsula on which are built the towns of Palmela and Setubal. From its extremity, they might have commanded the course of the Tagus, and starved the city of Lisbon. In fine, from the heights of Almada opposite, they might have bombarded this capital.

On the 9th of January, Marshals Soult and Mortier arrived at Merida with all the disposable forces of the army of Andalusia, designing to lay siege to Badajoz and Elvas, and of thus co-operating with Marshal Massena, by obliging Lord Wel-

lington to dismember his army in defending that part of the Portuguese frontier. On the news of their approach toward Alentejo, the English sent additional troops under Generals Hill and Beresford to the south of the Tagus; and the inhabitants thereabout prepared to lay waste the country, that the French might be famished, according to the defensive system so successfully pursued by Lord Wellington on the left bank of the river.

To succour Badajoz, General Mendizabal was sent by the Marquis de la Romana with the 10,000 Spaniards he had brought to the lines of Torres Vedras. The Marquis was then sick of the disease which terminated his existence on the 24th of January at Cartaxo. He was deeply regretted by the English and Spaniards, and died with the esteem of his enemies, because he had never despaired of his country's cause, but persevered in continuing the war, amid endless disappointments, with such activity and resolution as usually belong only to conquerors. Marshals Soult and Mortier took Olivenza on the 23d of January, and on the 19th of February they crossed the Gevora and the Guadiana, invested Badajoz, and surprised and cut to pieces in his camp, the Spanish General Mendizabal and his army.

By this time the army of Marshal Massena had consumed all the provisions which could be procured on the right bank of the Tagus; and his foragers were obliged to extend their excursions to a circuit of twenty leagues. A great part of the army had to be continually occupied in providing for the wants of the remainder; and this precarious sustenance was daily obtained by very grievous losses. Marshal Junot having learned that

the English had formed a magazine of wine and corn on the Rio Major, went with two regiments of cavalry, and some infantry of his own corps, to appropriate it to the French. The English retired in time, and the Marshal was wounded in a slight skirmish, which happened between his advanced guard and the rear of the enemy. Cavalry ought, in a manner, to be the eyes and arms of a powerful army, being designed to procure and guard their provisions; but they were a burden to the French by their very numbers, and the difficulty of providing them in food. Besides, they were often useless in a mountainous country, intersected with defiles, and constantly infested with armed swarms of peasantry and militia.

The rage and hatred of the invaded nation, increased with the continuance of the war, because of the hardships they endured. The most timid peasants, who had fled to the mountains only for the sake of peace, were driven, by hunger and despair, from their undisturbed retreats. They poured down into the valleys, lay in ambush near the roads, and hung about the French in the difficult passes, to snatch the very victuals from them, of which they had been previously plundered themselves. A peasant, in the vicinity of Thomar, made choice of a cavern near that town as his place of refuge. During the month of February, he killed, with his own hand, above thirty Frenchmen, whom he surprised separately; and carried off about fifty horses and mules.

Since so great a proportion of our force had been employed in Portugal, the guerrillas of Spain had become twice bolder than ever. Spanish chiefs who had not more than a few hundreds under them

seven months before, now found themselves over formidable divisions, that frequently seized the convoys of ammunition and arms, destined for our armies in Portugal. Before these convoys could reach their destination, they had to cross a tract of hostile territory near two hundred leagues in extent. They were composed of muleteers, sent from the south of France; and Spanish peasants, who were constrained unwillingly to expose themselves to the almost certain danger of destruction, or of losing their mules. These peasants fled the first opportunity that offered, or sent notice beforehand to the guerrillas, so that when attacked they might be preserved. The least negligence on the part of these escorts, would have deprived the whole army of food.

By the beginning of March, Marshal Massena had finished the building of two hundred boats, and all his preparations for crossing the Tagus were completed. But he dared not attempt the passage without additional reinforcements. Marshals Soult and Mortier could render him no effectual assistance, by advancing towards the opposite bank, until Badajoz was reduced; and this city still held out.

Such was the situation of affairs, when a convoy of biscuit, expected from France, was taken by the Spanish partisans. On the point of absolute starvation, they were obliged to think of a retreat; and they abandoned Portugal, after a campaign of seven months, without having fought one regular battle. The English commander made his enemies yield to his perseverance, in pursuing a plan which left no chance of victory to others, by never affording them one opportunity of fighting.

On the 4th of March, the sick, the wounded, and the baggage of the French, departed on an immense train of beasts of burden, and the whole army next day commenced its retreat. Marshal Ney, who was charged with the care of the rear-guard, advanced with his corps from Leyria to Muliano, to menace, by this offensive demonstration, the flanks of the English army, and oblige them to remain inactive, whilst the other French corps were making progress.

The French reached Pombal on the 10th, and their rear-guard detained for the whole of the 11th, the van-guard of the English before that town. They abandoned it towards night, and moved onward, under cover of the darkness, to the strong position of Redinha on the Adanços. They repassed that defile on the approach of the English, under the protection of artillery stationed on the neighbouring heights, which thundered down on the van-guard of their enemies. The French rear formed in order of battle behind the pass of Redinha, and withdrew to the main body, which halted for them in the position of Condeixa.

The genius of the French, says an English writer, * was every moment manifest. They suffered no advantage of the ground to pass unimproved. Their rear-guards never abandoned a position they were charged to defend, until it was fairly turned, and then they only left it to take up a new position, and to commence a fresh defence. The French columns slowly retired to one central point in a chosen position, where they all united in a body

* History of Europe, Edinburgh Annual Register, vol. iv. 1811, p. 257.

to rest, to face the enemy, to repulse them, and again renew their march. Marshal Ney, with some chosen troops, covered the retreat, whilst Marshal Massena directed the march of the main body, and kept himself always ready to sustain the rear, if it required his help. "Never," says the English Military Journal,* "did the talents of this great captain shine so conspicuously; nothing can equal the skill he then displayed."

The French took up their position on the Ceira during the 15th, leaving an avant-guard at the village of Foz de Aronce, where a pretty brisk engagement happened. On the 16th they broke down the bridge over the Ceira, and left their position on the 17th to retire behind the Alva. There the English army stopped to wait for provisions; and as far as Guarda the French were followed only by light troops, Portuguese militia, and the people of the country they crossed. But these with bitter rage incessantly harassed them, and gave no quarter to the wounded or to stragglers who fell into their hands.

Want compelled them to march fast. In leaving Portugal they found it as they entered. The cities were deserted, the houses were empty, and no provisions could be found. The French soldiers, exasperated by their hardships and privations, abandoned themselves to every kind of outrage, and some villages and even towns were set on fire. In their rapacious pillage they profaned the churches and despoiled them of their ornaments, —they violated the tombs and dispersed the sacred relics,—they wreaked their vengeance on the guilt-

* Military Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 405

less ashes of the dead, when the living were beyond their reach.

The French remained at Guarda till the 28th, and on the approach of the English, abandoned that town to occupy the strong position of Ruivinha. They defended the ford of Rapoula de Coa on the 3d with some advantage; and on the 4th they repassed the Portuguese frontier, leaving a small garrison behind them in Almeida.

The defensive system which obliged the army of Massena to abandon Portugal, after having invaded it, was the same as that practised in Spain. Every nation that has a spark of patriotism may employ it with parallel success. It consists of nothing more than just avoiding regular battles, and obliging a powerful army to break itself down into weak disunited corps, for the purpose of carrying on a war in detail. Again, if it remains united, nothing more is necessary than to cripple it, by destroying every means of procuring its supplies, which will be the easier the greater its numbers, and the further removed by its conquests from the country they should come.

In the great military states of central Europe, where the nations care little about the quarrels of their governments, a battle gained, or a tract of country occupied, supplied the French with every thing they wanted. Provisions in abundance, horses, arms, and even soldiers, came pouring in upon them; and it might be said of their army, what Virgil says of Fame,—*vires acquirit eundo*, —it gained by going.

In Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, the strength of the French diminished as they advanced, by the necessity of detaching numerous

corps to oppose the scattered peasantry, to procure provisions, and to preserve an extended line of communication. Their army, even when victorious, found itself soon reduced to the situation of the lion in the fable, who tore himself with his own claws, in vainly attempting to get rid of the flies that continually followed and tormented him.

Europe never should forget that Spain, almost singly, supported, for upwards of five years, the weight of the immense power of the Emperor Napoleon. Victorious in Italy, on the Danube, on the Elbe, and on the Niemen—he had either crushed or leagued with him the greatest part of Europe. In uniting under his banners the conquered with their conquerors, he had converted his enemies into allies armed in his cause. Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, Saxons, Bavarians, and all the warlike nations of the Confederation of the Rhine, mingled in the ranks with Frenchmen, emulous of their glory, and delighting to display in battle that they too were inspired with contempt of death and danger.

The great Powers of the North and East of Europe, who, in spite of their misfortunes, had still strength enough to contend, were struck powerless by the illusion of Napoleon's power. He distributed kingdoms throughout Europe to his companions in arms, as he did governments in France to his followers; and the name and authority of King came at last to be regarded as no more than a step of military promotion in his army.

At the commencement of hostilities in 1808, the French had already invaded Portugal without striking a blow. They occupied Madrid, the very centre of Spain, and took by stratagem different

fortresses throughout that kingdom. The best of the Spanish troops were detained in Germany and Portugal, fighting in the same ranks with the French. Those who staid behind knew not then to distinguish between the orders of the French, and the will of their own monarchs, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII.

In keeping these sovereigns prisoners in France, and appointing his brother King of Spain, Napoleon hoped that a weak and powerless nation, deprived of their chiefs, would rather have preferred the rule of a stranger, than the scourge of war on the bosom of their country. Napoleon believed, and all Europe with him, that Spain would have yielded without a struggle.

During the five years of the war's continuance, the French had gained ten pitched battles in succession, and seized almost every citadel in the kingdom; but yet they had not reduced a single province to a permanent submission. Spain had been conquered to the gates of Cadiz, as Portugal to those of Lisbon. Even though both these cities had been taken, the fate of the Peninsula would not then have been sealed. Whilst the French were lying under the walls of Lisbon and Cadiz, troops of Spaniards made incursions to the gates of Toulouse, in the very heart of France.

One and the same spirit inspired the whole Spanish nation—love of liberty, and detestation of those strangers who meant to humble their national pride, and make them the slaves of a foreign yoke. It was neither armies nor fortresses that required conquering in Spain, but the single multifarious feeling which actuated all her citizens.

It was the Soul of one and all that needed to be humbled—that rampart which ball and bayonet cannot reach.

Since these Memoirs were written, we have witnessed in the north of Europe the Muscovite nation, and the Prussian people also, giving proofs of devotion to their country, in many respects similar to that which has done honour to the Peninsula. Russia, Prussia, and Spain, have all been speedily delivered from their common enemy. These events, which have changed the face of Europe, as powerfully demonstrate, as Spain's long and noble contest, that the real strength of States does not so much consist of the number or valour of their armies, as in a spirit of religious, patriotic, or political enthusiasm, strong enough to interest every individual of a nation in the public cause, as intensely as if it were his own.

VI.

NARRATIVE

OF

THE BATTLES OF

QUATRE BRAS, LIGNY,

AND

WATERLOO.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO,

&c. &c.

No event ever struck Europe with more alarm and astonishment, than the sudden reappearance of Napoleon Buonaparte on the coast of France, in March 1815. With about 1100 men, and in the space of twenty days, he regained possession of the French capital, and of that throne, from which his own folly and ambition had, not a twelvemonth before, hurled him. In his own language, his motive for returning to France, was the alleged intention of his vanquishers to remove him from Elba to some place more remote; and it is not improbable that the Allied Powers had this step in view. But at the same time, if he had not been aware of the actual situation of France, he would hardly have ventured upon so hazardous an enterprise. The people in general, and the army in particular, were dissatisfied with the new order of things; and a grand conspiracy had been set on foot, and had received the applause and support even of those in

whom Louis had most confidence. The greatest precautions were taken by those in power, who belonged to this conspiracy, to remove the Royal troops to a distance; whilst those who were known to be favourable to Napoleon's cause, were brought from the Rhine and the Garonne, and planted on the very route which they were aware he must of necessity pursue. The French Government, in fact, seemed careless of the approaching crisis. It was rumoured, in November 1814, that Buonaparte had agents in almost every regiment of the line. The ministers were furnished with a list of the traitors engaged in the plot, and a copy of the cipher in which they corresponded. The informer of this important piece of news was to have received six thousand pounds for the discovery. He was, however, branded as an impostor, and accused of having invented the story of the plot, for the purpose of defrauding the Government.

On the fifth of March, the French Government received intelligence of the landing of Napoleon. The Ministers pretended to treat the enterprise with scornful indifference, saying, the invader would be immediately surrounded and taken. Louis, however, viewed the event in its proper light, and instantly predicted the most fatal consequences; yet, notwithstanding, he conducted himself with that firmness and prudence which became his high station. On the morning of the twentieth, he found it advisable to quit Paris. He wished to have remained until the last moment, or rather to have awaited the coming of the invader. But it was well for him that he abandoned the idea.

When it was known that Louis had left Paris, his departure encouraged all who were favourable to Napoleon to proclaim themselves. At noon, the national guard tore down the flag of the Bourbons—mounted that of the usurper, and announced his approach. Napoleon entered Paris, almost without escort, and had nearly reached the Thuilleries before he was recognised, when the populace pressed around him, and entirely blocked up his passage. His officers then bore him in their arms into the palace, along the staircase, and into the state apartments, where his sisters, the Princesses Julia and Hortensia, and the officers of his household, were assembled to greet him. Such was the completion of this revolution, which had been reserved for an age, in which the French character had reached its acmé of versatility.

The King, meantime, with the household troops, and some chosen friends, took the road of Abbeville, for the Northern departments; and, after visiting Lisle, Ostend and Brussels, fixed his residence at Ghent. Buonaparte, having thus far accomplished his designs, and every necessary arrangement being in train, directed his whole attention to the subject of a reconciliation with the foreign Powers. Pacific overtures were sent to the Allies; but several of these were returned unopened, while others were left unnoticed and unanswered. The Allies acknowledged the indubitable right of every people to choose their own form of government; but this right, like every other, had its limits, and could not be exercised to the injury or danger of every surrounding country; and, as the return of Bona-

parte had reestablished in France a focus of disorders, and threatened the subversion of every other state, it became the right and the duty of every government, to prevent or destroy this source of inevitable calamity. From this the French Government anticipated nothing but war, and hastened to adopt measures for prosecuting it with vigour.

Napoleon, on his landing at Frejus, pledged himself, in his proclamations, to give France a constitution agreeable to her wishes. Accordingly, he now suggested, that one person should be chosen, by the Electoral College, from each department, to draw up the form of an additional act to the constitution of the empire, to be submitted to the nation; the votes to be collected, and the result made known at an assembly of the people, to be convened on the twentieth of May, in the Champ de Mars. Emissaries were sent privately every where through the suburbs of Paris, to rouse, by their harangues, what they termed a patriotic spirit in the people, and to draw in confederacy the youths of France round his standard. This artifice succeeded. In a few days, several thousands were anxious to be led to advancement and honour, as they termed it. Troops were immediately raised in the departments;—the national guards were embodied and distributed in the different garrisons of the country,—and, in a few days, France, transformed into one immense camp, sent forth army after army towards Belgium. The deputies of departments assembled at Paris, according to appointment, to assist at the meeting of the Champ de Mai, which had been delayed from time to time, but was finally fixed for the first of June. The ceremony was conducted with all that pomp and splendour which, Napoleon

knew well, suited the feelings of the people. That nothing might be wanting in stage-effect, a throne was erected in front of the Military School, in the centre of a vast semicircular enclosure, two-thirds of which formed on the right and left grand amphitheatres, in which fifteen thousand persons were seated; the other third, in front of the throne, was open. An altar was erected in the middle. Further on, and about one hundred toises distant, was placed another throne, which overlooked the whole Champ de Mars.

The Emperor having repaired thither in procession, appeared on his throne amidst universal acclamations. Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Tours, assisted by Cardinal Bayanne, and four other Bishops. After which, the members of the central deputation of the Electoral Colleges advanced to the foot of the throne. They were about five hundred in number. They were presented to his Majesty by the Arch-Chancellor; and one of them pronounced, with a loud and animated voice, an address, in the name of the French people. The energy and feelings of the speaker gradually extended to all around, and the whole Champ de Mars resounded with cries of "Vive la Nation!" "Vive l'Empereur!"

The members of the deputation remained seated on the steps of the throne until *Te Deum* was chanted, when the Presidents of the Electoral Colleges advanced to receive the eagles for the national guards of their departments. The eagle of the national guard of the Seine, that of the first regiment of the line, and that of the first marine corps, were carried by the Ministers of the Interior, of War, and the Marine.

Amidst acclamations, and surrounded by the eagles of all the armed corps of France, the Emperor proceeded to place himself on the throne erected in the middle of the Champ de Mars, where, as Colonel of the National Guards of Paris, and of the Imperial guard, he presented eagles to the presidents of the departments, and the six arrondissements, and to the chiefs of his guard.

Count Chaptal, president of the Electoral Colleges of Paris, and Lieutenant-General Durosnel, carried the eagles of the National Guard, and Lieutenant-General Count Friant that of the Imperial Guard. The troops marched in battalion and squadron, and surrounded the throne, with the officers in the first line. The Emperor said—

"Soldiers of the National Guard of Paris, soldiers of the Imperial Guard, I intrust to you the Imperial eagle, with the national colours. You swear to die, if necessary, in its defence, against the enemies of the country and the throne—[At this moment, all who were within hearing interrupted the Emperor with cries of "We swear."]—You swear never to acknowlede any other rallying sign. —[New cries of "We swear."]—You soldiers of the National Guard, you swear never to permit foreigners again to stain the capital of the great nation. To your courage I shall intrust it.—[Cries of "We swear!" a thousand times repeated.]—And you, soldiers of the Imperial Guard, you swear to surpass yourselves in the campaign which is about to open, and to die rather than to permit foreigners to dictate laws to your country." —[Here the acclamations, and the cries of "We swear," resounded through the whole of the Champ-de-Mars.]

The troops, forming nearly fifty thousand men, including twenty-seven thousand National Guards, then defiled before his Majesty, amidst cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and the acclamations of an immense multitude, covering the Champ-de-Mars, and extending to the Seine. His Majesty then entered the Military School, through a crowd, which with difficulty opened to afford him a passage, and finally returned in his carriage to the Thuilleries, in the same order of procession as he arrived in the Champ-de-Mars.

He departed on the evening of the thirteenth of June to join his army. On his arrival at Avesnes, he immediately issued one of those addresses to his soldiers which he generally did on taking the field. In concluding it, he said, "The time had at length arrived, when it was necessary for them either to conquer their foes, or perish in the conflict." This address was as usual received with loud acclamations.

With respect to the march and concentration of his troops, his arrangements were excellent. The different corps which had been marching for days from the departments, emerged, as it were, from the bosom of the earth, meeting to an hour at the appointed positions. Early on the morning of the 15th of June, he opened the campaign. The second corps, commanded by General Reille, attacked and drove the advanced guard of the Prussians from near Thuin, along the banks, and across the Sambre, at Marchienne, from Charleroi, and pursued them till they crossed the roads which led them behind the heights of Fleurus, where the Prussian Prince met them and the army at nightfall, and where he resolved to risk a battle on the

succeeding day. Meantime, General Reille, instead of following the Prussians, who had crossed the fields on their right, to join their main body, passed the town of Gosselies, and, being closely followed by the first corps under General D'Erlon, continued his course till he came to the high grounds at Frasnes.

Long before this, the Emperor, who had accompanied the second corps for a considerable way, had gone back to Charleroi, where Marshal Ney, who had been suddenly called from a sort of disgraceful retirement, to receive a mark of his confidence, met him, and was ordered to put himself without delay at the head of the first and second corps, which were then, he said, far on the Brussels road. The Marshal accordingly set off, and reached the most advanced division of these corps that night.

The Belgians and Dutch, under the Prince of Weimar, having now opposed the progress of the French, a battle ensued ; and had it not been owing to the accumulation of force, and the coming up of Ney, the latter could have made no impression. But owing to this, the Prince of Weimar felt it necessary to fall back, which he performed gradually, and in perfect order. The Prince of Orange having had intelligence of the affair, sent forward some regiments to his assistance, when this truly gallant officer again turned upon the enemy with so much vigour, that after a conflict, in which an immense loss was sustained on both sides, he succeeded in driving them back, till he nearly regained his former position.

Intelligence of the enemy's advance on Thuin was received at Brussels, on the evening of the 15th

by the Duke of Wellington; but, as the information did not represent their approach as leading to any thing of importance, he only ordered the army to hold itself in readiness to march at a short notice. But the Duke, upon reconsidering the affair, thought that the blow would be promptly followed up; and upon this supposition, began to forward his arrangements for the field. The various divisions were commanded to move forward, at given hours, according to the distance of the places at which they were encamped from Brussels; but the interval of time between this and the arrival of a second messenger, was so short, as entirely to prevent their union as the Duke of Wellington had wished. The Duke and most of the British officers who were in Brussels, went to a ball at the Dutchess of Richmond's; and it is known that many of them entertained no other idea of their warlike pursuits, than that an hour or two hence they might be called upon to go to battle. In the middle of the night, a second courier reached Brussels, and announced to the Duke in the ball-room, by a letter from Prince Blucher, that Charleroi had been taken—that the Prussians were concentrating in the rear of Fleurus—that the Belgians were contending with the second corps of the French, on the road to Frasnes—and that the enemy were advancing in full force.

The Duke of Wellington, without leaving the party, merely ordered that notice should instantly be sent to the officers commanding divisions, that they should proceed without delay and meet him at Quatre Bras. These commands being communicated, the drums of every corps beat to arms—

their bugles, sounding at intervals, were heard far and near alarming the drowsy, and spreading consternation among the people. The whole town and its environs continued to present till the dawn a scene of preparation. The light had scarcely broke, when the assemblage and formation of the battalions commenced. The Park and the Place Royale exhibited a continual bustle of armed men, who met and "went on and off, and gathered and formed in a hazy obscurity." The anxiety, silence and deportment of the spectators, produced a gloomy dismay; and, in a word, the effect was such, as could not but fill the most careless observer with inquietude. The confusion and noise, however, abated on the approach of the different commanding officers. Every soldier took his place, and the whole stood ready to march at sunrise.

Two distinguished Highland regiments, the 42d and 92d, were among the first to muster. During their stay in Brussels, they had ensured for themselves the respect and affection of the inhabitants, who had come forth, at this early hour, to bid them adieu, and see them march to battle. This was owing entirely to that deferential attention which the officers and soldiers of these regiments paid to the community at large.

Where these men happened to be quartered, they displayed the utmost simplicity of manners, so that it was no extraordinary thing to see them watching and leading about the children of their hosts. Now they were to pass from this state of ease and pleasure to dangerous and arduous duties. As they approached the field where the Belgians and Dutch fought, they became inspired with their characteristic intrepidity, and

pushed forward with an affecting mixture of sober gravity and military glee.

The army of Napoleon, now on the frontiers, formed a grand total of one hundred and fifty thousand men, well equipped and supplied with every necessary store. Of this number twenty-five thousand were cavalry, to which may be added, a train of artillery of nearly three hundred pieces.

Among his equipments, a deficiency of artillery was anticipated—the allies having, in 1814, carried off most of the French field train; but it appeared that the loss had been speedily and completely supplied. Cavalry was also a species of force in which he was supposed to be weak; but the very reverse proved to be the case, for a finer body of French horse never took the field. On the part of the Allies, Prince Blucher, with eighty thousand men, occupied the heights between Brie and Sombref; and General Bulow, with the 4th corps, hastened to join him between Liege and Hannut.

The Duke of Wellington, as has been mentioned, was at Brussels: his army was now in motion, and he left that city himself at nine o'clock, with his staff and some light horse, so that he might overtake and pass the most advanced of those regiments which had left Brussels that morning, before any of them should reach the appointed place. In the mean time, the French, in their advance by Fleurus, discovered the position which the Prussians had taken up on the rising ground which surrounds the mill of Bussu. Napoleon, on the instant, resolved to fight them, and made his dispositions for attack upon the spot.

Marshal Ney, with the second corps, having the first corps in reserve, moved forward upon the Brussels road, and attacked the Prince of Weimar, as he had done the preceding evening. But, as the Duke of Wellington had previously ordered, he fell slowly back, that an opportunity might be given to Picton's and the Duke of Brunswick's division to meet his troops in the fields at Quatre Bras at the same moment, and so at once form a force sufficient for the contest, till other regiments, which were on the march, should arrive.

All this was accomplished in as perfect a manner as possible, only the Belgians and Dutch had been contending with the French at Quatre Bras for some time previous to the arrival of the British.

The possession of a position here, appears to have been a matter of much importance to us, as behind it were the roads by which a junction of the Prussian and English armies might easily have been made, should circumstances have so ordered it. But while this position was favourable for these reasons, it was also very advantageous to the French, particularly by affording them shelter, under cover of extensive thickets, in almost every direction. The fields were partly enclosed, and covered with rye, exceedingly tall, and reaching almost to the men's shoulders. The Prince of Weimar, in retiring, was gradually followed by the enemy, who, before his troops had actually reached the position they were to occupy, had overtaken them with nearly their whole force. The cuirassiers made several desperate charges, and the infantry, in columns, pressed on, and gave almost

irresistible aid. He beheld the storm raging everywhere—his little army was fighting and falling in uncertain battle ; and, at the same time, had no intelligence of the approach of any assistance.—This was a trying scene for so young an officer ; but he acquitted himself in a manner which did him honour, and by his personal courage gloriously maintained the struggle.

The Duke, with his whole retinue, at last arrived, and the fears of the Belgians were at an end ; they felt as if they had already won the battle. He surveyed the ground, and sent notice to the generals commanding the approaching divisions, of the situation which the different regiments were to occupy on emerging from the road. Our troops had nothing to do but to face their foes, fight, and conquer.

From the time the Duke made his appearance, a considerable time elapsed, and the battle became more furious. The Prince and his army, whose prospects of immediate assistance were elevated on his arrival, began to despond, seeing there was no appearance of aid—when suddenly the pipe of a Highland corps was heard playing a pibroch, the never-failing incitement to deeds of valour. The 28th, 42d, 79th, 92d, 95th regiments, and Royal Scots, were the British corps which first defiled into the field of Quatre Bras. They took up their different stations under a heavy cross-fire of musketry and cannon, and, in the face of cavalry, waiting, like birds of prey, to swoop down upon them.

The 42d was among the first of the Scotch regiments which came into action. They advanced,

and charged a large body of infantry, which they broke and put to flight. But, in performing this, a very disastrous occurrence took place. The light company in van, together with the one next it, in a moment of ardour, threw themselves forward with more impetuosity than caution, and were soon at some distance from the main body. In this very critical time, when the whole field was eclipsed in thick smoke—the lancers were observed passing the wood, and preparing to charge. Sir Robert Macara, Colonel of the 42d, and other officers, at first believed them to be Belgians, and it was not till their near approach that the mistake was discovered. The adjutant was then despatched to bring in the two companies, and the regiment was ordered to form; but in this manœuvre, considerable delay took place; nor was a square formed till Major Dick rode in among them, calling loudly for the men to rally round him, in the best and quickest manner they could. Sir Robert Macara, at the same moment, was shot by a tirailleur, and pierced by a lancer as he was falling from his horse. The two companies having failed in their attempt to rejoin the regiment, were obliged to form hastily to defend themselves. This little square was completed in the best possible order, before the lancers reached it. Still the attack was made with so much fury, that nearly one-half of the Highlanders were killed, and many severely wounded. The adjutant, in performing his mission, was unavoidably left out of the square, and had nearly fallen. A lancer pushed towards him as he was endeavouring to regain his regiment, when his horse was, by good for-

tune, shot, and falling, pitched him safely under the bayonets of his own corps.

The lancers having fulfilled their object to the utmost of their power, retired, and those of the two companies of the Highlanders who survived were at liberty to return. The regiment was now speedily reunited, the square reduced, and a line formed four deep. Thus situated, and again charged by cavalry in front and rear, they nobly fought back to back, and in a short time brought down about three hundred of their assailants. In this manner did these brave men continue their exertions, until they had repulsed no less than six successive charges of the enemy's horse.

The Duke of Brunswick, with his battalions, soon after entered the field—his cavalry instantly charged the cuirassiers in the most spirited style, although to little purpose, on account of the French armour, and the lightness of their own horses. Wherever they noticed that the French were likely to charge our infantry while in line, they rushed forward to frustrate their design;—in this service, therefore, they were of much benefit, and did not scruple to hazard, and even throw away, their lives.

The battle, on the part of the French, was conducted by Marshal Ney, and spread swiftly along our whole line. The Duke of Wellington, attended by his staff, stood in front of the 92d regiment, then drawn up inside a hedge, and across the road from which the farm-house of Quatre Bras takes its name. He dismounted there, in presence of the enemy, as did the officers who were with him, to consult a map, which he stretched on the ground, and continued, for some time, to look up-

on it as if there had been no transaction of any consequence going on. On the approach of some French cavalry, he and his attendants again mounted; and almost at that instant an officer whom he was addressing had his arm carried away by a cannon-ball. Of this accident the Duke scarcely took any notice.

The English Guards were now in sight, and were welcomed with rapture. Their approach was accompanied by a circumstance, which produced a very comic effect. A cannon-ball swept the knapsack from the shoulders of a private of the 33d regiment to some distance, without doing him the smallest injury. The man, however, unwilling to part with his knapsack, ran after, and brought it back in his hands. This was the cause of considerable amusement to his Grace, and all who noticed it.

Our line and force were now as complete as could be expected, when the distance which many regiments were from the field when the news of the state of affairs reached them, is considered. All were, however, in a state of progress, and marching rapidly to join the army.

The battle soon became general. The French, from their superiority of force, continued to advance with increasing confidence. They fought most furiously, and after being repulsed at one place immediately rallied at another, where their exertions became more arduous, and their efforts more desperate. They vied with each other in acts of bravery. The cuirassiers rode madly on, regardless of danger. Their armour, indeed, fitted them for the most daring enterprises; for they wore cuirasses, consisting of a breast-plate and back-

piece joined by clasps—those of the officers were of brass—those of the soldiers of iron, and proof against musket-balls not sent in a perfectly straight direction. A helmet, with cheek-pieces, completed their harness: their weapons were a long broad-sword and pistols.

Suddenly a party of cuirassiers, consisting of several hundreds, was observed to ride along the high road to Brussels, for the purpose of carrying two guns which gave them great annoyance. The 42d regiment took an opportunity of raking their flank, and at the same moment the two guns discharged a round of grape-shot, when almost every man and horse were brought to the ground. This only subdued for a little the fury of the enemy; for, impelled onward by their commander, they commenced a new series of attacks, although, in every assault, many of them fell. Our loss was also very considerable.

During these events, the 92d regiment lay in ambush, in a ditch, for the purpose of covering the station chosen by his Grace to direct the movements, having, at the same time, a complete view of the field. In this situation, they seemed, and felt neglected, when they saw the 42d and other regiments fighting and pressing forward. The young men, particularly those who had fought in Spain, could not suffer the contrast offered by their inactivity: They murmured, and said, to one another, "It will be the same now as it has always been—the 42d will have all the praise." But the soldiers of more experience softened them a little, by promising them, that, before the day was over, they should have enough of it. Colonel Cameron also reassured them, and told them, that "the

hour of glory was at hand." Soon afterwards, a squadron of cuirassiers, which had just attacked one of our regiments before forming, was in their turn assailed by the Burnswick cavalry; but after a gallant fight of a short duration, the latter wheeled, and were closely pursued. It was then that the 92d poured in their first volley on the cuirassiers. Never, it may be said, was a fire given with so complete an aim—every shot took effect. Over the horses that were brought down, those following at full speed rolled in indescribable confusion. Cavaliers, who, a moment before, elate with victory, were pursuing a retreating foe, and cutting them down with an unsparing hand, now found themselves overwhelmed by an overthrow which they could neither anticipate nor prevent. The crash of helmets and cuirasses under their ponderous horses, was nearly sufficient to drown the groans of those suffering a triple death: for such as missed a bullet, could hardly escape being bruised, and destroyed by the dying animals; and if, peradventure, any one rolled aside, it was only to be raised from the ground on the bayonet of an infuriated enemy. Even in this situation, however, and in these moments, an appeal to the humanity of our troops was never made in vain. One of those dragoons fell by a shot within a few paces of our men, and, on this occasion, a soldier rushed from the ranks with the intention, perhaps, of running him through; but the Frenchman loudly appealed to his liberality, with that easy and irresistible grace which seldom or never deserts his countrymen;—to which the other replied carelessly, in his peculiar national manner, "To the rear, then, you rascal, and take care of yourself."

During this conflict, the Duke of Wellington, who had repaired to another part of the field, resumed his station on foot, and directed his attention to the left of the line. Major Macdonald of the 92d, who was mounted, observing a column of French infantry rapidly approaching along the edge of a wood on the right, called the attention of his Grace to that part of the field of battle, who, on looking at them through his glass, in his usual tranquil tone, replied, "Yes, Major, there is a considerable body of them there;" then, turning to Colonel Cameron, he said, "Colonel, you must charge."

General Barnes, Adjutant-General of the army, instantly took off his hat and cheered, calling out "92d, whom I have often led—a column of the enemy is now advancing upon us, and the honour of repulsing it is entirely given to you." The 92d at that instant rushed forward, and by degrees drove back this column, which soon became much scattered, till they came to a house, having a garden, on the opposite side of the road. These were immediately occupied by the enemy, and being concealed, their fire was, of course, very destructive; but they were soon forced from this position, and pursued as far as the skirts of the wood from whence they had issued.

In this short but bloody contest, the 92d suffered a loss of nearly three hundred men—occasioned, not by their own immediate opponents alone, but from the cross-fire of others. Colonel Cameron was shot in the groin, and during a few minutes rode about as if insensible of his wound. He at last became so faint with pain and loss of blood, that he was about to drop from his horse, when some of

his men received him into their arms, and carried him to the rear. Three officers of the same regiment shared his fate, while no less than twenty-one lay wounded on the ground over which they had marched.

An officer pressing on, keeping his men up, felt a Frenchman throw his arms about his legs, and heard him imploring his protection to save his life. The person thus addressed, was too much occupied to pay instant attention to the supplication: but the wounded man entwining his grasp still more closely, and entreating him for the love of God—the officer put back the soldier who was about to plunge his bayonet into the breast of the unfortunate Frenchman. His preserver was soon afterwards struck by a grape-shot, and, when supporting himself to the rear, again passed the Frenchman, who was then sitting up gazing about him at the battle—they exchanged silent looks, and parted, to remain in utter ignorance of each other's fates.

The 33d regiment was opposed to a column three times its strength; but cavalry coming up, the regiment retired, and nearly one half of this column of French infantry entered the wood of Bossu unobserved: they remained there for some time, and, as sharpshooters, did much mischief. The Duke was the first who noticed them, and said immediately to the Prince of Orange, "What soldiers are these in the wood?" "Belgians," answered the Prince, who was not aware of what had happened. "Belgians," said his Grace, "they are French; let them instantly be driven out." General Maitland, accordingly, with the second battalion of the 1st Foot Guards, entered the wood in the face of a galling fire. The affair

was of the most desperate nature, and chiefly performed with the bayonet—the Guards rushed along, and the wood was soon in their possession. This gallant and rapid achievement, however, was attended with the loss of many valuable lives, and the maintaining of it was not less disastrous. Colonel Miller, and Lord Hay, an ensign in the same battalion, were among the slain.

It would be fatiguing the reader with repetition, to detail the particular share which the Guards, the Royal Scots, the 28th, 30th, 32d, 33d, 42d, 44th, 69th, 73d, 79th, 92d, 95th, the Brunswickers, the Belgians, and the Dutch bore in this unequal combat: Suffice it to say, that these gallant troops, so equally distinguished themselves by their discipline, perseverance, and courage, that it is difficult and impossible to say where the highest meed of praise should be awarded. If any one of the bands we have named seems to have earned more glory than another, it must be ascribed to position, or other circumstances, over which they had no controul—heroism the most devoted animated every bosom. Of this, there are some very extraordinary instances. A soldier of the 92d, struck by a musket-ball in the thigh, while limping to the rear, leaning upon his musket, was observed by a surgeon, who immediately dressed the wound, saying, "there is now no fear of you, get slowly behind." But the soldier looked round to his regiment, which he beheld enveloped in a cloud of smoke, "The presence of every man is necessary," he replied, and, re-fixing his bayonet, he returned to his post. In the evening, the same surgeon, who related this fact, inquired anxiously for this brave fellow, but

found he had perished. Neither men nor officers had regard for any thing but to fulfil their duty, and gain a victory.

It will be remembered how nobly the Brunswickers, towards evening, cut their way through the opposing ranks—impelled onward by the bitter recollection of the fate of their gallant chief. The Duke of Brunswick, at the fatal moment when he fell from his horse, was actively leading a body of his men to a furious charge against a column of French, who pressed upon a small detachment of the English guards, immediately in front of the wood of Bossu. This gallant leader, who had previously been twice wounded, and on each occasion was entreated to retire, and not hazard an existence so precious to his own people, could not be restrained longer than he saw that an effort was necessary. In the spirit of the days of chivalry, he had taken a solemn oath that he would never sheath his sword, till he had avenged the insults offered to his father's tomb. Who is there that will not lament that he should have fallen, at least before knowing how fully his wishes were accomplished, and how ample a share of the glory was to be attributed to the unwearied exertions of his own troops!

In detailing a battle like that of Quatre Bras, it is but justice to our men, to recal the circumstances under which they fought, to appreciate their exertions. The gallant regiments already named, arrived at the field of battle about two o'clock *p. m.* on one of the hottest days they could have experienced in the latitude of Belgium, with all their trappings on their backs. Exhausted and fatigued with a twenty miles march, unsupported either by cavalry or cannon, they were immediately led to en-

counter a force, fresh and well supplied with all these requisites;—their gallantry and invincible courage, therefore, appear in a most conspicuous light; for, ill equipped as they were, they subdued the enemy.

The French became intimidated by successive repulses, and no longer endeavoured to keep their ground. Marshal Ney instantly sent for the first corps, which he imagined was still in reserve; but to his surprise, he was told that Napoleon had disposed of it. "My plans," he exclaimed, "are destroyed, and the battle is lost." In his famous letter to the Duke of Otranto, he says, "It was then I was obliged to renounce the hope of victory, and, in spite of all my efforts, of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost exertions after that, could only maintain me in my position till the close of the day." Angry and desperate, this brave officer now brought forward the whole of his cavalry, and headed them in repeated charges. He found, however, that each successive charge only diminished the number of the assailants, without the slightest prospect of advantage. Our superior officers describe the impetuosity of these dragoons as truly terrible.

The French now saw the necessity of retiring; and that the Marshal's whole attention might be turned to a movement so very necessary, he left the cavalry in charge of General Roussel, with orders to cover and take the place of such of their infantry as had, and were giving way, that the ground might be preserved till they rallied. Failures, however, occurred in rapid succession; and the cavalry became so scattered and weak, that our infantry, as the French receded from their in-

effectual charge, rushed forward, and drove them back with immense loss. Their cavalry again collected into a body, and stood for some time on the Brussels road, as if intending to make another trial. Major-General Sir J. Vandeleur, with the 11th, 12th, and 16th light dragoons, followed by Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian, with the first regiment of hussars, K. G. L. the 10th and 18th English hussars, arranged themselves with rapidity for a charge; but, dispirited and beaten, the French horsemen suddenly sneaked away. The battle was decidedly ours; the enemy's fire slackened in many places, and our troops gained ground: still, at some points, there appeared a terrible contest, but by degrees they marched off, and the battle died away with the approach of night.

The evening of the 16th of June was far advanced, when a courier arrived from Prince Blucher, with intelligence of a very gloomy nature—such as seemed to blast the hopes which the victory at Quatre Bras had given birth to.

These despatches communicated, that on the night of the 15th, the Prussians fell back from behind Fleurus, and were posted on the heights between Brie and Sombref. A deep ravine, edged with a kind of thicket, ran along the front of the whole line; they also occupied the village of St Amand, in front of their right. Ligny was their centre, and their left rested on Sombref. "All these hamlets are strongly built, and contain several houses, with large court-yards and orchards, each of which is capable of being converted into a station of defence. The ground behind these villages forms an amphitheatre of some elevation, in front of which is a deep ravine, edged by straggling

thickets of trees. The villages were in front of the ravine, and masses of infantry were stationed behind each, destined to reinforce the defenders as occasion required. The contest about to take place was considered, by the combatants on both sides, as one in which many must fall before it would be decided—when the extent of the armies, and the hatred which existed between them, individually, were considered. The Prussians of our time will never forget, or forgive, the series of dreadful injuries inflicted by the French upon their country after the defeat of Jena. They remembered the period when Prussia had been blotted out of the book of nations—her Queen martyred—her King only permitted to retain the name of a Sovereign, to increase his disgrace as a bondsman. The successful campaign of 1814 was too stinted a draught for their thirst of vengeance, and the hour was now come, when they hoped for ample gratification. The French had also grounds of personal animosity not less stimulating. These very Prussians, to whom (such was their mode of stating the account) the Emperor's generosity had left the name of independence, when a single word could have pronounced them a conquered province—these Prussians, admitted to be companions in arms to the victors, had been the first to lift the standard of rebellion against them, when the rage of the elements had annihilated the army with which Napoleon invaded Russia. They had done more—they had invaded the sacred territory of France—defeated her armies upon her own soil, and contributed chiefly to the hostile occupation of her capital. They were commanded by Blucher, the inveterate foe of the

French name and empire, whom no defeat could humble, and no success could mitigate. Even when the treaty of Paris was received by the other distinguished statesmen and commanders of the Allies, as an arrangement advantageous to all sides, it was known that this veteran had expressed his displeasure at the easy terms on which France was suffered to escape from the conflict. Amid the general joy and congratulation, he retained the manner (in the eyes of the Parisians) of a gloomy malcontent. A Frenchman, somewhat acquainted with our literature, described the Prussian General as bearing, upon that occasion, the mein and manner of Dryden's Spectre Knight—

> Stern look'd the fiend, and, frustrate of his will,
> Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.

And now this inveterate enemy was before them, leading troops animated by his own sentiments, and forming the van-guard of immense armies, which, unless checked by decisive defeat, were about to overwhelm France, and realize those scenes of vengeance which had been, in the preceding year, so singularly averted.

Napoleon having, in his movements, discovered the main body of the Prussians, resolved to give them battle without delay. He led the 3d corps in person against the Prussians stationed at the village of St Amand,—the 4th corps marched against those who were at Ligny ;—Marshal Grouchy, with the right division, drew near to Sombref. The battle commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, and soon after, the division of General le Foil carried St Amand, while, at Ligny, the French, with difficulty, succeeded in establishing themselves in a part of the village.

There the combat continued till nightfall. The movements of the contending parties, were confined to a very narrow space ; and as those fighting were slain, fresh troops on both sides constantly came up. The greatest personal hatred prevailed between the soldiers of both armies ; and, for a time, quarter was neither asked nor given.

The vast artillery of the French, being ranged advantageously, opened a fire, which the Prussians allowed was really awful—but their artillery, in exchange, had its effect. The battle raged throughout the lines, but hottest at Ligny. On the side of the Prussians, the enemy's shells set it all in a blaze.

At St Amand, the Prussians were actually overwhelmed, and, while giving way, Prince Blucher put himself at the head of a battalion of infantry, with which he drove the French from the village and the rising ground in its front. At Sombref, the Prussian General Thielman fought Marshal Grouchy successfully ; and it was not till near the end of the day that he withdrew to a place where he could fight his opponent with less loss, thinking that he would be joined by part of the troops under General Bulow, or by a portion of the British ; but, from circumstances, it was impossible for either the one or the other to render him the smallest assistance. The troops of Bulow had the greatest difficulties to encounter on their march, on account of the great distance and badness of the roads. The Duke of Wellington was attacked by superior force ; and had it not been for the unyielding spirit of his troops, he would have had more need of assistance than the Prussians themselves.

In the centre, however, and towards the right, Napoleon had good reason to fear, that the bravery of the Prussians would frustrate all his hopes. This doubt of victory seemed to overcome his temper, and, in the heat of his rage, he sent for the first corps, which Marshal Ney held in reserve; and then, column upon column, was hurled against the Prussians.

The French, a second time, entered the churchyard of St Amand, after a sacrifice dreadful to contemplate; and the Prussians retired, fully satisfied with the price it had cost the enemy. The night was fast drawing on—the whole Prussian army was engaged. Blucher often looked, but in vain, for the coming of the fourth corps,—his reserves were all in action, while the French had both cavalry and infantry which had not been engaged.

At length, a division of the enemy's infantry, taking advantage of the twilight to conceal their movement, made a tour round the small village of Ligny, and threw themselves on the rear, while the cavalry charged the front of the Prussian line. In this manœuvre the French were successful, and the Prussians gave to them a position, which, from its ruinous state had become of no value. Napoleon at last resolved to send his horse and foot on the centre, and endeavour to break it. Several battalions of his guards, and some cavalry, were in the act of performing this mission, when the Prussians perceived their object, and directed their cannon to bear upon them as they issued from a ravine. But notwithstanding the carnage made among these men, they moved steadily onward. The conflict continued until the opposing

columns, divided as it were by the piles of dead, gradually and mutually withdrew.

The battle slackened on the part of both armies, and the Prussians, with a view to join the English, formed into solid squares, and in the most perfect order, and, unmolested, continued their movement upon Tilly.

The Prussians certainly deserve much praise for the gallantry they displayed in this desperate battle. Blucher set them an example which was faithfully followed. Where the conflict was hottest, he was always seen. In the dusk of the evening his horse * was shot, and fell with him as he was returning from an unsuccessful charge. The French, in following up their advantage, galloped by without observing him. The Prussians, missing their Prince, turned on the instant, made a charge so furious, as to repel the French considerably beyond the place where he lay, and relieved him from the perils with which he was environed.

The loss of the two armies is supposed to have been nearly equal. The Prussians averaged theirs to be from 15,000 to 20,000 men. A few pieces of artillery were left, which, on account of the ground, could not be easily removed.

Napoleon regarded the issue of this battle as of the highest importance. Though it did not produce the consequences of a great victory, he considered that he had fully attained his object, at least so far as to separate the armies of Prussia and England. He drew off the main body of his army, and marched it on Frasnes, to join the troops under Marshal Ney, and be forthwith directed a-

* This was the same horse which was presented to the Marshal by the Prince Regent.

gainst the army of the Duke of Wellington. Grouchy was left, with the third and fourth corps, and the cavalry under Pajol, to follow the defeated enemy.

During the night, the Prussians occupied Brie and Sombref; but evacuated them early next morning, and retired on Gembloux, whence, continuing their march, they sought the shortest way to Waterloo.

On the morning of the 17th of June, the British and allied armies were under arms, when a courier arrived with despatches for the Duke of Wellington, announcing the retreat of the Prussian army upon Wavre. These were tidings which seemed sufficient to induce the Duke to cause his army to fall back to where a junction could be made. A retreat was ordered, and effected without observation; and before eleven o'clock, the whole army was on the great road which leads to the forest of Soignies. Nothing could excel this skilful and well executed movement. For a considerable time Napoleon was diverted with the appearance of the strong rear-guard, which he saw at the entrance of the wood, and on the road, and which he took for the main body of the British army. His attention was occupied, during the march of our army, in arranging his masses for battle, when two or three squadrons of British dragoons were all that were left for him to contend with. His manœuvres afforded a rich treat to some of our officers, who witnessed the bustle and speed of his cavaliers, riding to and fro. At length his troops moved forward, and, to their utter astonishment, found that the main body of the English army had retired, and were then considerably in advance on

the road to Brussels. A pursuit was immediately ordered, and, some hours afterwards, their cavalry pressed on the rear of the British columns.

In their march, the wind blew extremely fierce, and the rain fell heavily and incessant;—the roads, which were covered with a thick clay, could scarcely be traversed by the cavalry. This rendered the march slow and fatiguing. The infantry of our army were suffered to retire quietly, with the exception of the fall of a few shells occasionally, which did no material harm. During the rest of the day, nothing happened of importance, except some skirmishes of cavalry.

In the retreat, the honour of being the rear-guard to the British army, was conferred on the 7th, or Queen's own hussars, a regiment which had distinguished itself conspicuously during the Peninsular war. This regiment formed into three squadrons, and retired at a walk, along the chaussée from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, during which their skirmishers were warmly engaged with those of the enemy in the adjacent fields. In this manner they protected the rear of our army, till they had nearly cleared the long town of Gennape, when suddenly a body of lancers, having crossed the fields, came full in the front of the first squadron, and fell upon it. The third squadron, however, dashed forward, and, mingling with the enemy, completely repulsed them. The Marquis of Anglesea, on his approach with the Life Guards to their assistance, beheld the enemy in full flight, and even pursued and cut down by his hussars.

Captain Elphinstone happened to be taken prisoner in this affair. Shortly afterwards he was taken before Napoleon, who, being then on foot,

came forward to meet him. His first salutation was,—" Of what rank are you?" and on being told, he said, " Do you think I shall overtake your infantry?" To this the Captain replied, that it was impossible for him to tell. " What!" said Napoleon, " You a captain of hussars, and can't tell that? Where, then, is the main body of your cavalry?" " In front of us now, and in rear of our infantry," answered the Captain. " And what is their force?" continued Napoleon. " I do not exactly know," replied the Captain, wishing to conceal our real force. " What!" said Napoleon, again, " you seem to know nothing." And then, seeing he was wounded, he sent him to the rear, desiring that he should have medical aid. After this, Captain Elphinstone and another officer were put into a garret in Gennape, where they remained till relieved by the Prussians, on the evening of the following day.

The 7th light hussars having thus far covered the retreat, and being greatly fatigued by incessant manœuvring, the General commanding the cavalry relieved them, and put the Life Guards in their place, who also checked the French horse in a manner which reflected upon them the highest honour. By seven o'clock they reached the memorable plain of Waterloo, where they found our army in position.

It was then almost night, and full time the wearied foot-soldier had a rest, to fit him for the arduous task which he was aware it would be his province to perform on the succeeding day. The dear-won success at Quatre Bras, while it had cost many valuable lives, had not produced one decisive result. A toilsome advance and bloody

action had been followed by a retreat equally laborious to the soldier; and the defeat of the Prussians, which was now rumoured with the usual allowance of exaggeration, had left Bonaparte at liberty to assail them separately with his whole force, except what small proportion might be necessary to continue the pursuit of their defeated and disappointed allies. If to this it be added that, their ranks contained many thousands of foreigners, on whose faith they could not implicitly depend, it must be owned, there was sufficient scope for melancholy reflexions. To balance these misgivings, remained their confidence in their commander, their native and undaunted courage, and a stern resolution to discharge their duty, and leave the result to Providence. The afternoon and the evening passed away with only some random firing between the outposts of the two armies—darkness at length came on, and the soldiers on both sides were suffered to lie down and sleep.

The Duke of Wellington, with the assistance of Colonel Carmichael Smyth and Sir William de Lancey, had completed his arrangements in the field; and on this occasion he observed to his attendants, that he remembered, on crossing these plains in the summer of 1814, he took particular notice of the ground, and then declared, that, if ever it should be his fortune to defend Brussels, the side on which he had just arranged his army, would be the position he should occupy. He shortly afterwards repaired to the village of Waterloo, about a mile in rear, where he took up his quarters for the night.

The field of battle, as occupied by the contend-

ing armies, is in full view from the eminence which the Duke afterwards selected for his station. The armies were ranged opposite to each other, and any one standing there, can easily picture to himself their exact positions. Our extreme right extended to the village of Merke Brane, and our left rested on the rising ground above the hamlet of Ter la Haye, with the view of opening a communication with the Prussians in the direction of Wavre, upon which the Duke of Wellington knew they had retired after the severe and bloody conflict of the 16th. In front of our right centre appeared the Chateau of Hugomont. In front of our left centre stood the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. The second and fourth British divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverian, and the first of the Netherlands, commanded by Lord Hill, occupied the right front. The corps of the Prince of Orange, the Brunswick and the Nassau regiments, with the Guards under General Cooke, on the right, and the division under General Alten on the left, composed the centre.

The left wing, consisting of the division of General Picton, a brigade of the sixth division under General Lambert, and the troops of the Prince of Weimar, extended to our extreme left. The cavalry were in the rear of our centre, and the artillery was ranged along our whole line. These were precisely the positions of the opposing armies on the morning of the 18th of June.

The weather, which for some time before had been excellent, became, of a sudden, exceedingly stormy; and, during the night of the 17th, the rain fell in torrents, and brilliant flashes of lightning illumined the adjacent scenery, and

spread a terrific radiance over the dark brow of night. The ears of our soldiers were stunned by the thunder, as they lay uncovered in open bivouac. Such a night was truly fit for the demons of death, rejoicing over the fate of those whose thread of life was nearly spun. All looked anxiously for the morning's dawn: it seemed as if Nature had been unwilling to lend her light to the performance of the mighty and bloody purpose of the two warring hosts.

Our army had to sustain this elemental warfare in the open fields, without refreshment, or any sort of covering. The officers were not better provided than the common men—their place of rest was among the standing corn, or in the furrows of the lately ploughed fields; and even in these places, many of them slept as soundly as if they had been upon beds of down. But if these hardships were terrible to the soldiers, they were also terrible to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country—whose homes had been plundered and occupied by the French, and who had, in despair, sought safety in the woods.

The night, notwithstanding the fury of the weather, was occupied by Napoleon in bringing up his whole legions. At daylight, they were seen posted all along the heights opposite to our position. When he came to the field in the morning, he is said to have expressed much surprise that the British maintained the same ground which they did the preceding night. When he saw them, he could not contain his joy, and immediately exclaimed, "Ah, I have them, then, these English!"

About five o'clock the same morning, a man named Jean Baptiste La Coste, who lived at the

house called La Belle Alliance, was taken prisoner and carried before him. Asking him if he knew the roads, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he mounted him upon a horse, with his hands tied behind, and giving the reins to a trooper, forced him to serve as guide. Soon afterwards, he stepped forward to an eminence, just as the troops of both armies were taking up their appointed positions. Here he remained for a considerable time; and having had a full view of both lines, could not help saying, "How steadily the English take their ground! How well their cavalry form! Observe," said he to Soult, "those gray horse! Are they not noble troops? Yet, in half an hour, I shall cut them to pieces!" And immediately, with eager impatience, even before he had ascertained the situation of the Prussians, or so much as inquired into the strength of the British, he hurried on his troops from the rear, and in haste, as it were, for vengeance, prepared for battle.

In a short time his cavalry began to cover the ridge of La Belle Alliance; and as our cavalry were kept in readiness to encounter them, the infantry supposed, that for the present an engagement would take place only between the horsemen of both armies. It was soon found, however, by the desertion of a French officer of cuirassiers, that a general attack would be made upon our right, left, and centre, at nearly the same time, by a combination of all sorts of force.

As soon as it was announced to Napoleon that all the troops were forward, and every thing ready, he retired, and took his station on a rising ground, on the right of the road, at no great distance from the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, where he had

slept the preceding night. There he mused alone, for a little, walking to and fro, a short way in front of his staff. The time was at last come which was to afford him an opportunity of measuring swords with that Wellington of whom, a few days before, he had vauntingly said he should give a good account.

These two formidable armies were then completely within view of each other. In a moment so appalling even to the most courageous—when reason, unbiassed by that self-contemning enthusiasm which the heat of battle inspires, calmly weighs the danger, an officer, who stood with the Duke, expressed his wish for the arrival of the Prussians. "The roads are heavy," replied his Grace; "they cannot be here before two or three o'clock; but my brave men will keep double yonder force at bay till then." He was sure of the sentiment that prevailed in the Prussian army—an eager desire to be forward in time, to obtain a share of the glories and dangers of the day. "Keep your ground, brave English!" was the general exclamation, of Blucher's troops—"only keep your ground till we come up;" and they accordingly made all possible haste to get into the field.

The wind and rain, which had continued throughout the night, had almost ceased when the thunder of the cannon commenced. It is believed that the Duke of Wellington did not expect that a battle would be fought on the 18th; for no one could have supposed that Bonaparte would have been able to bring up his whole army, at least before the afternoon, considering the bad state of the roads. But at all events, our whole force was

stationed and prepared to meet them. His Grace, attended by Colonel Carmichael Smyth, his chief engineer, and other officers, went out, after taking a hasty breakfast, to survey the field, and had just arrived upon the heights behind Hugomont, when of a sudden he observed a column of French descending towards that post. Major Kulchman's troop of horse-artillery being then a little way in front of him, he rode up and ordered one gun in the first instance to be fired, probably with a view to try its effects. The gun was well laid; a Colonel and two soldiers of the enemy were knocked down, upon which the artillery-men cheered; and a few other guns, which had been also levelled at the same column, were discharged one after another, obliging the enemy to retire till joined by other columns, which our troops could perceive were about to be put in motion.

In the mean time, some of the Duke's attendants rode to the place where the killed and wounded French were lying, and found their commander expiring. Immediately upon the full movement of the enemy to the destined points of attack, a host of sharp-shooters were detached across the fields, to lead on the action. Our troops were in the act of swallowing their breakfast, when an aid-de-camp, riding at full speed along the line, called out to them, as he galloped past, "Stand to your arms —the French are advancing!" and in an instant our "heroes rose, like the breaking of a blue-rolling wave," cold, hungry, and drenched to the skin, and calmly ranged themselves for battle.

On the approach of the French columns, which were seen branching off to the right, left, and centre, an awful silence reigned throughout the whole

of our line. "At that moment, a sinking of the heart was acknowledged by one of our best and bravest officers, when he looked round him, and considered how small was the force properly belonging to Britain, and recollected the disadvantageous and discouraging circumstances under which our soldiers laboured. A slight incident reassured him. An aid-de-camp galloped up, and, after delivering his instructions, cautioned the Guards to reserve their fire till the enemy were within a short distance. "Never mind us," answered a veteran guardsman; "never mind us, Sir, we know our duty." From that moment, he knew that the hearts of the men were in the right trim, and that, though they might leave their bodies on the spot, they would never forfeit their military reputation. A few minutes afterwards, the conflict began.

The French, from the left, under Prince Jerome, drove furiously towards the right of the British position, taking, in their way, the chateau of Hugomont, and the troops that were stationed on the great road to Brussels. The orchard, woods, and walls of Hugomont, were filled with Nassau troops, who acted as sharp-shooters. There was also within them a Brunswick regiment, and a few field-pieces. The light companies of the four battalions of the Guards, together with the 7th company of the Coldstream regiment, were placed in the garden, and around the house. They were commanded by their respective officers; but the whole remained under the directions of Colonel Home, to whose bravery and judgment our success within these walls may be chiefly ascribed.

The French, in advancing, were perfectly aware

how the position was occupied; but they never imagined that any delay would occur in their attack on our right, in consequence of a handful of men, who, as they supposed, would retire on their approach. They therefore, leapt dauntlessly within the enclosures; the Nassau troops gave way; and the chateau itself must have fallen into the hands of the assailants, had it not been for the desperate exertions of the English guards. A French officer, followed by a few men, forced his way into the court-yard of the chateau; but they were met by Colonel MacDonell and some guardsmen. They fought for a few minutes hand to hand; but were soon driven into the garden, and afterwards into the orchard, where they combated with an obstinacy that death alone could overcome. The Guards at length prevailed. The house and its offices then became the object of the enemy's fury, and the whole was set on fire, by means of their shells; but, although the consequences were truly lamentable to us, they were of no advantage to the enemy; even the shrieks and groans of our wounded, who had reeled within the buildings, and perished in the flames, were almost unheaded by their comrades, on whose bravery depended the fate of this important post. Grape-shot, shells and flames, could not dislodge them, till the talismanic word Duty, called them forth, at the end of the day, to pursue a conquered foe.

This was a serious obstruction to the execution of the plan which Napoleon had concerted, and at once laid open to our Commander his first, and probably his future views. When Jerome saw he could make no impression, and that

much valuable time had been wasted, he brought round his troops by the side of Hugomont, and attacked our right with his whole force. The cavalry, which had been gathering together for some time in the line of La Belle Alliance, of a sudden dashed forward with a noise and impetuosity that seemed for a time sufficient to sweep from their course every sort of opposition. The light troops, acting in the capacity of sharp-shooters, were of necessity obliged to fall back. The foreign cavalry, which were sent forward to cover the infantry, also gave way, and left them to fight their own battle. The infantry, in every respect, were better fitted to receive them—they were drawn up in squares, leaving a space sufficient for each to deploy whenever an opportunity offered; and the regiments were placed, in many places, particularly between La Haye Sainte and Hugomont, much like the alternate squares upon a chess-board.

The charge, after all, did nothing for the enemy; but it proved to our soldiers how well they were able to set a numerous cavalry at defiance, and even to disperse them by their fire.

Lord Edward Somerset, noticing the proceedings of the enemy, who coolly walked their horses round and round our infantry, and interrupted the fire of our artillery to some extent, immediately proposed to Sir John Elley to lead his brigade against them. Permission was accordingly obtained, and Sir John resolved to accompany him. This brigade, consisting of the first and second regiments of Life Guards, the first regiment of Dragoon Guards, and the Blues, set off at full speed, and crossed the ridge with so much rapidity, that the cuirassiers, notwithstanding their weight

and armour, and the power of their horses, were altogether unable to withstand them, being literally rode down, both horse and man. The strength of our soldiers was no less conspicuous when they mingled and fought hand to hand. The French were broken, fled, and in their flight hundreds of them were forced over the brink of an old quarry, into which they rolled, an undistinguishable mass of men and horses. Sir John Elley was himself highly distinguished for his personal prowess:— He was at one time encircled by several of the cuirassiers, but being a tall and powerful man, cut his way through them, leaving some of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, which evinced the uncommon strength of the arm that inflicted them.

The fire of our artillery was soon after resumed, and again abandoned, as circumstances required. This cannonade proved dreadful to the advancing and retiring French. Their cannon was likewise terrible to us; and carried devastation to the very heart of our squares. "Yet, under such a fire," said a general officer, "did these gallant men close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, and resume, with stern composure, that close array of battle which, their discipline and experience taught them, afforded the only means of defence.

The possession of several eminences of some extent immediately behind Hugomont, was the cause of a combat, which continued with awful fury. At this place, by many powerful efforts, the French expected to range some cannon, whence the effects of their fire would have been equal to the possession of the whole post; but this purpose

was defeated by the gallantry of the English guards and their associates, and the timely assistance of Somerset's heavy cavalry.

While these attacks were made against our extreme right, under the command of Major-general Sir H. Clinton, the corps on our right centre, as far as La Haye Sainte, were likewise brought into action. The 5th English brigade, under General Sir Colin Halket, was fiercely assailed, and continued to be so throughout the day—sometimes by cavalry, and sometimes by infantry in columns and in line. The four battalions of his brigade were the 73d, 30th, 69th, and 33d regiments, and may be considered as having stood the brunt of the battle. The 73d and 30th, being a little in advance, no sooner deployed into line, than cavalry sweeping round on their right and left, repeatedly obliged them to reform their squares. The 69th and 33d stood a little behind, on the other side of the cross-road—and were also similarly assailed.

The 2d brigade, under Colonel Ompteda, consisting of the 1st, 5th, and 8th battalions of the King's German Legion, the Hanoverian brigade of Major-general Kellmansegge, composed of the regiments of Luneburg, Verden, Bremen, and Grubenhagen, some Belgians, and some Nassau Usingen, and Brunswick battalions of the division of Lieutenant-general Sir C. Alten, had also several desperate rencontres with the enemy.

Lieutenant-colonel Barring, with the 2d battalion of the King's German Legion, occupied the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, upon which the enemy threw themselves with great violence. It was intended, that the masses directed against this post, should continue their movement and attack

Mount St John, while the cavalry of their two wings were to charge our artillery, which, on account of the inequalities of the ground, and the position of certain regiments, they imagined was but weakly supported. But, failing in this, they afterwards thickened their forces in the van, and led them to destruction.

The 1st brigade of the 2d French division was the first which came to dispute this post. The first column was almost destroyed. On the outside of the house, the cavalry of the French General Kellerman, and the heavy cavalry of Lord Somerset, had many brilliant and bloody conflicts. In the estimation of Napoleon, this post must have been valuable,—as he said, "I shall, on the instant, carry Mount St John, and clear for myself a way to Brussels." Both parties, therefore, seemed to feel its value, neither giving way till the whole of our ammunition was spent, and the bayonet only remaining as a means of defence against an overwhelming force. The position was then abandoned by degrees, and it fell into the hands of the enemy.

All was now triumph and joy on the side of the French. Napoleon sent off messengers to Paris, to proclaim that he had gained the day. How different were the expectations of the very troops, in whose possession La Haye Sainte was left!—So accurately was the fire of our artillery on the opposite summit directed, that they foresaw, that to hold it would cost them a greater force than they had lost in taking it.

Napoleon now resolved to seek his way to Brussels; but it must have entirely escaped him, that, on the other side of the cross-road lay an immove-

able impediment. Count d'Erlon, however, advanced in this direction, with a column composed of the 2d and 3d divisions of the first French corps, under the fire of 80 field-pieces, and cover of a deep ravine. Marching rapidly, he soon crowned the heights, and attacked a Belgian and three Dutch regiments of militia, who only discharged a single volley before they fell back upon the 5th regiment, which was in reserve. Even there they could not attempt a stand, but, flying in confusion, passed to the rear of our second line.

Seeing these troops approach, Sir Thomas Picton, who fell shortly after, at the head of his division, consisting of the 28th, 30th and 79th, deployed full in front of the enemy with a heavy fire of musketry, while Sir Dennis Pack, with the 42d, 44th and 92d, came round upon their right flank. Both brigades then rushed forward, and threw this immense column into confusion. Sir J. Vandeleur, with the 11th, 12th and 16th light dragoons, and General Chigny, with a part of the division of Dutch light horse, instantly dashed in upon it, and, in the twinkling of an eye, it was completely broken and dispersed.

On this occasion, John O'Bryan, a private of the 8th company of the 28th, seized the standard of the 25th French regiment; but, falling at the moment by a wound, which afterwards cost him his leg, the trophy was given by him to another private of the same regiment, who delivered it safely to his commanding officer.

In the hottest of the conflict, the Royal Dragoons, Greys and Enniskillens, with Sir William Ponsonby at their head, threw themselves along

the immense field-train, causing the cannoneers to abandon their guns, and for some time intimidating all within their sweep. But the French General Milhaud, with his cuirassiers on the one side, and General Travere coming round on the other with the 4th regiment of lancers, fell upon them. In the midst of the cannon, which was the subject of dispute, commenced a contest, to which history can produce few parallels. Every soldier seemed to remember nothing but the glory of his country. The whole might be called a series of single combats, in which the noblest blood of the rival armies profusely flowed. Victory at last declared for our gallant cavaliers. The Royal dragoons and Enniskillens drew in their reins, and returned to their memorable stance; but the Greys actually cut their way through the enemy's line; and, on the following day, several of them were found lying beside their horses, a considerable way even beyond the second line. In this brave, but imprudent, pursuit, the gallant Sir William Ponsonby lost his life. He beheld the reckless ardour with so much concern, that, in his fear for their safety, he lost all regard for his own. Putting spurs to his steed, he galloped after them, accompanied by only one officer. In a short time he entered a field where the ground was exceedingly soft, and his horse sunk in the mire. In this situation he was attacked by several French lancers; and seeing, as they approached, that his fate was decided, he hastily drew out his watch, and a picture, and was in the act of giving them to the officer, to be given to his lady and family, when the lancers came up, and they both perished on the spot. The body of Sir William was found after the battle lying beside his

horse, with seven lance wounds. A few minutes elapsed, and the Greys returned to their station.

Among the many formidable columns of the enemy which now advanced, was one of at least 4000 men, which, coming up, threw in a scattered fire upon the remains of the 92d, then only 260 strong, and brought down about 30 men. Major Macdonald having lengthened out a front equal to that of the column, without returning a shot, came to the charge—and, however incredible it may appear, this strong and deep mass recoiled from the levelled steel. The Greys instantly rushed to the assistance of the 92d, when both regiments cheered, and shouted "Scotland for ever!"—a war-cry which, at a time like this, was electric, as the carnage soon testified. It was like the work of lightning—for, in the course of a few minutes, every man of this mass was down. Nearly 2000 of them having thrown themselves on the ground, were taken prisoners, and marched to Brussels. The cuirassiers, in great force, again advanced, with a view to save their infantry; and, at the same time, the Royal dragoons and Enniskillens came to the assistance of the Greys, when, by another noble effort, they captured two Imperial eagles. The standards of the Invincibles were here wrested from them; one of them, belonging to the 45th French regiment, bore the names of Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, and Friedland: the other belonging to the 104th regiment, and had been presented to it by Maria Louisa. Sergeant Ewart of the Greys took the one, and Stiles, a corporal of the Royal dragoons, took the other; the one belonging to the 104th was defaced with

blood and dirt, and must have been gained after a great struggle.

From this date, it may be said, commenced the severest trial. Amid the discharges of the artillery—the clash of arms—the cries of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded and dying—the officers were obeyed as if on the parade. Such was the orderly fire of our troops, that aids-de-camp walked their horses round each square with perfect safety, being certain the volley would not take place till after the regular pause. It was in this manner that our battalions bid defiance to the advancing enemy, who frequently dashed forward, with a view to gain the flank, or at best the rear of these little squares.

The Duke of Wellington encouraged the men by his presence in every part of the field; where the fight was most desperate, he was always sure to be seen. A French officer relates, that about three o'clock, Buonaparte sent Count Flahaut, his aid-de-camp, to learn on what part of the field Wellington was stationed. That officer having made inquiry, returned, saying, "That he could not learn the precise position of Wellington at present, but he was always to be seen at the head of his squares." This is said to have stung Napoleon to the quick.

The Duke, in short, acted the part of Commander-in-chief, General of division, or Commander of corps, as the time demanded—he even dashed forward, and, as colonel of a regiment, led some Belgians into action that had just given way; and on the sudden approach of the enemy's cavalry, he threw himself into the square of a regiment then

standing a little to the right of La Haye Sainte, where he remained till they were repulsed—shielded, as it were, by the hand of Providence, to be the conqueror of him whose whole power and might, for upwards of twenty years, had been eagerly directed against our country. In passing along the line, often did he breathe for them the most sympathizing words; seeing, though small in numbers, that they must stand without flinching, and even beat back the prodigious columns which were continually moving against them. General Sir Colin Halket, who commanded the fifth English brigade, observing his ranks dreadfully thinned, and many men drooping with fatigue, sent notice to the Duke that a relief, however temporary, was absolutely necessary. "Tell him," said his Grace, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every man here under me, must conquer, or die on the spot which we now occupy." "That is enough," returned Sir Colin; "I, and every man of my brigade, will share his fate."

The troops of Major-generals Maitland and Byng, from their situation, were also severely tried. Hugomont was at last threatened by a force, which the enemy might think well adequate to drive them from it. What the English Guards had experienced hitherto, was boys' play compared with the work which now took place. Still our men kept their ground; and although victory seemed hopeless, they would not be beaten back. Again the enemy's cavalry made a circuit round the chateau with uncommon swiftness. And here, as in the centre, while their infantry advanced to the eminence by which it is commanded, the cuiras-

siers boldly rode along our cannon, then darted in upon our squares, and for some time appeared masters of the position; but Lord Edward Somerset coming up with the Life Guards, the Dragoon Guards, and the Blues, confusion ensued. The artillery of the two armies were opposed, and poured forth an incessant shower of round and grape-shot. Suddenly they would wheel their guns, and columns of foot would either engage in a close and destructive fusilade, or charge with the bayonet, while in the rear of the allied infantry, the cavalry of the two armies maintained a gallant and doubtful combat.

A British officer, the Honourable Colonel Ponsonby, in a charge with his regiment, the 12th Light Dragoons, was, by the blow of a sabre, brought senseless to the ground; but, recovering, he raised himself a little to look round, when a lancer, passing by, exclaimed, "Tu n'es pas mort, coquin," and struck his lance into his back. A tirailleur next came to his knees, immediately behind him, under pretence of re-loading his musket. It was with the view, however, of possessing the Colonel's purse, which he had no sooner taken than he scampered away. This skirmisher was no sooner gone than an officer, bringing on some troops, to whom, probably, the tirailleur belonged, stooped down, saying to the Colonel that he feared he was badly wounded. He added, if they gained the day, as in all probability they would, for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six regiments had surrendered, every attention in his power should be shown to him; and, laying him straight on his side, he passed on towards the left of our line.—Another wounded officer has mentioned, that a

tirailleur repeatedly came and loaded his musket beside him, speaking all the time with great gaiety, and then scampering away to discharge it. In coming back for the third or fourth time, he said, "You English will certainly be beaten by the Emperor, you have no chance with us;" but, upon going out once more, he found things had taken a different turn, and, instead of stopping to load, as formerly, he only took time to say,—"Ah, ma foi, I believe you English will beat the Emperor; bon jour, mon ami!" But there were very few instances of such social intercourse. The French pierced and plundered the wounded British wherever they found them. When they witnessed their infantry confused and flying, and felt the tremendous effects of our heavy brigade, they became so enraged, that a squadron of lancers rushed upon 30 or 40 prisoners, who stood at their mercy, in the corner of a corn-field, and put them to death in cold blood. Two officers had, a minute before, secretly withdrawn themselves to a short distance, with a view to escape, and when on the summit of a steep bank, they looked back, and beheld this catastrophe.

This was a barbarous and cruel act, and very different from the conduct of the generality of our soldiers, who, in many instances, displayed much humanity towards the disabled French. On one occasion, a French officer, in a charge which he led against the Greys, encountered a young man of his own weight and age. They fought long, and were both severely cut in the struggle; but, at length becoming faint with fatigue and loss of blood, the Frenchman yielded, at the moment he was about to perish by a blow which he could not

ward off. The Englishman, seizing the reins of his horse, instantly galloped with him to the rear, and gave him in charge to an orderly. What surprised the Frenchman most was, that his conqueror expressed his sorrow for the wounds he had given him, and although bleeding severely, again rushed into the fight. These were the feelings with which the majority of our men were animated.

When the Duke of Wellington saw that uncommon efforts were necessary, he had frequent recourse to encouraging exclamations. On hearing the balls whistling about him, when in rear of the tree, which will be known by his name while it exists, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, who was beholding some well contested sport, " That's good practice ; I think they fire better than they did in Spain ; " and when many of his best and bravest friends had fallen, and the result of the battle was still doubtful, to those who remained near him he said, " Never mind, we'll win the battle yet. " On one occasion, he rode up to the 95th, then in the front of the line, a little to the left of La Haye Sainte, and seeing them on the point of receiving the charge of a column of French, said, " Stand fast, 95th, we must not be beaten ; what would they say in England ? " Then placing himself at their head, he charged and repulsed a very superior force. In the conflict at La Belle Alliance, the Marquis of Anglesea was frequently with the Life Guards. At the commencement of a charge, he would say, " Now for the honour of the household troops ! " and as often had he occasion to praise them for their valour. The dragoon guards and Blues were equally gal-

lant. "Look," he would say at other times, when viewing the charges of the Scotch Greys, the Royal dragoons, and Enniskillens, "those brave fellows will get themselves cut to pieces." As to the willingness of the troops, in the performance of their duty, there are many lasting proofs;—the dying, even in their last moments, spoke of victory and the Duke of Wellington. But to notice the gallantry of individuals, will, perhaps, be still more pleasing. The Honourable Captain Curzon, fourth son of Lord Scarsdale, when riding along the line with Lord March, received a ball in his chest, and fell on his face, exclaiming, "Good bye, dear March." His gallant companion, at the moment, in consequence of the movement of a body of French cuirassiers, was calling loudly to some Nassau troops to form for the reception of cavalry. Even then, Captain Curzon said, faintly, as he expired, "That's right, well done." A young officer, aid-de-camp to the Duke, was sent to a general of brigade in another part of the field, with a message of importance. In returning, he was shot through the lungs; but had strength sufficient to ride up to the Duke of Wellington, to whom he delivered the answer to his message, and then dropped from his horse. In a word, if the most devoted attachment on the part of all who approached him, can add to the honours of a hero, never did a General receive so many affecting proofs of it; and their devotion was repaid by his sense of it, and his sorrow for their loss. "Believe me," he afterwards said, "that nothing excepting a battle lost, can be more melancholy than a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from that greater evil; but to win

even such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of the lives of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, were it not for its results to the public benefit."

Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, after having passed through the enemy's second line, in company with his regiment, took an eagle, as we have already noticed. The Frenchman fought bravely for it, but at length Ewart cut him through the head, and seized the eagle. A lance was thrown at him, but, by good fortune, he turned it aside with his sword, and cut the lancer from the chin upwards. In his progress rearward with his prize, a tirailleur, after firing, ran at him with his bayonet, but he cut him down also. Shaw, a corporal of the Life-guards, was wounded in the breast, at the very commencement of the battle. An officer desired him to fall out. "Please God," said this brave man, "I shall not leave my colours yet." He fought for some hours after this, and was seen dealing death around him, with an unerring hand. A pistol or musket-ball put an end to his brilliant career. He was an excellent swordsman, and famed in London for his science among men of pugilistic skill. Colonel Halket, commanding the 3d Hanoverian brigade, which was posted between Hugomont and our extreme right, observing a French General giving orders in front of a strong body of men, made a dash at him at full gallop, before the Frenchman had time to think of his intention, and, holding a pistol to his breast, seized the reins of his horse and brought him off in triumph from under the very beards of his soldiers. Every officer in some manner or other distinguished himself. In a charge, "You are un-

commonly savage to-day," said one to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp. "What would you have me to do?" was his answer, "We are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them;" and with this cast himself again among the combatants. A regiment of cuirassiers, after having charged one of our squares, not far from where the Life-guards were standing, began coolly to walk their horses round it; and, the Colonel rode out, from amidst his men, brandishing his sword, and challenging any man of the Life-guards to single combat. Captain Kelly chivalrously accepted the invitation, and advancing, slew the Frenchman, and brought away his epaulets as a trophy.

The French have much of the braggadocio in their composition: soldiers will sometimes ride out from their ranks, brandishing their swords, challenging, and taunting to their opponents. This sort of conduct has never been noticed in a British soldier,—it would be reckoned highly ridiculous in our army, and quite contrary to judicious discipline.

As to the service of our artillery, nothing could possibly be better managed. Major Norman Ramsay was one of those who distinguished himself to his last moment. The artillerymen behaved here, as they are well known to do at home,—their steady and uniform conduct did them credit, and their efforts were of great consequence in the general success of the day. The enemy's cavalry had no sooner turned their backs, than they rushed out of the squares, in which they had a little

before found shelter, and began their dreadful practice upon the retiring squadrons. This was an advantage which they enjoyed over the French; for, the latter were under the necessity of putting a stop to their fire, while any of their own troops were either advancing or retreating from us, and this happened every little while in front of some particular parts of their whole train. Harassed by this manœuvre, and their fruitless attempts against our infantry, some of their officers were roused to desperation. One of them, in particular, observing, when retreating from a charge, that a deserted gun had frequently been fired with success against his squadron, by Major Lloyd and another artillery-officer, resolved it should never be fired again while he lived; and on the next retrogression of his squadron, he placed himself by the side of this gun, but was instantly shot. It has been affirmed, that during the battle, one officer, finding himself deserted by the cavalry he had led against one of Sir Colin Halket's regiments, put spurs to his horse, and galloped upon our bayonets with his arms extended, as if he welcomed the bullet that was to bring him down;—he was also shot.

The support afforded by the infantry and cavalry of the King's German Legion, and other foreign troops, particularly the Brunswickers, in the battle and pursuit, was, in general, most meritorious. Among them, however, there were some exceptions; the Hanoverian hussars of Cumberland, as they called themselves, a regiment extremely well horsed, and distinguished for their fine appearance, were ordered to place themselves under line, on the brow of a hill, with conditional orders, that if the Commander-in-chief of the cavalry succeeded in a

charge he was about to make with a British brigade, they were to dash in, and cut away. The charge was made, and the enemy put in confusion. The Marquis then looked round for his supporters; but they had turned their horses heads, and were trotting away to Brussels. An aid-de-camp was quickly despatched after them; but, although he took the colonel by the collar, it was impossible to stop them. He then asked them, as a particular favour, not to go further than Waterloo: but it was useless—to Brussels they would go, and to Brussels they went, and alarmed the whole town, by saying that the French were at their heels.

But to return to the battle. It was evident to our general officers, about half-past five o'clock, that something extraordinary was about to be performed by the enemy, from the evident concentration of all sorts of troops. At once; all their heavy cavalry, cuirassiers, carabineers, dragoons, and the cavalry of the guard, rushed forward upon the British centre. Napoleon had now in full operation every corps he could muster, except his reserves; and he spoke and felt as if the battle were his own; he even affected gaiety, and, on noticing his guide tremble at the shot which fell around him, said, "Do not stir, my friend; a ball will kill you equally in the back as in the front, and wound you more disgracefully." To Bertrand, he said, "We shall arrive at Brussels in time for supper."

The Duke of Wellington, relying on the valour of his troops, entertained a very different opinion; nevertheless, he was anxious for the arrival of the Prussians; and often cast his eyes towards the

place from which he knew they were to issue. The stream of the action ran with awful force upon our line, but it withstood it like a rock of the ocean. The battle, says the French relation, referring to this particular period, " is maintained—neither side give ground—new columns advance—the charges are renewed—three times the position is on the point of being forced, and three times, after prodigies of valour, the French are driven back."

In this desperate battle " I saw," said an officer, " the Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Orange, the Marquis of Anglesea, Sir Charles Alten, Lord Hill, and other valiant chiefs, encouraging all by their presence, and at times even heading the charge." Still it was difficult to say how matters stood, or might turn out. The enemy, though beat off at every point, continued to rush with incredible courage upon the battalions opposed to them, which were all of them rapidly diminishing, and showing a less formidable front.

Every moment the fall of some officer of rank was announced. The Duke of Wellington, when in the centre of a dreadful cannonade, witnessed the fall of Sir Alexander Gordon—Sir William de Lancey—the Honourable Lieutenant-colonel Erskine, and the brave General van Merle. General Cooke lost an arm, and General Alten was also wounded, as were many other useful and eminent officers. The men were falling in lines, and our centre must have been shaken, but for the exertions and memorable example of the 30th, 73d, 69th and 33d regiments, who not only withstood the reiterated assaults of a powerful and nu-

merous infantry, but repulsed twelve or thirteen charges of the enemy's horse. The Duke himself was an eyewitness of their bravery; but he said, "I cannot help it, they must keep their ground with myself to the last man—would to God that night or the Prussians were come!"

It is mentioned in "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," that a gentleman had the courage to ask the Duke of Wellington, whether, at this juncture, he looked often to the wood, from which the Prussians were expected to issue?—"No," was the answer; "I looked oftener at my watch than at any thing else. I knew if my troops could keep their position till night, that I must be joined by Blucher before morning, and we would not have left Bonaparte an army next day. But, I own," continued he, "I was glad as one hour of daylight slipped away after another, and our position was still maintained."—"And if," continued the querist, "by misfortune, the position had been carried?"—"We had the wood behind to retreat into?"—"And if the wood also was forced?"—"No! no! they could never have so beaten us but we could have made good the wood against them."

But before this took place, Napoleon from the eminence which he had chosen as his station, and from whence he distinctly perceived every thing that happened, contemplated, with a stern aspect, the hideous butchery. The more obstacles were multiplied, the more inflexible he appeared. He was indignant at difficulties he had not foreseen, and, far from fearing to urge to extremities an army whose confidence in him was without bounds, he was incessantly employed in urging on fresh troops. He was repeatedly informed, from differ-

ent quarters, that the action was unsuccessful,—that the forces appeared staggered—"Forward!" was his answer, "Forward!"

The post of La Haye Sainte, which was still in his possession, was held with a dreadful loss, occasioned by a perpetual fire of grape-shot from a part of our artillery. The French General commanding there, sent to inform his Majesty, that he could no longer hold this position, because his troops were suffering severely from an English battery, and begged to know in what manner he should withdraw himself from a spot so fatal—"By carrying the battery," was the answer. This, however, was impossible; and the necessity of such an attempt was prevented by an attack of the 10th brigade, consisting of the 4th, 27th and 40th regiments, under the command of General Sir J. Lambert. These regiments were unseen by the enemy, on account of the hollows, in which they had laid themselves down to escape from the effects of the cannon; and, on their rising, and coming into the line of their fire, great numbers of them were struck down. His Grace noticing this, and not deeming it just the proper time, made signs for them to lie down again for a little; but returning almost immediately, he called on them to advance. They moved on, and, notwithstanding the superior force that opposed them, carried the post at the point of the bayonet. The Prussians, who had marched with considerable speed through the difficult and narrow passages of St Lambert, arrived on the field of battle at a moment so critical, that one trembles to think, that an affair, so awfully important, should have depended on the fidelity of a single guide. If he had prevented them from

coming up at the time when they so happily arrived, the consequence might have been fatal to the whole campaign. Marshal Grouchy continued to follow the Prussians. But this sort of pursuit, on the part of the French, was done with the view of hastening the retreat, which they supposed Prince Blucher had commenced with his whole army, and not with the expectation of meeting any resistance. It, however, happened otherwise. The Prussian General Tauenzein halted the rear of the army upon the villages of Wavre and Bielge, on the banks of the Dyle, where, deploying and arranging his troops, he determined to resist the enemy's progress. Grouchy had a thousand conjectures, as to what might be the object of this stand; he knew that the turn they had taken would lead them to Waterloo, and that very possibly, as really was the case, one half of them were on the way to join the English. He despatched some spies, who discovered that his conjectures were true. The forces before him only consisted of a strong rear-guard, which were left on purpose to mask the march of the main army, under the Marshal himself. No more time was lost—Grouchy threw forward his troops; but they were repulsed with such bravery, that something more bold and decisive was necessary. At length a French Colonel seized the eagle of his regiment, rushed across the bridge, and planted it in the ground on the opposite side. His troops almost kept pace with him; and although this officer fell at the instant, his own men, and those who followed them, became masters of the village. The Prussians then followed the route their com-

rades had taken, with a view to join them. The eager desire which Grouchy had entertained of pursuing the Prussians, gradually diminished—the sound of the cannon in the direction of Waterloo slackened and died away—and he did not hear till next morning of the fate of his master.

The Prussians at last came in sight of a combat which had rung in their ears for hours, and to which, with their assistance, they expected, ere daylight should pass away, that the British would make a triumphant end. The sun, which had been obscured during the day, burst out as they were seen issuing from the woods upon the flanks of the contending armies, as if the mighty luminary welcomed the union of two allies, whose forces were to put an end to the slaughter. The Duke of Wellington was now comparatively easy; —the Prussians had arrived, and when he heard their guns commence firing, he evinced his joy by exclaiming,—"There goes old Blucher at last!"

A very different feeling must have occupied Napoleon. An officer rode up to him, and told him that the Prussians were advancing in rear of his right wing—other officers came in with the same intelligence; but whether he believed them or not, he paid no attention to their reports, and answered repeatedly, that they had been deceived, and that these troops were those of Grouchy. He even dismissed several officers, who came in successively with this information. "Begone," said he to them; "you are cowards—Approach these columns with confidence, and you will be satisfied that they are the corps of Grouchy." Indignant at this treatment, several of them did approach the Prussian sharp-shooters, near enough to be either

shot or taken prisoners. The Prussian cannon and musketry were soon in full play. Still Napoleon was positive, and entertained a belief that, at the worst they were followed by Grouchy, and that with him in their rear, they were in safe custody.

In this manner did Napoleon reason with himself; for he would not be informed of the fact, even to the very last chance, and thus denied himself the means of covering his own retreat. It was fancied, that for a time he thought the troops which were debouching from the woods on his right flank were those of Grouchy: but this could not possibly be the case; for he must have been aware of the movement of General Lobau, who had marched for the purpose of stopping their progress, beyond Planchenoit, where a murderous conflict ensued, and its issue continued long uncertain. As appears from Marshal Ney's letter, he spread the belief among the soldiers, by means of Colonel Labedoyere, that Grouchy was advancing to his support. But when he heard the firing of the Prussian cannon and musketry, and saw their battalions rushing out from the woods, he suddenly turned pale, but spoke not a word:—For a while he mused in silence; he felt the critical situation in which he was placed; but not believing that the main body of the Prussians could come up for some hours, he hoped that success was yet in his power: he determined to attack the weakest part of the British line with his whole concentrated force, and thus endeavour to defeat the Duke before the Prussians could arrive. Regardless, therefore, of the slaughter already made, between seven and eight o'clock at night, he formed the resolution of risking his reserve, consisting of near-

ly 15,000 men of his old guard, as a final and desperate effort. At that moment, it is said, he assumed an appearance of resolution, which tended to reanimate those who were around him, and exclaimed,—"Let every one follow me," as if he really intended to lead them into action. The colums then advanced with him at their head, till they came within a quarter of a mile of the British line; when they suddenly stopped in a ravine, entirely out of the direction of our shot. The persons about him were, his brother Jerome, and Generals Bertrand, Drouet, Douchers, and Labedoyere. At every motion he made to put himself in front, Bertrand and Drouet threw themselves before his horse's head, exclaiming, by turns, "Ah! Sire, What is this you are going to do? The safety of France and the army depend upon you. All is lost if any accident should happen!" In consideration of these important matters, he yielded to their entreaties with a real or apparent effort, which he affected to gain over himself. The two men, who knew so well how to moderate his ardour, were the only persons whom he never sent to reconnoitre the state of the battle, while he sent the rest twenty times into the midst of the fire with orders, or to bring him information. Jerome appeared to take it to heart, that his illustrious brother did not profit by this occasion to die in a glorious manner, and Napoleon even heard him himself whisper to Bertrand, "Can it be possible that he will not seek death here? Never will he find a more glorious grave!"

Meanwhile the troops marched on, and, as they passed, he spoke to them with confidence, gave them much praise, and told them that the British

were nearly destroyed, and that they had only to brave the storm of their artillery, which indeed was numerous, but which, he made no doubt, they would easily carry at the point of the bayonet. They marched past him in a firm, fierce, and solemn manner, carrying with them, in their air, the appearance of surprise, occasioned, perhaps, by meeting him there, when they thought he was at their head. He gave the command of these troops to Marshal Ney, and, desiring him to lead them on, concluded his harangue, by pointing to the road, exclaiming—"There, gentlemen, is the way to Brussels!" The repeated shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," with which the guard answered this exhortation, gave the Duke of Wellington reason to expect that Napoleon was their leader. But, previous to this, his Grace anticipated that some extraordinary effort would probably take place; and he had caused an alteration in the position of his forces, so as to meet and repel whatever might assail him. The 2d and 3d battalions of the guards were formed in line, and marched to the brow of the hill, where they were ordered to lie down and shelter themselves from the fire.

Continuing their march, the French columns forced their way forward; but, in proportion as they ranged up the eminence, our artillery played more and more terribly upon them. Throughout the whole of the action, our cannoneers had orders to fire only upon the infantry and cavalry of the French, and not to throw away their ammunition and energy, in the less decisive exchange of shot with the enemy's guns. Their fire was deadly. The general officers, who noticed its effects, describe it as if the enemy's columns kept perpetually advanc-

ing, without gaining any ground on the plain, so speedily were the files swept away as they came into the line of our fire. The enthusiasm, however, of those in the rear, forced forward the front, and at length carried the whole attacking force into the open field. They rushed rapidly onward, putting to flight all the Belgian, and other foreign troops, that offered to resist them, and soon approached the summit of the ridge on which the English guards lay concealed. At this moment the eyes of many were turned upon a movement which, in the estimation of the French, was to decide the battle;—every one upon the right and left, who witnessed it, trembled for the result. It was a most important and trying period. When the Duke of Wellington, who had placed himself immediately behind the guards, thought them near enough, he exclaimed, "Up, guards, and at them again." They sprung to their feet, and gave the French a well-aimed volley, which staggered them; a second volley put them into a kind of panic; and the Duke, galloping close up in their rear, called out, "Forward, guards!"—Never was there a prouder moment for those whom he addressed; the household troops of both nations were, for the first time, brought in contact, and the highest stakes depended on the issue. The English guards giving three cheers, rushed down the hill upon the French with pointed bayonets; but when within twenty yards of one another, these old warriors of France—who never yet were vanquished—who were called the terror of northern Europe, and who never were known to yield, wheeled like a whirlwind from the shock, and fled. The guards of England, who had fought from the commence-

ment at Hugomont, and were now greatly reduced, thus beat the old Imperial guards of France, who had been in reserve, and were otherwise in the best possible condition. The troops under General Adam, on the right, keeping pace with the guards, had advanced upon the left flank of the enemy, and poured in several most effectual volleys. These, together with the troops of Sir Dennis Pack, pursued the enemy to some distance. The cavalry, on the right and left, also fell upon them, and they were nearly destroyed.

Meanwhile, the Prussians, in a contest with the right wing of the French, succeeded in driving it in a body before them. The Duke of Wellington, on the flight of the Imperial Guards, immediately ordered his army to form four deep. All was ready in an instant, when the illustrious conqueror, with his hat in his hand, at its head, ordered a general charge. The British army, then in line, eagerly and proudly rushed down the slopes, and up the acclevity beyond, driving before them such of the French as still maintained the combat. The slaughter increased; the whole of the French line fell back, and the remains of the grand army united in one universal and tumultuous flight.

Our cavalry, which had collected on the right and left, rushed to meet each other, and scarcely found any resistance. Loud cries of "All is lost! the guard is driven back!" were distinctly heard on all sides among the French, who afterwards pretended that ill-disposed persons called out, "Sauve qui peut." Be this as it may, a complete panic spread itself throughout the whole field, and they threw themselves, in the greatest disorder, upon the line of communication, to which

every one pressed, and thus brought the gloomy state of affairs within the immediate observation of the Emperor. Bonaparte and his companions stood astonished and confounded on the banks of the ravine, scarcely any one, for a time, daring to break silence. At last, seeing that he had still a reserve of three or four thousand of the old and young guard, he hastily called them forward. This reserve willingly obeyed the order; but the attempt to move beyond where he was stationed was in vain. At that place they were borne back by the overwhelming force of the fugitives, who issued from the field in disorderly flight, and with whom the British cavalry had mingled. He then saw that all was evidently lost; and, turning abruptly to Bertrand, said, "How terrible these grey horses are!" Then looking towards the field with uplifted hands, he shook his head, and, according to the expression of his guide, wore a countenance as pale as a corpse. The British dragoons were in close pursuit; the Prussians made rapid progress in the rear of his right wing; and, lest he should fall into the hands of his enemies, he thought it high time to decamp, and pronounced the fatal words, "Let us save ourselves!" After this period, no one knew, for a considerable time, what had become of him. He mixed with the multitude, and was carried with the stream of his dispirited and flying soldiers.

The fire of their cannon and musketry ceased as our lines closed upon them. Our loss, on this occasion, was not so great as might have been expected; but, among those who were either wounded, or fell, were several of our bravest officers. The Marquis of Anglesea lost his leg by a cannon ball,

while in conversation with the Duke of Wellington, and in the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, endured amputation with the usual firmness of his character;—he even, in the middle of the operation, said to the surgeon, "Who would not lose a leg for such a victory?" *

The last gun fired was a piece which the French had left upon the road. It was turned upon them in their retreat, and discharged by Captain Campbell, aid-de-camp to General Adam, with his own hand.

It was thus that the French quitted their position. The cannoneers abandoned their guns—the drivers of the train cut the traces of their horses—the infantry—the cavalry—soldiers of every kind, and of every rank, mingled and confounded, appeared only as one unorganized mass, which nothing could arrest, and which sought its safety along the road and across the fields. Stationed on the edge of the road, a crowd of carriages precipitately followed the impulse, and became at length so encumbered by the pressure, that they could no longer proceed. At that moment, a cry was heard of, "Save himself who can!" and this universal rout was the consequence of a spontaneous movement, of which the causes are unknown, unless it be attributed to the consciousness which the soldiery felt of the peril of their situation; for

* Behind the house is a neat flower-garden. In the centre of four paths, a little hillock, with a weeping willow, and some shrubs, show the sepulchre of his Lordship's leg. Further on, are the graves of several English officers. A stone, with an inscription upon it, shows where the remains of Colonel Fitzgerald, of the Life Guards, lie.

the French soldier is not like those of other countries, entirely passive; he observes, he reasons; and under no circumstance does he yield an obedience to his commander, so blind as not to submit their operations to his own judgment. No route, no point of rendezvous had been given, and there was then no longer any means to make them known. The generals and the other officers lost in the crowd, and borne along with it, were separated from their troops. There was no longer any battalion behind which they could rally; and while nothing had been foreseen to secure an orderly retreat, in what manner was it possible to check so absolute a route.

The British cavalry came up with the rear of the French guard, who, in a body, retreated slowly, and in some measure orderly, along the road. They obstinately, but uselessly, defended themselves. The Duke of Wellington, and even the British soldiers, would have spared the lives of these brave men, and gave them an opportunity of yielding as prisoners of war; but their answer was, "The guard never yields—it dies." A dreadful butchery then took place, and continued till they abandoned their ranks, and sought for refuge in the common flight. The guard, that unshaken phalanx which, in the greatest catastrophes, had always been the rallying point of the army, and which had always served it for a rampart,—the guard, at last, the terror of the enemy, had been overthrown, and fled with the multitude. Every one sought for safety at random; they struggled, they pressed, and endeavoured to outstrip each other; groups, more or less numerous, collected together, and passively followed those who took

the lead. Fear exaggerated every peril; and night, which was not long in supervening, even although its obscurity was not great, contributed still more to heighten the confusion. "But where was Napoleon? Reports about him were various in the flying army—that he had fallen—that he was taken. Lacoste first gives evidence on the subject, and it is impossible to imagine more damning testimony against the Emperor. He repeated, several times, in great agitation, "We must save ourselves! How terrible these grey horses are! We must save ourselves!" This was the man who had flung away the lives of millions, and wrung tears from every eye on the Continent of Europe; "who never had pity on any one, nor looked on what he trod." How did Frederick of Prussia act in circumstances quite as desperate?—Ever greatest in adversity; most formidable in despair, instead of crying "We must save ourselves," he galloped to a small but firm body of his guards, the only remnant of the field, and calmly asked them, "My friends, when do you mean to die?" "Now!" was the electric answer.—"Then follow me." Napoleon availed himself of the darkness and the crowd, and sneaked away. Napoleon's last resource should have been, if not a cast like that of Frederick, a death like Argentine's.

The British cavalry, who had followed up the success for a considerable way, became exhausted, and no longer able to continue the pursuit; but Blucher and the Duke of Wellington, at this critical juncture, happened to arrive, at the same moment, at a point near the farm of La Belle Alliance.* They exchanged a hasty, but heartfelt

* This hamlet is said to have taken its name from

embrace and mutual congratulation, and arranged, that the Prussians, who were comparatively fresh, should follow the French during the night. Blucher accordingly ordered that every man and horse in his army, capable of action, should pursue the fugitives, without allowing them the smallest time to rally. This they were the more enabled to do by the light of a full moon, whose brilliancy assisted a slaughter from which the French found no refuge, and in vain sought for mercy.* In the battle of the 16th, the Prussians had sought for quarter from the French, which they, in an exulting manner, refused, putting every man whom they took to the sword: and during the battle on this day (the 18th), they had, by their savage

the following little circumstance of village scandal:—'A woman who resided here, after marrying two husbands in her own station, of creditable yeomanry, chose to unite herself, upon her becoming a second time a widow, to her own hind or ploughman; and the name of La Belle Alliance was bestowed on her place of residence in ridicule of this match.' It came to bear an unexpected and extraordinary coincidence with the situation of the combined armies, which induces many foreigners, even now, to give the fight the name of The Battle of La Belle Alliance. Here, too, the victorious allies of both countries exchanged military greetings,—the Prussians halting, made their regimental band to play "God save the King; while the British returned the compliment with three cheers to the honour of Prussia."

* "The war took a most ferocious character between the French and Prussians from the very beginning. Before the opening of the campaign, the first and second corps of the French had hoisted the black flag. They openly avowed that they would give no quarter to the Prussians, and in general they kept their word." The French were now in the power of the Prussians, and could expect no mercy.

cruelty, forfeited every claim to the benefit of the usual rules of war; the lancers, in particular, with brutal ferocity, scoured the field, piercing with their spears the wounded and dying. "The Quoi! tu n'est pas mort?" of the spearman was usually accompanied with a thrust of his lance, which gives countenance to the general opinion, that their orders were to give no quarter. Even the British officers who were carried before Bonaparte, although civilly treated while he spoke to them, and dismissed with assurances that they should have surgical assistance and proper attendance, were no sooner out of his presence, than they were stripped, beaten, and abused. Most of the prisoners whom the French took from our light cavalry were put to death in cold blood, or owed their safety to concealment or a speedy escape." The Prussians fiercely revenged this slaughter. In a town, says a German officer, not six miles from the field of battle, eight hundred French lay dead, who had suffered themselves to be cut down like cattle. The black hussars of the Duke of Brunswick, who had manfully exerted themselves during the battle, earnestly sought, and were granted permission to join the Prussians in the warm pursuit, and were no less active in the destruction of the foe. The share they had taken, although an active one, in the overthrow of the enemy on the field of battle, had not, in their estimation, fully atoned for the death of their chief. They headed the chase, and none escaped who came within their reach. The death of General Duchesme is sufficient to show the implacability of their revenge. One of these Brunswickers while in pursuit, seeing

him at some distance, rode up to him; the General immediately begged for quarter. The soldier for a moment looked sternly at him, with his uplifted sabre, and then briefly exclaimed, "The Duke of Brunswick fell the day before yesterday, and thou also shalt bite the dust."

While the Prussians continued to pursue the flying French, the British troops bivouacked on the ground which the enemy had occupied on the preceding night, and the Duke of Wellington returned to Brussels. As he traversed the plain, the moon rose unclouded, and shed her pale light over the field of battle—the noise of the cannon and combatants no longer assailed his ears—there was nothing heard save the groans and mournful cries of the wounded and dying soldiers; and as he rode slowly along, and observed the piles of dead which lay every where around him, he was no longer able to restrain his tears. The race of man must become extinct ere the memory of this day perish. Even when ages shall have passed away, dull and cold-hearted must he be, who for the first time treads the soil of Waterloo without emotion. The Hero, the Poet, and the Painter, will esteem it the sacred land of their pilgrimage, and while, in all the inspiration of congenial souls, fancy pictures to them those scenes we have attempted to describe, they will think of the deeds that can never die, and, with a more than Catholic zeal, search for a relic of the poorest soldier who achieved them.

The French, in their flight, having long lost sight of the Emperor, conjectured that some accident had befallen him, for he had not been seen since he left Waterloo, till by chance two horsemen of his

own guard found him wandering alone in the orchard attached to the farm of La Belle Alliance. As they approached his hiding-place, he was able, by the light of the moon, to discern who they were. He instantly disclosed himself, and they ventured to conduct him across the fields, to try, if possible, to reach his own equipage. In this encounter, he narrowly escaped the Prussian hussars, who were roaming about every where, but, happily for him, they passed them unnoticed, and he got fairly inside his own carriage, which drove furiously towards Genappe. Meantime, the Prussians, in their pursuit, were gaining ground upon them, and the cries of the miserable wretches who were perishing beneath their sabres, were distinctly heard. He had cleared the town, but, to his annoyance, was occasionally stopped by the carriages which had the lead. This gave the Prussians time to get forward, and they soon overtook the carriage of Napoleon; but while the pursuers were employed in cutting down the postilions, who continued lashing their horses with great fury, the Emperor succeeded in getting out unnoticed, and mounting a horse, with a few chosen officers, who had rallied round his vehicle, galloped, with all possible haste, by the road to Charleroi;—a little way beyond which they stopped, and partook of some refreshment, of which they stood much in want. Napoleon, in particular, had tasted nothing from the commencement of the battle, and the night was now very far advanced. Here he dismissed Lacoste, his guide; and at two in the morning, they again mounted their horses and pursued their course. Arriving at Philipeville, the gates were shut; and before he could gain admittance, he was under the

necessity of submitting to the interrogation of the guard, and awaiting the convenience of the Governor, who was sent for to establish his identity. This ceremony being gone through, he, with the rest of his suite, entered, and the barriers were immediately reclosed. The army followed at random, scarcely any one knowing the direction he ought to pursue; thousands of straggling soldiers spread themselves over the country, and carried with them terror and alarm. The unfortunate inhabitants were thunderstruck to hear, almost at the moment they had learned its success, of the irreparable defeat of the French army, and to find themselves the prey of an enemy whom a victory, dearly earned with their blood, would render doubly ferocious. The strong places every where shut their gates, and repulsed by force the fugitives who demanded admission, obliging them to find refuge in the neighbouring villages, where they committed every kind of excess. A little way beyond Charleroi, are two roads; the one leads to Avesnes, the other to Philipeville. Many fugitives went by way of Avesnes, while others followed the road which Napoleon had taken; and numerous stragglers, who were careless of every thing beyond a wish to avoid the Prussian cavalry, concealed themselves in the surrounding forests. In this manner the army, by degrees, gradually and almost entirely disappeared.

Napoleon, having passed some hours at Philipeville, was anxious to proceed; but the fugitives, who had collected around the gates of that city, being informed of his place of refuge, were eager to give new proofs of their devotion. In order to hasten their immediate retreat, he propagated a re-

port, by means of his emissaries, that the Prussians were approaching. These minions, leaving the town in a secret manner, made a circuit, and soon appeared, calling out, "The Prussians, the Prussians!" This was quite sufficient to disperse his unwelcome attendants, who were instantly seen flying in every direction. It was this crowd of unsheltered sufferers, who, in the accents of despair, spread abroad the intelligence that the Emperor was blockaded in Philipeville. Bonaparte meanwhile quietly pursued his route to Mezieres, and at nightfall, approached Rocroi, where he was anxiously solicited to remain during the night; but being aware how necessary it was for him to reach the capital before his defeat was known there, he refused this friendly request, and hastily resuming his journey, arrived at Paris at nine o'clock on the evening of the twentieth of June.

Two days of painful anxiety had now passed since the news of the battles of Charleroi, Quatre Bras, and Ligny had arrived in Paris; and now the fate of the battle of Waterloo, and its too fatal consequences, were rumoured all over the city. Napoleon's arrival became known, and then every one was confirmed in the belief of these direful tidings.

The Emperor, on reaching the Thuilleries, was very much exhausted, and retired to have some repose, until his ministers should assemble, as he had ordered. The evening was far advanced before he awoke. His ministers assembled. M. St Didier took a chair, and placed himself by the side of Bonaparte, for the purpose of drawing up the proceedings of his short but fatal campaign. He took notice at once of Didier's agitation.—"What!"

said he, " Drouet has been informing you of the matter. An evil which may be repaired is not a great one; and even if it were irreparable, we should submit with becoming resignation."

The bulletin of the battle of Mont St Jean was then drawn up. Napoleon dictated the greater part of it, and gave it to Regnault to correct. The correction of the bulletin was finished. Maret had a cold and reserved air; Regnault was more affected. He stood at the table unconsciously drawing lines with his pencil on the bulletin, which lay before him. Now and then he raised his eyes, and regarded Napoleon with a look of anxiety, pity, and affection. The Emperor, who was pacing the room with rapid strides, at length suddenly stopped. " Well! this bulletin?" he exclaimed. " Here it is, corrected," answered the Count.

" Let us see," said the Emperor. Regnault began to read it. The Emperor frequently interrupted him, " It was gained! It was gained! The victory was mine." When the bulletin was concluded, he added, with a sigh, " It is lost! and my glory with it!!"

Count Regnault soon after took his leave, but the Duke of Bassano continued with the Emperor, who, notwithstanding his fatigue, received visits from several of his Ministers; and in this manner, during the space of two days and nights, did meetings and committees continually succeed each other in the Elysée Palace, without producing any result. The anxiety of the Emperor increased. The Allies were approaching Paris. Much business was doing, and yet there was nothing done. The Chambers had assembled; but from the violence of discussions, it was evident the parties stood op-

posed to each other, and the necessity of an abdication was spoken of with much freedom. Suddenly a carriage stopped at the palace, and in it was Prince Lucien—at the very sight of whom Napoleon turned pale. He hastened down, however, to meet his brother, and they both immediately went aside into the closet-walk in the garden.

They returned into the palace, and the Prince of Eckmuhl was sent for; but it is not certain what was proposed to him, nor what reply he made. Lucien, much agitated, soon drove off in his carriage. He was heard to say to his secretary, "What can I say to you? The smoke of Mount St John has turned his head." The Emperor then shut himself in a retired cabinet, and did not come out for the space of an hour. He had asked, however, for a jelly and coffee, and a valet-de-chambre sent it to him by a little boy, who, during his service in the palace, had been particularly noticed by Napoleon, and of whom he seemed very fond. The boy looked seriously at the Emperor, who was sitting motionless, with his hands over his eyes. "Eat some—Eat some, Sire," said the boy, "it will do you good." The Emperor asked,—"Are you not from Gonesse?" —"No, Sire, I come from Pierre Fite."—"And your parents have a cottage and some acres there?" —"Yes, Sire."—"That is a happy life!" His head, which he had for a moment raised, then sunk again upon his hands. He soon after, however, returned to the Chamber of Audience, where his secretary was employed in opening a despatch. "Is there any thing new there?" said the Emperor. "A letter for your Majesty," was the answer, the substance of which was the following:—

"Nature has done much for you—Fortune still more. Born in an age of illumination and freedom; succeeding to all the power of the Revolution, when experience, too dearly bought, had warned us of all its fatal errors, you should have established that epoch which was always the object of our wishes, in which genius would employ revolutions for the purpose of infusing philosophy into the science of politics, and conducting the nation to happiness. That happiness consisted in the stability and dignity of a legitimate government, approved by the free choice of the people. It consisted in the liberty of the citizens,—liberty without licentiousness, and the enjoyment of rights honoured by the performance of duties. Behold the benefits which France expected from your judgment, your talents, and your gratitude! What has she received? She has been called to support, with her treasures and her blood, an ambition always devouring and never satisfied. She has been presented with the phantom of glory instead of the substantial blessings of liberty; and after unheard-of sacrifices, now finds herself exposed to the rage of embattled Europe, and trembling on the verge of destruction. The chastisement of a hero always consists in his fall. Your's is resolved upon; and that history may find it legal, as well as your contemporaries may think it legitimate, it is the public authority which is about to pronounce it. Your accomplices cannot exclaim that it is the work of Calmuck bayonets. You may, however, anticipate it. Reserve to yourself the honour of descending from a throne, that you may not be torn from it. This is the advice of an honest enemy, who often admired, but who never feared you; and who, at

the price of his blood, would have wished to have reverenced in you the saviour of the world, of which you have been the scourge. That enemy cannot leave him whom his own genius and the nation will have made a sovereign, without pronouncing that word which a friend, provided he has one remaining, should not withhold, *Abdicate.*"

"That I should abdicate!" exclaimed Napoleon, crushing the letter between his hands. "What think you of this?" said he to two of his Ministers, the Duke of Bassano and Regnault;—the former was silent.—"I understand you," said Napoleon, affecting gaiety; "you agree with the anonymous writer. Well, Count Regnault, what is your opinion?"—"With men and money you might still repel the attacks of your assailants; but, without them, what can you do but yield?"—"I am able to resist."—"Public opinion is with the Chambers, and it is the opinion of the Chambers that a sacrifice is necessary."

Here General Solignac, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was announced. "Solignac!" exclaimed Napoleon, "he has not spoken to me these five years. What can he want?"—The Ministers withdrew, and Solignac was immediately admitted. The precise conversation which then took place is not known, but the following is what was afterwards stated by the General.

"The Chamber," said he, "had determined to exclude Napoleon from the throne; but it was wished to show regard for the army in proceedings concerning the person of its Chief, whose power and glory the troops had been so long accustomed to respect. There was also reason to

fear, that the decree of its forfeiture might be made the pretext of an insurrection. The capital might become the scene of serious troubles, and the country be involved in a civil war. It appeared necessary, therefore, in order to avoid these evils, that the abdication of Napoleon should proceed from himself, and be considered as a voluntary act of devotedness for the country. To obtain this object, I employed the means of persuasion, which appeared to me best calculated for success. After an hour and a half's conversation, Napoleon at last yielded to my urgent recommendations. He appeared touched with the frankness and energy with which I spoke, while at the same time I preserved the respect which was due to his rank, and still more to his misfortunes. In a word, I left the Emperor with the assurance that he would transmit his act of abdication, at least in favour of his son, and I arrived at the Chamber of Representatives before the forfeiture, which was then under consideration, became the subject of positive decree."

Accordingly, as Solignac had stated, the following declaration was drawn up and submitted to the Chamber: —" Frenchmen, in commencing war for maintaining the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, of all wills, and the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the Powers against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and have really directed them only against my power. My political life is terminated; and I proclaim my

son, under the title of Napoleon II. Emperor of the French. The present members will provisionally form the council of the government. The interest which I take in my son, induces me to invite the Chambers to form the regency by a law without delay. Unite all for the public safety, in order to remain an independent nation. (Signed) NAPOLEON."

This declaration was received with every mark of respect. Those who had been most anxious for his abdication or forfeiture, were eager to express their sense of gratitude for the sacrifice which Napoleon had made. It was then proposed by La Fayette, that both the person and interest of Bonaparte should be placed under the protection of the national honour, and this proposal was agreed to with loud applause.

Count Regnault, at the same time, being anxious that a change of circumstances might not appear to lessen his regard for the person of Napoleon, rose and spoke to the following effect:— "Gentlemen," said he, "I am no longer a minister, I am a citizen; I am a representative of the people, and I have a right to claim this title, for I have proved myself such, even in the Cabinet of the Prince, towards whom you have still a duty to perform; and here I am certain that no one will disavow the sentiments which I am about to express. You have had at your head a man whom you have proclaimed great. This man posterity will judge. He was invested by the people with sovereign power. He has laid it aside without reserve, without personal consideration. The Chamber should become the interpreter of the sentiments which are due to him, and which the nation would

preserve towards him. I propose that the President and his bureau should proceed to Napoleon, to express to him, in the name of the nation, the gratitude and respect with which it accepts the noble sacrifice which he has made for the independence and happiness of the French people."

This motion was agreed to, without one dissenting voice, and the President, together with the Vice-Presidents and Secretaries, soon after repaired to the palace. Napoleon, who had been made acquainted with their intention, received them with every kind of respect, in presence of his former ministers, the grand officers of his household, and a strong body of his guard. At this meeting, Bonaparte exhibited his usual dignity, and appeared to be firm and collected. Still he was pale from the effect of previous agitation, but gradually became serene and even cheerful. Lanjuinais, the President, approached him with more than usual respect. His countenance was agitated and his voice trembled. He said that he was commissioned to express the deep sense of gratitude which the deputies unanimously felt for his generous compliance with their wishes, and the imperious demand of circumstances. When his throne was connected with the glory and the happiness of France, or while it could be supported without the hazard of the utter destruction of their native land, they had rallied round him, and would have defended him with their lives. But the reverses of Waterloo had again exposed their beloved country to the invasion of a million of armed foreigners, who had sworn never to make peace with him, but who had otherwise solemnly promised to respect the independence of the French, and to acknowledge the

Prince of their choice. His resignation of the imperial power was the only expedient which could disarm the fury of the enemy, who, when the object against whom alone they professed to set themselves in array, had ceased politically to exist, they could no longer consistently carry on the war, and in proportion as the sacrifice which he had made was important to France, their gratitude to him increased. The termination of his political life constituted the most glorious period of his whole career. No longer, by his own generous abdication, their sovereign, they loved and honoured him as the first and most illustrious of their citizens. His safety and his dearest interests would be the object of their most tender solicitude, and be ever considered as the most sacred deposit committed to their care.

Napoleon replied, "I thank you for the sentiments you express. I recommend the Chambers to reinforce the armies, and to place them in the best state of defence. Those who wish for peace, ought to prepare for war. Do not expose this great nation to the mercy of the foreigner, lest you be disappointed in your hopes. In whatever situation I may be placed, I shall be happy if France be free and independent. In transferring the right which France has given me to my son, I make this great sacrifice only for the welfare of the nation, and the interest of my son, whom I therefore proclaim Emperor."

The President observed that the Chamber had not deliberated on that subject, and had charged him with no commission. "I told you so," said Bonaparte aside to his brother Lucien, "I did not

think that they could or would do it. Tell the Chamber," he continued, turning to the President, "that I recommend to them my son: that I abdicate in favour of my son." And thus ended the political life of Napoleon.

It now became necessary, on the abdication of Napoleon, for the Chamber to appoint a certain portion of their own number, who should provisionally take upon them the chief command. Six persons were accordingly appointed a committee. The first proceedings of this committee was to issue a proclamation, informing the people of the abdication of Napoleon in favour of his son, and of their appointment of plenipotentiaries to treat with the Allies.

Meanwhile the most violent discussions were going on in the Chambers, as to the propriety or expediency of acknowledging Napoleon II. as he was termed. The soldiers were confounded at this act of the Emperor, and did not hesitate to show their indignation; but they, at the same time, declared to a man, that at all times and places they would rally round him at his signal, and defend him with their lives. These irregular and threatening proceedings were carefully watched by the Provisional Government, and that every plausible excuse should be removed from them for holding forth such language, it was suggested that Napoleon should first intimate his abdication to the army, and then withdraw himself from the capital.

Accordingly, Fouché being appointed by the committee to arrange this with him, went and declared the wishes of the government to Napoleon, who immediately issued the following proclamation, and departed for Malmaison:—

"Soldiers! While obeying the necessity which removes me from the French army, I carry with me the happy certainty that it will justify, by the eminent services which the country expects from it, the praises which our enemies themselves have not been able to refuse it. Soldiers! I shall follow your steps, though absent. I know all the corps; and not one of them will obtain a single advantage over the enemy, but I shall give it credit for the courage it may have displayed.

"Both you and me have been calumniated. Men very unfit to appreciate our labours, have seen in the marks of attachment which you have given me, a zeal of which I was the sole object.

"Let your future successes tell them that it was the country, above all things, which you served in obeying me; and that if I had any share in your affection, I owed it to my ardent love for France, our common mother.

"Soldiers! Some efforts more, and the coalition is dissolved. Napoleon will recognize you by the blows which you are going to strike.

"Save the honour, the independence of the French! Be the same men which I have known you for these last twenty years, and you will be invincible. (Signed) NAPOLEON."

From the daily increasing tumults, and even bloodshed, which occurred in the streets of Paris, it was thought prudent to urge the necessity of his departing immediately for Rochefort. Napoleon bitterly accused the Provisional Government for violating their solemn promise. At length, after much discussion, he, with the advice of his friends, resolved to comply with the wishes of the Government, and accordingly set

out for Rochefort, accompanied by an immense train of domestic followers. Meantime, the plenipotentiaries, who had repaired to the head-quarters of the Allies, returned to the Chambers disappointed in their views. Their demands for a cessation of arms had been at once refused. The armies of Blucher and Wellington moved on, driving before them every opposition the French could bring against them, and soon arrived under the very walls of Paris. The Prussians, flushed with victory, in the last stand of the French near the capital, and breathing revenge, closely pursued their enemy, and threatened speedily to enter the city. A herald was despatched to the Allied Generals, who demanded a suspension of arms, until commissioners should be appointed to treat with them respecting the surrender of Paris. This proposal was agreed to by Wellington and Blucher; and accordingly commissioners, duly authorized by both parties, met at the Palace of St Cloud, where a convention was entered into, and determined upon by the assembled parties.

The terms of this agreement were even favourable to the French, and must be regarded as a proof of the generosity of the Allies. Meanwhile, every disposition was made for the safe arrival of the King, by the late ministers of Napoleon, who had once more engaged themselves in the royal cause; and at the barriers he was waited on by the prefect and municipal body, who welcomed him with sentiments of profound respect. The monarch moved on triumphantly, amidst the acclamations of the people, attended by the National Guards of Paris, the household troops, the Count D'Artois, the Duke de Berri, and an

immense crowd of officers, and entered the Thuilleries, where he was received with enthusiasm and gladness. In this manner did Louis enter his capital for the second time, and, protected by the presence of his allies, resume the reins of government, thereby causing the Chambers to renounce the idea of the adoption of Napoleon II. as their prince. Such were to Louis, France, and the rest of Europe, the first fruits of the glorious struggle of Great Britain and her allies on the plains of Waterloo.

On the third of July, Napoleon arrived at Rochefort, whither the Provisional Government had previously ordered two frigates, in which he and his whole train might embark for North America. He continued, however, lingering there, for the space of seven or eight days, employed in preparing for his flight. He probably prolonged his stay, with the vain hope that Fortune, on which he had so often relied, would once more bring round another change in his favour. He appeared quite irresolute, and loath to leave the soil over which he once held so mighty a sway, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends to convince him of his error. At length he was prevailed on, and wished in reality to depart; but the hour was, unhappily for him, gone by. The British cruisers, already acquainted with his intentions and place of retreat, were now seen closely blockading the port of Rochefort, and escape was rendered altogether impossible. He was also informed that the King had re-entered Paris, and was again reinstated on the throne; and in proof of this, the white flag was hoisted on the ramparts at Rochefort. As a

last resource, he resolved to throw himself on the liberality of the British nation. Accordingly, he sent two of his officers to Captain Maitland of the Bellerophon, to whom he proposed to surrender, on condition that he should be safely conveyed to England, and then permitted to retire at pleasure. These were conditions, however, on which the Captain could not receive him, and he replied, that he could only convey him to England, there to await the pleasure of the Prince Regent. Although this was by no means what Napoleon wished, yet there was no alternative; and on the morning of the fifteenth of July, he embarked with his whole suite on board a flag of truce, and soon reached the Bellerophon. He ascended the quarter-deck, and, advancing to Captain Maitland, addressed him with his usual dignity, and said, "I am come to claim the protection of your Prince and your laws." Captain Maitland received him with every mark of attention and respect, and treated him in a manner characteristic of the generosity and kindness of a British sailor.

Napoleon's suite consisted of Count Bertrand, formerly Grand Marshal of the Palace, the Countess Bertrand, and three children; the Duke of Rovigo (Savary); General Lallemand; Baron Gourgaud, formerly aide-de-camp to Napoleon; Count Montholon Semonville, who was likewise aide-de-camp to the Emperor; the Countess Montholon Semonville, and a child; Count Las Casses, counsellor of state, and his son; several other officers, and forty domestics.

The Bellerophon soon weighed anchor, and set sail for England. On the twenty-fourth of July she arrived at Torbay, when an officer was des-

patched to Government, with intelligence of their arrival, and to receive information as to the disposal of the prisoner and his numerous suite. A letter at the same time, written by Napoleon himself, was addressed to the Prince Regent, which read in substance as follows :—

" ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the great Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself on the hospitality of the British nation. I place myself under the safeguard of their laws, and claim the protection of your Royal Highness, the most powerful, the most constant, the most generous of my enemies. (Signed) NAPOLEON."

In this state of uncertainty, and while the British Ministry deliberated on his destination, Napoleon vainly yielded to the idea, that England would be his abiding place ; and with this consoling hope, he passed the intervening time in the most cheerful manner imaginable. He was remarkably agreeable to every one around him, from the Captain down to the common sailor. In conversation, he was familiar and pleasant, particularly to the British officers, while they, at the same time, attended him with the utmost kindness and attention. The multitudes who thronged around the ship from morning till night, were also gratified with a view of him, while his vanity was no less indulged by the anxiety which his presence excited in the English. He was much pleased, too, with the sight; and, in compliment to the ladies, professed to admire their general and extreme beauty, as much surpassing that of the French. A good deal of his time

however, was spent in writing and reading. The English newspapers were often in his hands, being always eager to know what was said against him. "He had surrendered," he said, "to the British nation, because in doing so, he threw himself on the generosity of a great people. He professed his intention (if he were allowed to reside in England) of adopting the English customs and manners; and he solemnly declared that he would never again meddle with politics. On being asked why he did not surrender himself to Austria? "What!" he replied, "Give myself up to a nation without laws, honour, or faith! No, the moment I had got there, I should have been shut up in a dungeon, and never heard of more." He often spoke of his former victories. "Ah!" said he one day, "I ought to have died the day I entered Moscow; then I had reached the very pinnacle of fame: But from that day hence I have experienced nothing but disasters and disgrace; and yet, had I acted according to my own mind, I might have still been on the throne of France."

Meantime, Government had determined that the Island of St Helena should be his place of exile, and Sir Henry Bunbury, accompanied by the Honourable Mr Bathurst, was charged to make the communication. They were accordingly conveyed on board the Bellerophon by Lord Keith's yacht, when Sir Henry was immediately introduced to Napoleon, and, after mutual salutations, read to him the resolution of the Cabinet, by which he was informed of his intended transportation to the Island of St Helena, with four of his friends, to be chosen by himself, and twelve domestics. He received this intimation without any mark of sur-

prise, as he said he had been apprised of the determination; but he protested against it in the most emphatic manner; and, in a speech of three quarters of an hour, delivered with great coolness, self-possession, and ability, reasoned against the outrageous proceeding.

"I protest solemnly" (were the words he used), "in the face of Heaven and men, against the violation of my most sacred rights, by the forcible disposal of my person, and of my liberty. I came freely on board the Bellerophon. I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England.—Once seated on board the Bellerophon, I was immediately entitled to the hospitality (*Je fus sur le foyer*) of the British people. If the Government, by giving orders to the Captain of the Bellerophon to receive me and my suite, intended merely to lay a snare for me, it has forfeited its honour, and sullied its flag.

"If this act be consummated, it will be in vain that the English will talk to Europe of their loyalty, of their laws, of their liberty. The British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the Bellerophon.

"I appeal, therefore, to history. It will say, that an enemy who made war for twenty years on the people of England, came freely in his misfortunes to seek an asylum under its laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and of his confidence? But how did they answer it in England? They pretended to hold out an hospitable hand to this enemy, and when he surrendered himself to him in good faith, they sacrificed him. (Signed) NAPOLEON.—On board the

Bellerophon, at sea, fourth August, eighteen hundred and fifteen."

On the eleventh of August the Northumberland, to which he and his suite had previously been removed, sailed for the Island of St Helena, where she arrived on the eighteenth of October 1815.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESPATCH FROM WATERLOO.

(*From the London Gazette.*)

Downing-Street, June 22*d*, 1815.

Major the Honourable H. Percy arrived late last night with a Despatch from Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., to Earl Bathurst, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department, of which the following is a copy.

Waterloo, June 19, 1815.

My Lord,

Buonaparte having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th, and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, at day-light in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 15th, and immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to their left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters, to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroy was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroy, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sambref, holding the villages in front of his position of St Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroy towards Bruxelles, and on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince de Weimar, posted at Frasne, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road called Les Quatre Bras.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division under General Perponcher, and in the morning early regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Bruxelles, with Marshal Blucher's position.

In the mean time, I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras; and the 5th division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blucher, with his whole force, except-

ing the 1st and 2d corps; and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatre Bras.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bulow, had not joined, and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of cavalry and infantry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery; he made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. In this affair his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-General Sir James Kempt, and Sir Dennis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten, Major-General Sir C. Halket, Lieutenant-General Cooke, and Major-Generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry, I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 79th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

Our loss was great, as your Lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell, fighting gallantly at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sambref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged; and as the fourth corps had not arrived, he determined to fall back, and concentrate his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night after the action was over.

This movement of the Marshal's rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part: and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher. On the contrary, a patrole which I sent to Sambref in the morning, found all quiet, and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrole advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following, with a large body of cavalry brought from his right, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their debouché from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his Lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up in front of Waterloo, crossed the high roads from Charleroy and Nivelle, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied; and its

left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelle road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougoumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre, we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blucher, at Wavre, through Ohaim; and the Marshal promised me, that in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the third corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning, and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for sometime under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add, that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these the enemy carried the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the legion which occupied

it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry; but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, and 1st Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-general Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by Euschermont upon Planchenorte and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohaim, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands. I continued the pursuit till long after dark; and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been en-

gaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c. belonging to Buonaparte, in Genappe.

I propose to move, this morning, upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

Your Lordship will observe, that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and I am sorry to add, that ours has been immense. In Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, his Majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service, and he fell gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was defeated. The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through this arduous day, received a wound by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his Majesty for some time of his services.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct, till he received a wound from a musket-ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your Lordship, that the army never upon any occasion conducted itself better. The division of Guards, under Lieutenant-General Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major-General Maitland, and Major-General Byng, set an example which was

followed by all; and there is no officer, nor description of troops, that did not behave well.

I must, however, particularly mention, for his Royal Highness's approbation, Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton, Major-General Adam, Lieutenant-General Charles Baron Alten, severely wounded; Major-General Sir Colin Halket, severely wounded; Colonel Ompteda, Colonel Mitchell, commanding a brigade of the 4th division; Major-General Sir James Kempt, and Sir Dennis Pack, Major-General Lambert, Major-General Lord E. Somerset; Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, Major-General Sir C. Grant, and Major-General Sir H. Vivian; Major-General Sir O. Vandeleur; Major-General Count Dornberg. I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all former occasions.

The artillery and engineer department were conducted much to my satisfaction, by Colonel Sir G. Wood and Colonel Smith; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant-General, Major-General Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quarter-Master-General Colonel Delancy, who was killed by a cannon-shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to his Majesty's service, and to me at this moment. I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to his Majesty's service.

General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Trip, commanding the neavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry of the King of the Netherlands.

General Pozzo di Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Muffling, and General Alva, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo di Borgo received a contusion.

I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them.

The operation of General Bulow, upon the enemy's flank, was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack, which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire, if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

I send with this despatch two eagles taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness.

I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's protection.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have received

a report, that Major-General Sir William Ponsonby is killed; and, in announcing this intelligence to your Lordship, I have to add the expression of my grief for the fate of an officer, who had already rendered very brilliant and important services, and was an ornament to his profession.

VII.

DEATH

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

DEATH

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THESE Memorials of one of the most general and sanguinary wars that ever devastated Europe, could not be more appropriately concluded than by a brief circumstantial detail of the last moments of the man whose unparalleled ambition not only stimulated the conflict, but, for a long time, threatened to shatter into ruin the whole social fabric of the civilized world; and under this impression, the following facts have been thrown together.

Napoleon, while his ultimate fate was yet in doubt, and the marvellous events that attended his downfal an absorbing topic of discussion, displayed an equanimity almost heroic. He felt that he was a spectacle to mankind—that the eye of the world was rivetted on him; and even in his desolation, he experienced a proud conviction, that his character belonged to history. But these feelings deserted him, when he found himself, year after year,

doomed to drag on a dreary and monotonous existence, on a solitary rock, buried in the solitudes of the Atlantic, and so far removed from that world, to all the movements of which he had been accustomed to give the grand impulse. His restlessly active mind began to prey upon itself, and his rock-prison became more and more insupportable. His time was chiefly occupied in framing complaints against the powers who held him in durance, —quarrelling with the keeper to whose charge they had intrusted him,—and furnishing materials likely to assist the historian in the narration of his eventful life. Between him and Sir Hudson Low, it is unnecessary here to pass a judgment. It was requisite to consign him to a man trusty, vigilant, and resolute; and it might be difficult, in so thankless an office, to find these qualities in combination with great suavity of manners and delicacy of feeling.

The Ex-Emperor's death, which took place on the 5th of May 1821, was neither sudden nor unexpected. His health declined gradually, and he had been confined to his apartment for seven weeks previous to that event. He was attended, at the commencement of his indisposition, by his own medical assistant, Professor Antommarchi; but, during the latter period, he received the daily visits of Dr Arnott, of his Majesty's 20th regiment, generally in conjunction with the above named physician. Dr Shortt, Physician to the Forces, and Dr Mitchell, Principal Medical Officer of the Royal Navy on the station, were called upon in consultation, by Professor Antommarchi, on the 3d of May; but they had not an opportunity afforded them of seeing the patient. It was

not till the preceding day that his case had been considered dangerous. On the 4th his life was despaired of; and on the 5th, at ten minutes before six o'clock in the evening, he died. The words "*tête d'armée*" were the last he uttered; from which it may be inferred, that, even when on the verge of eternity, his thoughts were bent on human strife.

Dr Arnott was with him at the moment he expired, and remained with the body during the night. Captain Crokat, of the 20th regiment, the orderly officer in attendance, and Drs Shortt and Mitchell, were admitted to see it, immediately after life became extinct. At two o'clock on the 6th, after having been seen by all the public functionaries in the island, it was opened in the presence of Drs Shortt, Mitchell, Arnott, Burton 66th regiment, and Surgeon Livingstone of the East India Company's Service. Professor Antommarchi assisted at the dissection; and General Bertrand and Count Montholon were also present. After a careful examination of the several internal parts of the corpse, the whole of the British medical officers present concurred in a Report as to the appearances and cause of death. On a superficial view, the body appeared very fat, which state was confirmed by the first incision down its centre, where the fat was upwards of one inch and a half over the abdomen. On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion was found of the left pleura to the pleura costalis. About three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in

the right. The lungs were quite sound. The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid. The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat. The auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural. Upon opening the abdomen, the omentum was found remarkably fat; and, on exposing the stomach, that viscus was found the seat of extensive disease. Strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver; and, on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, sufficient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, to nearly its whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease, or scirrhus portions advancing to cancer. This was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the œsophagus, was the only part that appeared in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid, resembling coffee-grounds. With the exception of the adhesions, occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver. The rest of the abdominal viscera were in a healthy state.

O'Meara, a medical attendant to whom Napoleon was strongly attached, but who had been removed to England, by order of Government, some time before his death, under an impression that he was more intimate with the Ex-Emperor than a conscientious discharge of his duty to his own country

warranted, represented his complaints as arising from an affection of the liver, generated, or greatly aggravated, by a residence in an unfavourable climate. The five medical men, however, who examined his body, declared positively, that the disease had arisen solely from an ulceration of the stomach, which was understood to be hereditary. He had often said, that his father died of a scirrhus of the pylorus. Dr Arnott's opinion was, that it was not the effect of climate, but had been growing upon him since 1817. Dr Antommarchi, who did not sign the Report, insisted that he died of a *chronic gastro hepatitis*, a disease he erroneously conceived endemic in the island.

Napoleon lay in state on the 6th and 7th, attired in his plain uniform, with a star on his side, and a silver cross on his breast, on a small brass bedstead, which he had had with him in most of his campaigns. Under him was a cloak of blue cloth, embroidered with silver, that he had worn at the battle of Marengo, which afterwards served for the pall. The room in which the corpse lay was small, and covered with black cloth. The body was subsequently enclosed in three coffins, of mahogany, lead, and oak. His heart, which Bertrand and Montholon earnestly desired to take with them to Europe, was deposited in the coffin in a silver cup filled with spirits; and his stomach was similarly disposed of.

He was buried on the 9th May, in Slanes or Haines Valley, near a fountain at a place called Huts Gate, beneath some willow trees—a spot which he had himself selected, under an impression that he was to end his days on the island. His obsequies were celebrated with all the military honours

that are paid to a General of the first rank. The members of his household attended as mourners, and were followed by the Governor, Admiral, and all the civil and military authorities of the island. The 66th and 20th regiments, the artillery, volunteers, and marines, in all about 3000 men, were under arms—a party of British grenadiers bore the coffin from the hearse; and when it was lowered into the grave, the artillery fired three rounds of eleven guns. His grave was about fourteen feet deep, very wide at the top, but the lower part chambered to receive the coffin. One large stone covered the whole of the chamber; the remaining space was filled up with solid masonry, clamped with iron. The spot had previously been consecrated by the Abbé Vignali, his priest.

Thus terminated the career of this extraordinary man, for whom Europe was once too narrow. He died chained, Prometheus-like, to a solitary rock on the confines of the habitable earth. The language of poetry may well be employed to wind up his marvellous history; and the following verses, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine soon after his death, though not the most harmonious, are perhaps the most descriptive that could be selected:—

"I enter'd, and I saw him lie
Within the chamber, all alone;
I drew near very solemnly
To dead Napoleon.

"He was not shrouded in a shroud,
He lay not like the vulgar dead,
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud,
From his pale brow had fled.

" He had put harness on to die,
The Eagle-Star shone on his breast,
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—
The sword he valued best.

" But calm—most calm was all his face,
A solemn smile was on his lips,
His eyes were closed in pensive grace—
A most serene eclipse!

" Ye would have said some sainted sprite
Had left its passionless abode,—
Some man, whose prayer at morn and night
Had duly risen to God.

" What thoughts had calm'd his dying breast,
(For calm he died) cannot be known;
Nor would I wound a warrior's rest—
Farewell, Napoleon!

" No sculptured pile our hands shall rear,—
Thy simple sod the stream shall lave,
The native Holly's leaf severe
Shall grace and guard thy grave.

" The Eagle, stooping from the sky,
Shall fold his wing and rest him here,
And sunwards gaze, with glowing eye,
From Bonaparte's bier."

THE END.

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